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A
SELECTION,
IN
PROSE AND POETRY,
FROM THE
MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS
OF THE LATE
WILLIAM CRAFTS.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,
A Memoir of his Life.



CHARLESTON:
PRINTED BY C. C. SEBRING AND J. S. BURGESS,
No. 44 Queen-street.
1828.



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MEMOIR.

THE friends of the late Mr. CRAFTS, while complying with a very general demand from the public for a select edition of his writings, have conceived that some special notices of his life and character would form an appropriate portion, if not a requisite illustration, of the volume proposed. The same curiosity, which renders us eager to behold the person, or to inspect the portrait, of one, whose occasional productions have enlightened and charmed a community, leads us to inquire, in a similar manner, into his history, his social qualities, and his professional and private accomplishments. Did truth flow forth with graceful beauty from his pen? We naturally ask, whether corresponding strains of eloquence proceeded from his lips, or whether it would have been his destiny, like GIBBON's, in the most august deliberative assembly on earth, to sit silent for years together. Do his writings sparkle with the beams of fancy or of wit? We would fain know whether the same properties shone in his conversation; and biographers and critics may even think it worth while gravely to inquire and discuss, as in the case of SHERIDAN, whether his brilliant repartees and felicitous anecdotes were the result of premeditated or spontaneous suggestion. Has one, indeed, in any way, wrought an extensive and happy impression on the public mind? We are seldom contented to stop short at the effect produced, but our inquisitive tendencies, our sym-

pathies in every thing human, are stimulated to learn what circumstances of origin, of education, of opportunity, of society, or even of more general influence, have concurred with the bias of individual genius, to impel him forward on his specific career.

The writer, who has been prevailed upon to furnish these illustrations of the life of Mr. CRAFTS, approaches the task under the disadvantage of having known him but for a few years previous to his decease:—

————— nec avara Tibullo
Tempus amicitiae fata dedêre meæ.*

The experience, however, of his undeviating friendship during that period, concurring with a deep interest in his surviving family, has prompted the present attempt to compile and arrange such materials, and concentrate such recollections from different and distant quarters, as may supply the place of a more satisfactory memoir.

The father of WILLIAM CRAFTS emigrated from Boston, Massachusetts, to Charleston, South-Carolina, in the year 1783. He was a gentleman of uncommon strength of character. His biography, briefly sketched by his son, and published soon after his death, is so true an account of one of our most useful citizens, so simple and elegant a tribute of filial affection, and at once so honourable to the parent and the child, that a place has been without hesitation assigned to it in this volume.† He married, in the adopted city of his residence, a lady of attractive manners, fine understanding, and benevolent heart. Their earliest offspring, the subject of this memoir, was born on the twenty-fourth day of January, 1787.—Before many years, he was regarded as an extraordinary instance of early talent, to the cultivation of which, his mother, who was eminently capable, devoted a great part of her time. Who can doubt, that this circumstance, so pecu-

* Ovid. *Mors Tibulli*.

† See page 214.

fiarly auspicious to the intellectual development of any child, first started the germs of that nice perception and expression of the beautiful, that happy tone of rhetorical propriety, and that prevailing correctness of moral sentiment, which belong to his best compositions?

He commenced the study of Latin before he was seven years old. No absolute reply can be given to the question so often proposed by anxious parents, Whether a child ought to be taught the languages at a very early age. Probably few persons of reflection will maintain that much violence and constraint should be laid upon the tender mind, in order to imbue it with a smattering of foreign words, which can be acquired with far less trouble at a later period. But with a boy who evidently possesses promising and brilliant parts, it surely is worth while to try the experiment, and to carry it as far as his docility and aptitude will bear. That the experiment was not only justifiable, but successful, in the case of young CRAFTS, we may well imagine; since he continued from the very first to make all desirable proficiency in his classical studies—and in one of his letters soon after leaving college, he avows to a friend, that whatever distinction he had acquired while there, was mainly owing to the almost natural facility with which he read the Greek and Latin languages. It should be remembered also, in connection with this point, that his enviable literary reputation may be dated from his well-known Latin addresses at Commencement, and that at all subsequent periods, it owed much to that classical redolence which breathes from so many of his writings.

The happy season of his boyhood passed away, with its duties and pleasures that never conflicted, but were pursued by him with equal ardour and interest. Owing to the precarious and evanescent character of the schools in Charleston, (an inconvenience, by the way, which probably never will be remedied until the constituted authorities of the city shall systematically take the subject of education under their special

care) it was the early lot of Mr. CRAFTS, like the rest of his youthful townsmen, to pass in succession under the hands of a variety of teachers. Is it not probable, that the continued instructions of a single preceptor, or even of a variety of instructors under one enduring institution, would have helped to provide him with those habits of uniform and persevering application, in which we shall hereafter be constrained to confess him deficient? So far, however, as an inference may be drawn from the testimonials of his preceptors, the *van* must have been his habitual station in every phalanx and contest where the youthful powers of his mind were called into action. Indeed he is represented as having been the peculiar favourite of every instructor, who undertook to furnish him either with mental or bodily accomplishments.

One of his last teachers in Charleston was the Rev. Dr. BUIST, a native of Scotland, a valued contributor at the early age of three and twenty to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, and an assistant of DALZIEL in the compilation of the *Collectanea*. Not a few of the professional characters of this city, who are now bearing the burden and toil of middle age with eminent usefulness and honour, received the elements of their education from Dr. BUIST. How highly Mr. CRAFTS appreciated the private services and public influence of that gentleman, may be seen from the following extract of a letter to his sister in Charleston, dated Boston, Oct. 7, 1808. "The death of Dr. BUIST is peculiarly afflictive. I regret especially his loss, because to him I owe the rudiments of knowledge, and the seeds of all my information. The youth of Carolina! where will they look for one, to enlighten their ignorance, to correct their early vice, to curb their headstrong passions, and give them a taste for elegant pursuits? Where will Charleston point to his equal in literature and science, where is her eloquence of the pulpit, and where her skill in rhetoric? Alas, the question is idle, the search is useless."

Before entering college, young CRAFTS was destined to

make but one more transition among the guides of his education. Nor was this an inauspicious change. Under the care of the Rev. Dr. GARDINER, of Boston, to whom he was consigned for the purpose of revising his studies, and completing his preparation for the approaching trial, he was far from likely to lose any one grace of polished taste, of classic inspiration, or of felicitous elocution. That gentleman, in an obliging letter recently written in regard to the present publication, after taking notice that the death of Mr. CRAFTS "has been the subject of regret to all the friends of literature throughout the union," further observes—"Whilst under my tuition, previously to his admission into the University, I considered him as a most promising young man, of very amiable disposition, and fine talents, and confidently predicted his future fame and fortune. The former part of the prophecy has been amply fulfilled. If the latter has failed, it must be attributed to his contempt of money and attachment to the Muses."

In the Autumn of 1802, he was admitted into the Sophomore Class of Harvard College. He has retained to the present day, within those walls, a sort of traditionary reputation as one of the most brilliant *belles lettres* scholars who ever passed through them. Meanwhile, his attention to the regular exercises and more solid prescriptions of the institution kept him in the highest ranks as a general scholar. He was even a tolerable proficient in the Hebrew; and his description of that language in the well-remembered valedictory for his second degree was no mock-criticism, as far at least as the reality of his own personal experience was concerned. This position is confirmed by the following extract of a letter addressed by him, soon after leaving college, to a younger brother who had just entered. "I hope," he writes, "that you will not treat the Hebrew tongue with that cold neglect and contemptuous disdain which it usually meets at Cambridge, and which is very much like the treatment a Jew receives from

a Christian; but that you will study it attentively, because it is a college-exercise, and you therefore ought to and may easily excel in it. You will hear a great deal of its uselessness, but I beg you to remember that many of the garments which *decorate* your person would be rejected, if immediate and obvious utility alone was the criterion of their value.—This last recommendation is intended *for all your college-studies*, to which, I hope, you will pay the greatest attention, not suffering yourself to be deterred by the difficulty of acquiring them (*'ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito'*) nor by the idle sarcasms of vanity and ignorance."

Advice like this will be pronounced most wise and salutary, by every one who has been set free, for a very few years only, from the restraints of academical discipline. Many young men at college are apt to extend the usual scepticism of unfledged reason to every thing—to the system of education, as well as the system of religion, or that of providence, by which they are surrounded.—In the one case, however, as in the other, a larger experience often places things in an entirely different view. The studies, at which we once revolted, as dry, or useless, or devoid of practical bearing, are sooner or later acknowledged and valued as the proper furniture of an accomplished mind. The insulated fact, the abstract proposition, the formidable theorem, so provoking to youthful impatience, are sure, in after years, to come unexpectedly into place, like one of the uncouth, and seldom used, but necessary letters of the alphabet. It is not here intended to imply, that every existing institution of education is perfect, or that improvements may not from time to time be appropriately introduced. But it is meant to be suggested, that young men, who are the subjects of these arrangements, are not exactly the persons to forestal them, and quarrel with the systems from which they are drawing their moral and intellectual nourishment. It must be obvious to every one of ordinary collegiate experience, that generally, those students, who pos-

sess the most towering minds, and whose conscious superiority would be expected to tempt them into occasional negligences and aberrations, subject themselves, nevertheless, to all the most irksome tasks and discipline, with a regularity, docility, and humility, unsurpassed even by those, who have no other qualities to recommend them. Thus the noblest animals, before whose sublime strength the very heart of man trembles, submit most gently to the curb, and march with the same consenting patience through deserts and groves.

Happily a vein of strong native good sense led Mr. CRAFTS, in these things, to the right practice. It will not then be wondered at, that, with a fair share of perseverance, a retentive memory, a fine and accurate taste, a fluency of expression, a gentlemanly address, a ready presence of mind, and a distinct and impressive elocution, he should have attained at last those rewards and honours, which no generous and reflecting mind will despise. Writing to his uncle immediately after receiving his first degree, he says, with equal gratitude and humility, in reference to his college-life, "I could have told you, what I know would have afforded you pleasure, that my time was spent very agreeably at Cambridge; that as I had every thing which could excite ambition, so I had every thing which ambition could desire; that of college-honours I had as many as I wanted, more than I deserved."

The high collegiate reputation of Mr. CRAFTS must principally have depended on his *vivâ voce* qualifications—such as his readiness at every exercise of memory, his happy and elegant construction of the languages, and his beautiful declamation. It may appear somewhat remarkable, that his admirable talent at English composition had not yet proportionally developed itself. On inspecting his college-themes, and other contemporaneous exercises, we could find not one, of a *precocious* character, not one, from which his subsequent eminence as a writer would have been predicted, or which we could submit to the reader as a worthy and kindred gem in

the present crown of his fame. They are all indeed correct and respectable, and written with praise-worthy care; nor had WILLIAM CRAFTS, the *collegian*, cause to be ashamed of them. But still they never rise above the mark of a good college-theme. He even adopted, for his English oration at the Major Exhibition, the ominous subject of Fancy, which he treated, sometimes in a prosaic, and sometimes in a puerile style, that must have owed very much to his fine delivery for whatever enthusiastic reception it met from the audience. It would seem as if the hand of time had not yet stretched to the requisite point, even for some prelusive notes, that particular chord of his forming genius, which, after a very few years, was to throw off sounds that should enchant and instruct every hearer. The sphere, moreover, in which he now moved, was comparatively contracted. His intellect was one of those that rise with circumstances, and perhaps, we may add with regret, that sink with them too. When transferred from the walls of the seminary, when starting on the labours and hopes of a noble and arduous profession, when the eyes of a community, or rather of a country, were directed, or to be drawn towards him, he was still found equal to the highest demand of favouring *circumstances*, in achieving, as he at that time did, some of the splendid productions which open the ensuing selections from his writings.

Much of these inspiring influences his sanguine mind already seems to have caught from without, when he arrived at the close of his college-life, and felt himself approaching the responsibilities, trials, and honours, that awaited him in the field of public society. His Latin Oration, at the taking of his first degree, evidently exhibits a remarkable *move* in the progress of his powers. Happy in the choice and management of his subject, manly in his tone throughout, and nearly ripened in those external graces which were peculiarly his own, he now made an impression on his audience, and through them on the public, sufficient to satisfy any young man at his

entrance into life. We should probably have given this oration a place in the selection, much as every educated reader would demur at the thought of having one's commencement-exercises thus exposed, and small as might be the number of any readers who would feel interested in a Latin composition; but presuming that many of the author's friends would expect the insertion of his oration for the *second* degree, it seemed advisable to tread no further on questionable ground than the admission of this last-mentioned performance alone.

Among his class-mates and companions in college, there were a few young men of superiour minds, some of whom, indeed, had come to the institution, with an extent of acquirements, and a maturity of age, that would rather have been expected from those who had finished their education. No person of reflection, it is believed, can fail of tracing to an intercourse with spirits like these, at his susceptible period of life, a decisive influence on his subsequent intellectual character and productions. Of the nature of that intercourse, and of the estimate which Mr. CRAFTS bore among his early associates, some conception may be formed from the following extract of a letter addressed to him in 1806 by one of the number, whose acknowledged qualities would prevent him from being suspected either of flattery or mistake.—“Your letter, which I received a few days past, has called into renewed exercise those sentiments of veneration and love, which filled my breast while I enjoyed your company at Cambridge. You wrong me much by insinuating that I had forgotten you. I believe my conduct uniformly evinced admiration of those gifts, with which nature has so lavishly endowed you, and respect and esteem for the ingenuousness of your disposition. So far have I been from ‘losing all remembrance’ of you, that as often as I have thought of you (and that not unfrequently) the pencil of memory has delineated the various excellence of your character, in hues, glowing as fancy, yet equitable as truth. In the still moments of reflection and musing, I look

back with tearful eye, and conflicting emotions to the parti-coloured scenes of my college-life—where, in the social circle, I listened with extacy to the intelligence, the sententious and laconic remark of my friends, or followed with admiration the soarings of their genius, or was illumined by the subtle coruscations of their wit.”

At the age of nineteen, he returned to his native city, and commenced the study of the law in the very respectable office of Messieurs FORD and DESAUSSURE. “His fame had precceded him; his company was sought by the grave and the gay; learning and beauty crowded around the youthful bard to offer homage to his genius. Was it wonderful, that the solitude of the study should have been frequently abandoned for the gaiety of the saloon?”*

Yet amid the flatteries and fascinations of elegant society, he continued in a good degree faithful to his better destinies. According to the testimony of one of his legal teachers, “he applied his active and energetic mind with great diligence and success to his professional studies, though not abandoning his favorite intercourse with the Muses, or the indulgence of his natural taste for the classics and *belles-lettres*.”

During this period, also, he was assiduous in writing to his brother in college, accompanying his letters with presents of valuable books, and administering judicious advice. “Read no novels, they cannot instruct you; and they cannot please you, if you love truth. This is rather harsh; but allowing them all the merit they can claim, you surely will not put them in competition with biographical and historical writings, if you expect instruction; and if you read for amusement, you will not throw aside the volumes of ADDISON, JOHNSON, GOLDSMITH, &c. abounding in elegant and refined thought, and chaste language, for the novels of the present day, of which not one in a hundred has any claim to originality of thought, or even common decency of expression.

* Eulogy on the Hon. WM. CRAFTS, by E. S. COURTENAY.

"I also send you **DRAYTON's** View of South-Carolina, which, notwithstanding the severity with which critics have handled it, contains much useful information. I beg that you will study it, so far, as to become acquainted with the government, situation, and produce of your native state. To be ignorant of these, is considered dishonourable, and will afford you much cause of regret; whereas, with an accurate knowledge of them, you will possess more materials of conversation than those about you, and will be able better to refute the absurd ideas, which prevail too commonly at Cambridge with regard to the Southern States."

The following is from another letter:—

"You must have received your books very soon after your arrival, which is a fortunate circumstance, saving both time and expense. *'Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.'* I have sent you my great Greek Lexicon, and one or two other books, which will enable you to acquire an extensive knowledge of that language, and to translate it with more accuracy than your class-mates.—Accustom yourself to read a certain portion of some Latin author, for instance, **CICERO**, **VIRGIL**, or **HORACE**, every day, marking with a pencil the remarkable passages, and committing them to memory. Thus you will not only improve this essential faculty of the mind, but you will collect a store of great and exalted sentiments, exciting you, as they did the masters of the world, to virtuous and honourable action. Hence also your taste will be refined, and you will imitate in your themes the natural simplicity and harmony of the immortal Romans. Nor is it a trifling consideration, that you will thus be enabled to write Latin with ease and some degree of elegance, an acquisition intrinsically valuable, but rendered more so by its being uncommon.

"In your intercourse with the elder students, you will often hear the terms Calvinism, Arminianism, &c. &c.; and in order that you may at least understand, if not share in the conversation, you will read **HANNAH ADAMS's** account of Reli-

back with tearful eye, and conflicting emotions to the parti-coloured scenes of my college-life—where, in the social circle, I listened with extacy to the intelligence, the sententious and laconic remark of my friends, or followed with admiration the soarings of their genius, or was illumined by the subtle coruscations of their wit.”

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"I also send you DRAYTON's View of South-Carolina, which, notwithstanding the severity with which critics have handled it, contains much useful information. I beg that you will study it, so far, as to become acquainted with the government, situation, and produce of your native state. To be ignorant of these, is considered dishonourable, and will afford you much cause of regret; whereas, with an accurate knowledge of them, you will possess more materials of conversation than those about you, and will be able better to refute the absurd ideas, which prevail too commonly at Cambridge with regard to the Southern States."

The following is from another letter:—

"You must have received your books very soon after your arrival, which is a fortunate circumstance, saving both time and expense. *'Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.'* I have sent you my great Greek Lexicon, and one or two other books, which will enable you to acquire an extensive knowledge of that language, and to translate it with more accuracy than your class-mates.—Accustom yourself to read a certain portion of some Latin author, for instance, CICERO, VIRGIL, or HORACE, every day, marking with a pencil the remarkable passages, and committing them to memory. Thus you will not only improve this essential faculty of the mind, but you will collect a store of great and exalted sentiments, exciting you, as they did the masters of the world, to virtuous and honourable action. Hence also your taste will be refined, and you will imitate in your themes the natural simplicity and harmony of the immortal Romans. Nor is it a trifling consideration, that you will thus be enabled to write Latin with ease and some degree of elegance, an acquisition intrinsically valuable, but rendered more so by its being uncommon.

"In your intercourse with the elder students, you will often hear the terms Calvinism, Arminianism, &c. &c.; and in order that you may at least understand, if not share in the conversation, you will read HANNAH ADAMS's account of Reli-

gions, which will inform you of the names and opinions of the different sects, and will save you the mortification which a man of feeling always experiences in being ignorant of common topics of discourse."

These thoughtful admonitions, although the pious mind will regret the meagreness of that religious principle which recommends the study of the Hebrew simply because it is a college-exercise, and an attention to controverted truths of theology for the sake of topics in conversation, will at least be placed in *one* interesting point of view, by observing that they were contained in familiar, friendly letters, which were generally devoted to the news and chat of the city, and sometimes playfully concluded with the signature of *The Ensign*.

A new military corps had recently been enrolled in Charleston, composed of some of the most respectable young men of the city, and called "The Washington Light Infantry." Its first commander, whose name is his own eulogy, was the late Hon. WILLIAM LOWNDES, and Mr. CRAFTS bore the infant standard of the company. In the frequent deliberations and debates, incident to the formation of such a body, he enjoyed a good opportunity, even while a student at law, to exercise himself in the art of extemporaneous speaking. Here his fine powers instinctively felt their way in a friendly collision with several congenial minds, and prepared for him adherents, admirers, and a reputation, with which to start in the outset of his approaching professional career.

To throw a finishing *éclat* on his present prospects, he was summoned by his Alma Mater at the Commencement in August, 1808, to deliver the Latin Valedictory Oration for the second degree.* The frequent allusion that has already been made in the present memoir to this performance, may possibly excite the expectation of some readers towards it, as a very elaborate and important production. But the fact is, it owed its peculiar attractions, in a good measure, to the very oppo-

* See page 105.

site of such qualities. From time immemorial, the audience at Commencement had listened with meekness to the Latin valedictory, as to a performance, whose lugubrious solemnity, stately march, and arbitrary length, were altogether matters of prescription, and must be borne with like a fixture of the day, or a decree of fate. When, therefore, our young orator came forward on this occasion, and in an address of three or four minutes, rather bantered his hearers with playfulness, than taxed their resigned attention, there was something so daring in the originality, and so unexpected in the relief, that the company present were thrown unawares into that state of "sudden glory," described by HOBBS as causing the most grateful of all our convulsions. Every sentence and word, too, were spoken so distinctly, deliberately, and emphatically, and with a grace so peculiarly insinuating, that those who possessed the slightest acquaintance with the Latin, readily comprehended, while even the uninitiated, could almost as easily imagine, what was meant. Just as they were expecting a great deal of parade, a great many words, and a tedious detention, he began to this effect:—

"Enough of ceremony, and enough of talk. It is full time to retire. This day, O friends, you have listened to a variety of tongues—the Greek, with its rolling accents—the Latin, surpassing in elegance—and the English, more copious than all; and you now turn your wearied ears to me. The Hebrew alone we have missed, that sweet-toned, that heaven-invented language, which was once cherished among us with peculiar honour, but is now, with sorrow be it said, thought worthy of contempt. Yet we have been entertained by youthful orators of happy promise; a throng of fair spectators, and the Muse, have favoured us with their inspiring presence; so that the air is resounding with varied song. Nothing remains, but that you, whom either the love of science, or a crowd, or noise, or any other cause hath attracted hither, should in due form be dismissed. Brief shall be my

harangue. The parting of friends is to be marked by tears rather than by words.—Indeed, so agreeable is your presence, so enchanting the proud power of beauty, so delightful the fair countenances which beam down upon me, that I fear lest I should utterly forget mine office, and be incapable of pronouncing Farewell in a tone of sadness. Nor will such a tone be demanded of me. Already a large number of you appear to be retiring, and the whole of you seem on the point of saying, Merciful Powers, when will it be over? How can my poor eloquence, how could the wisdom of a CATO, or the matchless rhetorick of a CICERO, or any thing short of manacles and fetters, hope to detain within these sacred precincts, those, who are impatient for their dinner? The renowned SOCRATES himself, when unveiling the mysteries of philosophy, was almost deserted by the Athenian populace. But neither have I the skill of SOCRATES in speaking, nor have you the taste of the Athenians in hearing. Should I attempt, therefore, to beguile you longer, I should probably be left alone. And I have not so great a rage for talking, as to discourse before the bare walls.

“I bid you then, all, farewell!”

He now, after the usual custom, analyzed his audience, uttering short and graceful valedictories, in succession, to the Governor, Lt. Governor, President of the University, Professors and Tutors, Class-mates, and Friends. Next followed the peroration, of which the following is the substance, the manner being untranslatable:—

“Farewell, I repeat again and again, a long Farewell.

Farewell, my Companions!

Farewell, ye Virgins, dearer than the light!

Farewell, ye Youths, with vigour crowned!

Farewell, grave Seniors, on the verge of Heaven!

Farewell, ye regions, to the Muses dear!

And Good day to the Multitude!

“Enough of ceremony,” &c. &c.

The piece, after all, was a hurried and careless performance. In spite of its numerous felicities, its exquisite harmony, and its graphic, busy, living picture of Commencement-Day, some of it must shrink beneath the frown of ill-natured criticism. A great part of it was probably written the day or evening before its delivery. Yet its faults were buried in the general splendour of the whole; the presumptuous mystification of different portions of the audience was forgiven; and the indiscriminating applauses, which for many days rang in the author's ears, revealed to him the dangerous, or rather injurious secret, that two or three hours of heated application were sufficient to draw down upon him compliments and distinction, for which many a respectable young scholar would have thought a year of toil too cheap a price. The production formed a kind of era in the academic annals; every Latin valedictory since, has been marked by more or less vivacity, and some rather direct imitations of our author have been ventured on with tolerable effect.

Mr. CRAFTS now commenced the duties of his profession in Charleston with great earnestness and success. "Few young men," says his Eulogist,* "ever entered on the practice with more flattering prospects. He enjoyed the friendship of some of the most eminent gentlemen of the Charleston Bar, who kindly allowed him to appear with them in any of the important cases entrusted to their care, aided by their learning and experience. With these advantages, he quickly acquired a reputation as an advocate. His business increased with a rapidity before unknown at our Bar. Fortune smiled upon him, and his friends fondly hoped to see him at the head of his profession. He possessed the power of moulding the passions of men to his own purposes in a surprising degree. As the criminal courts afforded the best field for the display of his peculiar talents, so was it the field of his forensic triumphs. In the defence of the life or liberty of a fellow-citizen, he had few equals and no superiour—often have juries yielded verdicts

* COURTENAY, Pp. 8, 9.

of acquittal to his eloquence, which their cooler judgments would scarcely have justified. As an advocate, he always conducted himself in the most dignified manner; there was no trick or artifice about him; none of that affected gravity, so often mistaken by the vulgar, as the indication of wisdom. No lawyer could be more honourable and candid towards his brethren, none, more courteous, more generous, or less disposed to profit by the errors in point of form, to which inexperienced members of the profession are liable. 'Though he had superiours in legal learning, he certainly was inferiour to none in honourable principles, and gentlemanly deportment.'

Corroborative of this testimony, is the following, from the venerable lawyer, before quoted, to whom Mr. CRAFTS was indebted for his juridical education.

"The high expectations formed as to his future celebrity both by his brethren and the public, were justified by his earliest exhibitions. As an advocate before a jury, he was surpassed by none. A classical education gave him an eminent command of language; an acute, logical mind gave clearness and spirit to his reasonings, which he illustrated and adorned by rhetorical aids drawn from ancient and modern literature. Nor in his public harangues, while he was admired for his oratory and pointed reasonings, did he appear to be deficient in the knowledge and application of such parts of the law as were appropriate to the matter in hand. In his occasional arguments on points of law before the judges, he seldom failed to bring out the principles and authorities that were proper to be adduced, and these he always blended with so much of his favourite play of fancy as to make the dryest discussion matter of entertainment to the bench and the bar.—In the Court of Sessions, and the defence of the accused, he was remarkably successful. In this court, his aid was often sought; and when the Judges had occasion to assign counsel from amongst the Bar, for the defence of the accused, he was often called upon by the Court, and considered as a favourable se-

thy, had largely felt the effects of the recent burst of English literature into a youthful vigour and unparalleled richness. His self-confidence was encouraged by caresses in the highest circles of society, and his thoughts had been taught to expatiate with an ease and freedom of movement peculiar to those who are secure of a large degree of public favour. He had literally grown up with his country, and his happiness and pride had been peculiarly identified with her glory and promise, which certainly by this time were substantial sources of inspiration. Thus, deeply laden with favourable influences from without, yet buoyant with the consciousness of a boldly original frame within, he came and offered on the altar of his country some of the most splendid and beautiful gifts by which it has been crowned.

It would be difficult, even for censorious criticism, to discover any material faults in the two orations abovementioned. The whole blaze of their eloquence is kindled directly from the subject, and continues to burn round it. They may be presented as nearly perfect models for that species of composition, but models which few can hope to imitate. There is about them a certain lyric strain, which fortunately imparts its own peculiar charm, without causing the prose to become too poetical. Thus—"Strike your harps, ye men of genius, and sing the praises of liberty! Unfurl your standards, ye men of war, and inscribe them with the name of liberty! Mingle it with your orisons, ye servants of the Most High, and in the sacred censers of praise, offer the incense of liberty!" And again, a few sentences after, "Oh, thou Supreme Arbiter of the Universe!" &c. In his graceful transitions from topic to topic, he reminds us of the never-dying vivacity of some winged creature, leaping and caroling among the branches of a sunny tree, or soaring from its highest bough into the air of heaven. We tremble to see him take these daring flights into the region of the sublime, but we quickly find that his wing is strong enough to sustain him—that he keeps at a safe distance from

with the productions which he then executed. It was, unquestionably, fortunate for his fame, that he was not sooner appointed to pronounce the orations on the Birth-day of WASHINGTON and the Fourth of July. Nature, study, experience, and practice, had unitedly brought his powers to a glowing maturity, while his bosom was still burning with the hope and poetry of youth. He had systematically read an extensive course of history. He had, it is believed, taken an active part in a select literary society. To the luxuriance of a southern imagination he united the severe taste instilled by northern discipline. His admiration had, during his college-life, been attracted to the classic writings of AMES, who was then publishing some of his finest essays; he had frequently witnessed and felt under the preaching of BUCKMINSTER, how far the enchantments of a polished eloquence can be carried; and in his subsequent visits to the place of his education, he had been stimulated and directed to excellence in oratory by listening to the Lectures then delivered from the new chair of Rhetoric in Cambridge. PARSONS, DEXTER, and their associates at the Massachusetts Bar, had inflamed his youthful emulation; while at the immediate scene of his own labours, he found models and competitors in CHEVES, DRAYTON, HUGER, CALHOUN, and others who have since become familiar with the higher walks of public life. He had now mingled enough in the busy world to taste its sturdy realities and its deep responsibilities, and had learned to trace the true bearings of great events and characters on the interests of the community. He had served some time in the Legislature of South-Carolina, where his faculties, and in many respects his reputation, had expanded together. His attention had been exercised by the stormy and momentous conflicts between the two great parties that divided his country, as well as between that country and other nations. His thoughts had also been agitated by the interest which existing movements in the whole political world were adapted to inspire. His mind, with a congenial sympa-

thy, had largely felt the effects of the recent burst of English literature into a youthful vigour and unparalleled richness. His self-confidence was encouraged by caresses in the highest circles of society, and his thoughts had been taught to expatiate with an ease and freedom of movement peculiar to those who are secure of a large degree of public favour. He had literally grown up with his country, and his happiness and pride had been peculiarly identified with her glory and promise, which certainly by this time were substantial sources of inspiration. Thus, deeply laden with favourable influences from without, yet buoyant with the consciousness of a boldly original frame within, he came and offered on the altar of his country some of the most splendid and beautiful gifts by which it has been crowned.

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zeal and recently inspired confidence in his own resources, urged him into an excess of display. He was injudicious in not husbanding and reserving his strength for more appropriate and promising departments of legislation. He spoke perhaps too frequently for a young politician, and too indiscriminately for an inexperienced one. He was flattered, however, by the attention and often by the admiration and applause of the very party whom he annoyed. To be pelted with roses was an inconvenience which they could patiently endure. "He received from his opponents," says one of them, "the tributes he so justly merited as an orator endued with the high gifts of nature, and possessed of the ornamental attainments of literature. It was acknowledged that few public speakers had cultivated a finer taste. His action was graceful, and his voice clear and distinct. He often appeared more ambitious of pleasing than of convincing his hearers. "*Orator parum vehemens, dulcis tamen.*"* He was, however, at times, capable of strong appeals to the reason, as well as the passions of his hearers. This he evinced in the November Session of 1813. From the emergencies of the country, and the need of economy in the finances of the state, it was proposed to suspend, rather than abolish the free schools. He embraced this excellent opportunity of manifesting his ardent zeal in the cause of general education. He deprecated the savings of the Treasury, at the expense of the instruction of the people, and described their liberties as identified with the light of their knowledge. This speech† certainly contributed to the defeat of the measure of discontinuing those schools. It was during this period that the late Col. FARROW of Spartanburg projected the establishment of a Lunatic Asylum, but it failed at that time from the situation of the country, which required all its monied resources in resisting a powerful ene-

* CICERO, of Demetrius Phalereus.

† It will be found in the present volume, page 109.

my. This plan, since the peace, the exertions of CRAFTS conducted greatly to carry into execution."

Having now, in so many ways acquired the admiration of his fellow-citizens, it was in the course of only the succeeding year (1814) that, by performing a melancholy duty of friendship, he secured a still larger portion of their affections and esteem.* His "Eulogy on the Rev. JAMES DEWAR SIMONS" is to this day alluded to much more frequently than any of his other orations, and is regarded indeed as a kind of landmark to his reputation:—a proof of how much deeper are the impressions made upon the heart, than those upon the merely intellectual faculties. On repeatedly perusing this celebrated eulogy, we have missed discerning in it that peculiar stamp of originality and literary excellence, which we have generally held in view; as a standard in the compilation of the present volume. For much of the effect with which it was received and remembered, it must, we think, have been indebted to the nature of the occasion, to the imposing night-solemnities of the surrounding funeral scenery, and to the fond and glowing, but undoubtedly correct delineations, presented by so engaging a speaker, of a most amiable, and extensively beloved and admired young clergyman. The reflections are on the whole very obvious, and the principal interest belonging to the production is not at all of a general description. We have deemed it proper to state these reasons for omitting the performance in question, as an apology to many readers, who, we believe, were expecting its insertion. Yet in justice to them, to the author, to the subject, and to our own feelings, we cannot resist transcribing one or two impressive and characteristic extracts:—

This is the exordium.

* In this year also appeared his Ode to ALEXANDER, some stanzas of which immediately fastened themselves on the memory of every lover of poetry in our country.

"Death has been among us, my friends, and has left a melancholy chasm. He has torn his victim from the heart of society, and from the altar of the living God. He has triumphed over the blushing honours of youth, the towering flight of genius, and the sacred ardour of devotion. Virtue, philanthropy, religion are bereaved, and in tears. Death, terrible and insatiate, hath been among us, and we are met to pay him tribute.

"O thou destroyer of human hope and happiness! was there no head, frosted by time, and bowed with cares, to which thy marble pillow could have yielded rest? Was there no heart-broken sufferer to seek refuge from his woes in thy cheerless habitation? Was there no insulated being, whose crimes or miseries would have made thee welcome! who had lived without a friend, and could die without a mourner?

"These, alas, could give no celebrity to thy conquests, for they fall, unheeded as the zephyr. Thy trophies are the gathered glories of learning, the withered hopes of usefulness, the tears of sorrowing innocence, the soul appalling cries of the widow and the orphan. Thou delightest to break our happiness into fragments, and to tear our hearts asunder. We know that thou art dreadful, and unsparing, and relentless—else our departed friend would have continued with us. His tomb would have been, where our hopes had placed it, far distant in the vale of years. Still would his manly and generous affections warm and delight the social circle—Still would his pure and spotless manners invite the praise and imitation of our youth—Still would he fill that sacred desk, with its appropriate virtues—Still would his impressive eloquence illustrate the truths of Christianity, with the countenance of an angel, and the fervour of a saint—Still would he be the assiduous servant of religion—the golden cord of connubial affection would gain strength and beauty from time—and still his children would call him father. Vain and deceitful illusion!

" For him no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Nor tender consort watch with anxious care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Nor climb his knee the envied kiss to share."

Towards the conclusion, occurs the following passage, gliding with a certain Attic rapidity, and closely crowded with rhetorical beauties.

"If some ingenuous youth, marking the gloom which pervades our city, should inquire, what dread calamity has damped the public feeling—why our churches are clad in mourning, 'and woman's eye is wet, man's cheek is pale'—tell him, that these are the sorrows, which embalm the virtuous. These are the sensibilities, which honour the living and the dead. These are the signs, which speak the bleeding heart. And if he ask, what aged benefactor of the land has fallen into the grave? What time-struck venerable head has bowed beneath the scythe of death? Tell him, the object of our mourning was a youth, like himself, who by the excellence of his disposition, and the purity of his life, had conciliated universal esteem, and had rendered essential services to the cause of religion—That his days, though short, had been full of charitable actions—That his perpetual aim was to enlighten, and reform, and save mankind—That we mourn not for him, but for ourselves. We know, that he was innocent; we believe, that he is happy. We weep for the community. Tell him, this is the godlike influence of virtue; and if he would thus live, and thus die—And, if he would be thus canonized in the affections of men—Let him follow the bright example of our friend—Let him keep himself unspotted from the world—Let him devote his talents to the service of God—Let him cling around, and support the tottering edifice of religion, and the prayers of the pious shall ascend for him—He shall live in honour, and if, (which Heaven avert!) he should be thus early called from this mortal scene, the gracious drops of pity shall

bedew his urn, and he, too, shall be welcomed by the angels, to the mansions of eternal joy."

From this period, by some unhappy mistake, Mr. CRAFTS almost exclusively devoted himself to the attainment of political honours. The unusual successes which he had acquired in his electioneering contests, dazzled his imagination with the hopes of future indefinite eminence, and he believed, what hundreds of his friends, and many of them grave and experienced ones too, assured him, that he could command any office in the gift of his fellow-citizens. There was something in public life peculiarly congenial and tempting to his disposition. The desultory efforts which it demands correspond better with the wayward and characteristic indolence of genius, than do the arduous and persevering toils of professional life. His personal accomplishments, graces, and habits naturally drew him out into the sunshine, and rendered it his element to be *ante ora hominum*. Subdued by the splendid and vague expectations which his past career, his surrounding acquaintance, and his peculiar tastes conspired to wave before his eyes, he gradually relaxed in his attention to business, and would try the experiment, so hazardous in our country, of sinking the youthful lawyer in the statesman.

While yet a very young man, he offered himself as a candidate for Congress, and that too in opposition to gentlemen, whose superiour age, more enlarged experience, more powerful connexions, or more intimate sympathy with the prevailing parties of the day, were sufficient to render Mr. CRAFTS' prospects of success in a great measure desperate. It has been suggested by some of his friends, that he was on this occasion deserted by his party. The pen employed in delineating these imperfect sketches is entirely unversed in political speculations, and therefore cannot pretend to assign the share which such a circumstance partook in his failure. Certain it is, however, that even if his whole party had deserted him, there

was one man in that party who ought never to have deserted him, and that was, WILLIAM CRAFTS himself. From this time forward, it never ceased to be matter of anxious inquiry among his numerous friends, why such a mind could not rise more vigorous from defeat—why it was not nerved by the stimulus even of disappointment to those gigantic efforts of which it was capable—why it did not take its revenge of fortune, or more properly speaking, why not pursue her with increased ardour for coyly withholding her higher favours—why not fasten itself with unremitting industry and zeal to the labours of that profession which had already been the scene of so many enviable triumphs, and thus indirectly, yet surely prepare the way for those successes in a more enlarged sphere, after which it was panting? But only *Echo* answered—Why?

Yet, in spite of the spell, which seemed to hover over it, the mind of CRAFTS was too great, too active, too accomplished, not to continue to furnish occasional and frequent testimonials of its power. Slow and splendid was his retreat from that dazzling eminence, which he had failed of taking by assault. During the remainder of his life, he appeared in various ways before the public, sometimes fully sustaining his former fame, but often deficient in those marks of systematic application, and fixed solidity, which are necessary to a high degree of general confidence and approbation.

In the year 1817, he delivered the annual address before the Phi Beta Kappa Society in Harvard College. It is true, an awful weight was imposed upon him, not only by public expectation, but also by his succession to the rostrum, from which BUCKMINSTER, DEHON, and others of the same mint, had stretched out a fostering, forming, and guiding hand over the young literature of our country. The subject selected by Mr. CRAFTS, was, *The influence of moral causes over national character*. Whether it was too abstract for his image-loving mind to cope with, or he was too impatient to give it that deliberate consideration which such a subject required, it must

be confessed, that he did not entirely *come round it*. There are, certainly, about the composition, many marks of effort, and of a consciousness on the part of the author, that he had much to accomplish. The paragraphs are all brilliant, and the sentences all pointed. No common talent could have been employed in its production. It was delivered in the speaker's best style. But as he proceeded, the audience continued rather to be expecting than receiving the whole of their anticipated gratification. Neither was his subject precisely announced, nor was it clearly developed in the course of discussion. Bead after bead dropped glittering, yet unthreaded from his hand. With much elegant common-place, were mingled many valuable and beautiful reflections; yet no stranger to WILLIAM CRAFTS, then present, would have known of what he was capable, had it not been for his affecting, his unrivalled peroration.

Tidings had just been received from Charleston, announcing the premature decease of Bishop DEHON, by the fever of the climate. Few names were so dear as his to the Phi Beta Kappa Society, or even to the country at large. And it was an affecting coincidence of events, which brought Mr. CRAFTS, his townsman, his parishioner, his friend, his associate in some of the higher gifts of genius, to proclaim the account of his death, on the spot, where but a few years before, the deceased himself had impressed every hearer with feelings of profound admiration. How vividly Mr. CRAFTS felt the whole interest of his position, and how happily he discharged the duty it involved, will be manifest from the following extract, which is inserted with the greater pleasure, as for reasons above suggested, the entire oration is omitted from our selection.

"Gentlemen of the Phi Beta Kappa Society.—When, in connexion with the pleasure of revisiting, after a long interval, the scenes of my boyhood, and the land of my ancestors, I contemplated the danger and difficulty of addressing this

fraternity of scholars and criticks, I shrunk intuitively from a feast, where the sword of Damocles was suspended over me. Political pursuits had estranged me from the path of letters; and to rebel me was only to shew how far I had wandered. But I knew that I could rely on the hospitality of Massachusetts—I thought that I could rely on the hospitality of letters—and rescuing something from indolence, and something from ambition, I came, with the feelings of the prodigal son, to ask forgiveness of the Muses.

“And I wish that I had not been afflicted with a more melancholy errand. It was my misfortune to apprise his relatives of the death of one of our brethren,* who, not many years since in this place, so much more appropriate for himself than me, addressed and delighted you. I need not name him, who was distinguished in yonder seminary for his early talents and virtues; and who employed the learning he there acquired, in the service of religion, in reclaiming the sinful, in confirming the pious, in convincing the sceptical, and in soothing the mourner. I need not name that pure and spotless man, whose example illustrated all the precepts he so eloquently uttered. Cut down in the midst of his days, from the object of universal love, he has become, alas! the object of universal lamentation.

“He sleeps, by his own request, under the altar, where he ministered—in life, as in death, adhering to the church. The sun shines not on his grave, nor is it wet with the morning or the evening dew. But innocence kneels upon it—purity bathes it in tears—and the recollections of the sleeping saint mingle with the praises of the living God. Oh! how dangerous it is to be eminent. The oak, whose roots descend to the world below, while its summit towers to the world above, falls with its giant branches, the victim of the storm. The osier shakes—and bends—and totters—and rises, and triumphs in

* The Right Rev. THEODORE DEHON, bishop of the Diocese of South-Carolina.

obscurity. And yet, who of you would owe his safety to his insignificance?

“Beneath that living osier not an insect can escape the sun. Beneath that fallen oak the vegetable world was wont to flourish—the ivy clung around its trunk—the birds built their nests among its branches, and from its summit saw and welcomed the morning sun—the beasts fled to it for refuge from the tempest—and man himself was refreshed in its shade, and learned from its fruit the laws of nature. Oh! how delightful it is to be eminent! To win the race of usefulness—to live in the beams of well earned praise—and walk in the zodiack among the stars.

“Fame, with its perils and delights, my brothers, must be ours. Welcome its rocky precipice! Welcome its amaranthine garlands! We must wear them on our brow—we must leave them on our grave. We must, we will, fill our lives with acts of usefulness and crown them with deeds of honour; and when we die, there will be tears on the cheek of innocence, and sighs from the bosom of virtue, and the young will wish to resemble, and the aged will lament to lose us.”

No person present on that occasion can ever forget the electrical emotions produced by the delivery of these passages—particularly of the last, in which the orator’s voice arose to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, while exclaiming—“We must, we will, fill our lives with acts of usefulness, and crown them with deeds of honour”—and then again sank from one musical, sweet, and melancholy cadence to another, until it reached a murmur, which the deepening silence alone of the multitude rendered audible, as he uttered—“and when we die, there will be tears on the cheek of innocence, and sighs from the bosom of virtue, and the young will wish to resemble, and the aged will lament to lose us.”

The greatest charm of his oratory, we may take this opportunity to observe, consisted in the enthusiastic propriety with

which he entered into the spirit of the subjects and occasions that engaged him. He seemed to forget himself in them. He was, for the time being, an embodied personification of the cause he was urging. Yet there was no prevailing vehemency of action; all was generally calm and self-possessed—his voice, which had no great volume, was managed with exquisite skill or exquisite instinct, and found its way to the remotest ear. There appeared not, as is frequently the case even with the best declaimers, to be two parties concerned; the orator on one side, and the audience on the other. But Mr. CRAFTS seemed to be only *one* of the audience; and instead of communicating something *to* them, he was only as it were, their leader, secure of their favour and sympathy, and beckoning them away through regions of surpassing sublimity and beauty, to the certain attainment of some triumphant end. Who could resist such a manner, when made the vehicle of sentiments like those just quoted?

Amid the general enthusiasm occasioned by this eloquent conclusion, the whole Address was immediately requested and printed for the Miscellaneous Department of the North-American Review; but the sheets were at length published in a separate pamphlet, and not in connexion with that Journal.

Two years after this, Mr. CRAFTS, in his military capacity, which he had continued to cherish with fondness, and had sustained through several gradations of rank, was called upon to pronounce an eulogy on a brother-officer.* This is one of his happiest effusions, and will possess a permanent interest, as exhibiting the *beau-ideal* picture of a high-minded and accomplished gentleman of South-Carolina. His eulogium may occasionally rise into extravagance—but the performance is replete with great beauties, and the *ground* along which the author is borne, so to speak, by his wings, is evidently that of truth and solid reality. How delicate, yet how pungent the assertion, respecting the subject of his remarks, that there was reason

* Col. KEATING LEWIS SIMONS, see page 49.

to believe his conscience never reproached him *twice*! A severe and fair blow against the practice of duelling, to an unhappy instance of which allusion is here made! And how admirable the probably unconscious imitation, which immediately follows, of that sublime passage in MASSILLON, which is said to have caused a crowded congregation to rise in terror from their seats.

The eagerness of Mr. CRAFTS for political trust and distinction was not entirely ungratified. He was about this time returned as Senator to the Legislature of South-Carolina, where he continued to sit, by three successive biennial elections, and with contests at the poll of greater or less difficulty, for the last six years of his life. The following letter, written to a sister, immediately after his entrance on this new arena, is inserted here rather to exhibit the amiable points which marked his character, than any qualities of sterner importance.

"Columbia, December 5, 1821.

"MY DEAR *****,

"I believe it is to you that in regular order this letter ought to be addressed. Not that I consider any courtesy or expression of regard on my part when addressed to any one of the family, as excluding in the slightest degree all the others, but, as we bow successively on entering a room to each individual present, so memory has a distinct place for each of our friends.

"Every time that I look into my trunk furnishes me with a new discovery of some happy convenience devised by ***** and yourself for my accommodation. I thank you both sincerely.

"Of my journey from Charleston I have written already to so many of the family that I can only say here—that it was the pleasantest mode of reaching Columbia, that Heaven has yet vouchsafed me. I trust that my return may prove as for-

fortunate. The weather here is extremely warm—the scenery of the skies appears to have been shifted some how or other—and when we look for landscapes of snow, we have green shrubberies and parterres and all the paraphernalia of summer. A very beautiful little theatre has been built here, and the players are with us. But Columbia itself is to a low countryman a theatre of itself. On the height of a lofty hill, the whole surrounding country recedes in its neighbourhood as if in submission to its authority, and nothing of equal height appears for the distance of fifteen miles, when you have a lofty horizon of hills, enclosing it as the centre of a beautiful circle. The intermediate space is filled with the various drapery of the forest, interspersed here and there with the mists which gracefully ascend from the bosom of the river.

“Among the facilities of happiness, which it is my duty and my delight to afford you, it is a subject of regret with me that I have found no opportunity of shewing you this interesting place.

“The Legislature advances slowly with the various business of the session. To one, who does not come here (and who ought to come so?) for mere purposes of self display, the Senate is beyond comparison the more pleasant and the more dignified situation. I can compare the House of Representatives only to a bed of salad, when it shoots from the earth in close order and promiscuous confusion. I should say of the Senate, that it resembled a salad-bed in another point of view—when some of the plants had been selected and set apart to acquire head and maturity.”

* * * * *

While Mr. CRAFTS remained in connexion with it, the salad could not be pronounced deficient in at least a fair degree of condiment. Yet, with equal truth it may be said, that he rendered many services to his constituents and the state, of far greater importance than exhilarating the Senators by his vivacity, or entertaining them by his wit. Freer than most

youthful politicians from the rage of legislating, he was at the same time ever on the alert to devise or forward all desirable schemes of improvement. If his researches were seldom extensive, and his illustrations not always profound, yet he possessed a certain instinctive sagacity, which generally conducted him to the right and safely liberal side of every agitated question. That he had effectively at heart the interests of his friends and of his republic, will be manifest from the following view of some of the benefits procured for them chiefly by his exertions.

The granting of the charters of the South-Carolina and State Banks was obtained by him through great personal efforts both in and out of the Senate, and was carried only by one vote.

The incorporation of the Charleston Medical College was violently opposed in the Senate. The Committee on Medicine, consisting of all the physicians in that body, reported unanimously against it. He succeeded in persuading the Senate to take a favourable view of the subject, and to reject the report of the Committee, and thus procured the organization of an institution, which has done, and is doing, so much good.

He procured by great and unassisted personal efforts the repeal by one vote in the Senate (where it had long been tried in vain) of an obnoxious law relating to auctioneers.

He obtained the passage through the Senate of a bill to restore to the citizens of Charleston the amount of taxes levied under the Municipal Guard-Law, being near five thousand dollars. But, by some misunderstanding, it was lost in the House.

He introduced, and succeeded in carrying, the Law to preserve the purity of elections.

All the Catholic charters in the state were granted, in a good measure, through his explanations of the views of Bishop ENGLAND, and thus disarming some violent opposition which

had been started against that prelate's applications to the Legislature.

The Reformed Society of Israelites have expressed great gratitude for his exertions in obtaining them a civil existence.

Upon his motion in the Senate that the Major Generals who did not make returns annually to the Executive, so as to obtain from the Government of the United States the quota of stand of arms due South-Carolina, should be cashiered, those duties were at last performed, and the State received \$40,000; being the arrears of four years.

His exertions in procuring the Lunatic Asylum have been already mentioned.

In the meantime, he was induced to appear before the public in a new capacity, as writer of political, moral, literary, and humorous essays. The Editor of the Charleston Courier, who, for many years, and to the very last, proved so constant and substantial a friend of our author, that this Memoir would be unjust and incomplete without alluding to him in that relation, having occasion to take a tour in Europe, left the more general departments of his paper under the management of Mr. CRAFTS. His connexion with the Courier in this respect continued more or less uniform through the remainder of his life. This paper had obtained a wide circulation through the country, and its character at the present time was chiefly commercial. But henceforward it was unfolded with feelings of a different interest from that excited by the news or prices current of the day. A rich intellectual treat was every morning expected by its readers, and they were seldom disappointed. The new Editor's pen was ready for every subject, even the most unpromising. His perpetual cheerfulness and good humour brightened many a mind that drooped beneath the commercial gloom of the times, or the oppressive heats of the summer, or the long darkness of our rainy weather, or the lowering atmosphere of our political sky; topics, on which he could even sport with dignity. He was accus-

tomed to look at the happier side of things—too much so, probably, for his own advantage, in a world, where things have a dark as well as a bright aspect; yet the tendency in him was calculated and employed to relieve the opposite excess in others.

A large portion of the following volume, therefore, has been selected from the files of the Courier. That great inequalities should have prevailed among lucubrations of this description, was naturally to be expected. The virtual constraint of writing *something* every day, occasionally produced discussions that involved no momentous interests, and mere playful sallies that came to no conclusions. Pieces of this kind have been generally excluded from our compilation; and though we profess not to vindicate the correctness of all the author's views, nor the exactness of his reasonings, in those which are retained, yet we hesitate not to claim for them an extraordinary share of merit. Who can peruse them without having his stock of good information enlarged, his fancy delighted, his taste refined, and his better feelings promoted? No essays, published in our country, and unconnected with the mere politics of the day, ever obtained so wide a circulation among the newspapers, or were read with such deep interest and pleasure. Many of them enjoyed the distinction of being copied into the journals of the mother-country, and the English newspapers, for some time, as is well known, animadverted upon the speculations of the Charleston Courier, as particularly as on those of their own daily or weekly press.

The poetry* of Mr. CRAFTS was in general very far above mediocrity. Its earliest model was POPE, and its latest was MOORE. But throughout the whole of this class of his writings, there runs a happy vein, peculiarly his own. We are

* "Sullivan's Island" and the "Raciad," are passing in this volume through their third edition. Mr. CRAFTS published a small volume of poems a few years ago, from which, together with the files of the Courier, and the MSS. of his Port Folio, our poetical selections are made.

not aware that there is in the English language a more original or sparkling and delicate set of gems than the little collection of Anacreontics which will be found in the latter part of this volume.* While these and many of his other verses display a mind overflowing with vivacity, and determined to be satisfied with its passing existence, there is another fasciculus, that might be denominated *ocean-pieces*,† which are particularly characterized by tenderness and pathos. The chief source of his more melancholy inspirations would appear to have been the ocean. When he leaps upon the land, he seems to throw away care, and is intent only on searching after objects that he may sport with and love. In this mood, he has rendered Sullivan's Island and the Charleston Race Course but little short of classic ground. And whether the city itself, his birth-place and the scene of his principal productions, deserve not in some degree that honourable appellation, let the reader, who shall have impartially surveyed the whole present collection, decide.

The following letter contains so interesting an account of his poetical talents and habits, and other points of his character not specifically dwelt upon in the foregoing pages, that it cannot be justly omitted from a Memoir of Mr. CRAFTS. It was written by his early friend, JOHN GADSDEN, Esq. Attorney for the United States, and present Intendant of the City of Charleston:—

"Sullivan's Island, August 21, 1827.

"At your request I have thrown upon paper some recollections of Mr. CRAFTS. I write you from the scene of one of his most beautiful Poems; and the place recalls the delightful day which I spent here with him, and a few friends, when he recited those elegant verses, which afterwards gave so much pleasure to the public, though unaccompanied with those associations that recommended them to us. Much of his

* From page 356 to page 364. . † From page 366 to page 372.

poetry, after passing through the hands of his friends, found its way into the newspapers. It was produced with great facility and on the spur of the occasion, and rather for the gratification of his friends than with a view to fame. But his imagination being active, he wrote so often that he insensibly improved, until he produced some pieces not unworthy to descend to posterity. Poetry he took up at first only as an amusement, and grew into a poet before he was well aware of it. Whatever may be said by the critics, there are some of his odes,* to say nothing of his other productions, which no lover of poetry can read without emotion.

"If poetry was his amusement, eloquence was his business; and this art he cultivated with the greatest assiduity. Though possessing a considerable talent for debate, which was elicited repeatedly at public meetings and in the Legislature, he was not satisfied with what the moment might supply or the occasion call out; but prepared his best speeches with all the elaboration that his vivacious mind could submit to. Many of the most showy passages and most beautiful figures in his speeches were written out and spoken from memory, though but from their polish and refinement this would never have been suspected, as they were spoken with all the freedom and spirit of offhand sentences. His memory was so happy that he could at once repeat whatever he had written; and I believe committed passages to writing merely to give them a higher finishing, or because he found this the best mode of preparation. His speeches were recommended by his person and elocution. He was of a becoming height and well featured, and his eye was sprightly and beautiful. A clear, melodious, and variable voice held the ear in suspense, and bore it in a steady current a succession of the most brilliant images, in the happiest expressions.

"Though in the criminal courts he has often drawn forth applauses, and though he always attracted a crowd, whenever it

* Some of these conclude the volume.

was known that he was to speak, yet his happiest efforts; those which appeared to delight him most, and when he produced the greatest impression, were on public occasions, before the mixed audience of the sexes, where intelligence, cultivation, beauty, and wit, were assembled, as at a 'theatre of pleasure,' to listen to his splendid imagery, his polished periods, and his fascinating elocution. Many of these discourses have survived their occasions, and will constitute the chief charm of the volume you are preparing for the public; being beautiful remains of a genius that luxuriated in whatever could dazzle the fancy and delight the ear.

"Like the celebrated CHARLES TOWNSEND,* he had an ardent, a generous, and perhaps an immoderate passion for fame, and his active fancy was ever on the wing to attract admiration in some of its forms. His love of applause was, however, untainted with envy. In private society it discovered itself for the most part, in the satisfaction and elation which he evinced when his brilliancy, either colloquial or lettered, attracted attention and elicited from his hearers unfeigned indications of pleasure. Having early attracted very general notice, 'his appetite grew by what it fed on;' and he never was so happy as when he commanded the eyes and the ears of his company. Had he cultivated his judgment as carefully as he did his fancy, he would have been as solid as he was brilliant; and he would have attained a temperament which would have secured him from those mortifications that in the latter part of his life preyed upon his spirits and repressed the kindlings of his genius.

"Throughout his professional and public life, he wrote from time to time for the newspapers; and no doubt took his share as a writer in most of the controversies, political and local, which divided the city. It was seldom that any thing very striking appeared which was not ascribed to him; for it was well known that he had a capital stock of similes and antithe-

* See BURKE.

ses always at command. But it is now impossible to trace either 'the vigor of the bow, or the venom of the shaft,' in attacks and replies which have long since been forgotten. Fortunately, however, from occasional contributions, he was at last drawn into the steady support of the Charleston Courier; as thereby some of the happiest exhibitions of his genius were brought forth and preserved. They often turned the reader aside from politics to literature; and by all the arts of style recommended those elegant studies to which he seems to have returned with fresh ardour after the estrangements of party warfare. They are worthy of the school of ADDISON and GOLDSMITH; and show what he might have given to posterity had his life been devoted to literature. I feel grateful to you, as a friend of Mr. CRAFTS, for the Memoir and the Selections which you are about to offer to the public; and if the slight notice of him, which I now send, should be of the least service to you, it will add to the pleasure (however melancholy) with which I always recal his memory, and which I expect to derive from the volume in hand."

From this letter, evident conclusions might be drawn respecting the estimation in which Mr. CRAFTS stood with his numerous friends. He was entirely amiable. The facility of his disposition, which proved, on the one hand, the chief source of his misfortunes, rendered him, on the other, a captivating companion. He, on whose lips dwelt the soul of persuasion, was himself the most persuasible of men. His simplicity of manners and feelings was truly youthful, and at forty, he must have been, in this respect, the same as at fifteen. There was a certain helpless suavity about him, which seemed to throw itself on the mercy of all with whom he associated and that mercy it generally found. He was one of those for whom men delight to do every thing, and the more so, as his sense and recollection of benefits were uncommonly strong. His sensibility, exquisitely tender, did not weaken in him the

principle of active benevolence. The union of both these qualities was exemplified in his connexion with the case of a negro, who was tried and condemned to death for some alleged piratical attempt against a vessel lying in the port of Charleston. So firmly was Mr. CRAFTS convinced of his innocence, that when his earnest and gratuitous efforts to save him proved unavailing, he fainted at the verdict, and was carried home, where he wept bitterly for hours. His opinion respecting his unfortunate client has since been justified by the recent confession of the infamous TARDY, who committed the crime for which the other suffered. Could the disclosure have been anticipated but a few months, it would have afforded a melancholy satisfaction to the advocate's dying moments.

Under the domestic roof, his kindness and loveliness were unequalled. He paid to the members of his family a thousand light attentions, such as returning home, daily, with some token of remembrance, and studying the happiness of his equals as a father studies his children's. His commands to his servants were conveyed in the form of requests, and with a deference almost as respectful as if the parties had exchanged places. Such were the manners of one, who had been idolized at home and abroad for the greater part of his life.

That these surpassing virtues and fine qualities should sometimes verge into the kindred and corresponding defects, might have been expected by those who know any thing of human nature. He who had for twenty years been obliged to listen to his own praises, would, by force of habit, be inclined to continue the subject. Yet his vanity was certainly not exhibited in the most offensive forms. He practised not the disgusting art of insinuating his own merits, nor angling for compliments by allusions of feigned modesty. Your opinion was frankly challenged respecting his performances, and when he talked of himself, as he frequently did, it rather resembled a cool and grave criticism on a third person, than the feverish

attempt to extort direct admiration. Nor was his self-sufficiency of that pertinacious cast, which will submit to no correction, and believes its possessor perfect. Being once inclined to publish an address delivered before a Literary Society, he submitted it to the inspection of the present writer, who advised him against printing so hurried and unconnected a composition. The intention was immediately dropped, and the dissuasion most kindly received.

In general conversation, he rarely took the lead, except when his situation required it. By inclination, and perhaps the languor sometimes attendant on genius, he was rather a willing listener than otherwise. When slightly animated by any subject or occasion, he poured out a stream of appropriate thoughts, in language of the happiest precision, and with a voice at once mellifluous and manly. Seated at his own table, and inspired by the presence of his friends, he shone often with enchanting brilliancy. None present can easily forget the manner in which he entertained at his house the Members of the British Parliament who recently visited our country—how he skilfully elicited from his other guests those points of information which the strangers would be most desirous to obtain—and then indulged in a flow of anecdote, wit, and conversational eloquence, that might be denominated triumphant. So favourable was the impression made by him upon the minds of his foreign guests, that when preparing for their departure from Charleston, they gave directions to admit none into their apartments, but Mr. CRAFTS.

But these dazzling powers, this sensitive existence, were destined to a speedy and premature extinction. For some time the health of Mr. CRAFTS had been gradually undermining. His professional business had almost dwindled to a point. His influence in the Legislature was on the wane. His political popularity was becoming dubious. He had made repeated, and increasingly hopeless attempts to be returned as a Member of Congress. The fond illusion cherished in his

earlier years, that mere genius could accomplish every thing, had been dispelled by many mortifying realities. He could scarcely make himself comprehend by what mystery the glittering prizes, which he once thought only waiting for his grasp, fell at length into the hands of less talented industry. Yet some prophetic perception of these results undoubtedly had often forced itself upon his mind. "Little did I think," he thus concludes his joint eulogy of SIMONS and RUTLEDGE, "that these two magnificent vessels would, in one miserable hour, founder on either side of me, and leave my little skiff surviving at the mercy of the winds and waves." And a few years later, on the Anniversary of the Pilgrims, he who had once, with

"Youth at the prow, and pleasure at the helm,"

launched upon life, as upon a sunny stream, down whose gliding waters he saw nothing in the distance but flower-covered banks and sheltering retreats, could now exclaim—"What is life? But a pilgrimage under an uncertain sky, through dangerous paths, over obstacles fearful to encounter, and difficult to remove. What is life but a pilgrimage? which is happy only when it is over."

Had Mr. CRAFTS passed his life in England, he would unquestionless have been secure of the patronage of princes, and the stimulus of success would have urged him on to a large and permanent measure of excellence. But in our country, the monarch and the patron are the people; the fountain of honour is the ballot-box; and amid a thousand inferiour motives which undoubtedly sway the electors, there is still a prevailing, instinctive sense of interest, which hesitates not long between candidates of the most splendid accomplishments merely, and those of tried and persevering solidity.

Yet the gathering gloom of his prospects was retarded and relieved by various causes, and particularly by the buoyancy of a soul that knew not lasting despondence. He still

seemed to be looking for some happy turn in his affairs, although making less and less direct efforts of himself to bring it to pass. This propensity, a highly respected correspondent informs us, was sometimes observed in him as far back as his residence at college.

When roused even now by a worthy occasion, he continued to show the original vigour and beauty of his mind. Witness his address before the Palmetto Society, which shall be left to speak for itself.* A felicitous paragraph for the *Courier* supplied him occasionally with an evening's amusement, and with the compliments of his friends on the following day. He was constantly applied to for a description and recommendation of projected works in literature and art, and was ready to grant every assistance of the kind. But, generally, when not constrained by a grave and urgent topic, his mind, like *Swift's*, would fall back upon trifles, unfavourable to his literary and professional reputation.

His interest, however, in public affairs, was of the keenest nature, and while he seemed, as if by intuition, to be acquainted, in advance of every one else, with the news of the day, he would communicate it to others, accompanied with comments, at once sagacious and amusing. As an instance how deeply ingrained in his heart was the long cherished sentiment of political ambition, we have been told, that when in the later stages of a decline, and on the point of embarking for New-York, to change the scene and air, he said with an earnest but enfeebled voice to one of his most active friends, "Remember that you set me up for Senator." And less than a week before his decease, when obliged to be propped in his bed, he wrote a long letter to another friend, expressing his anxious wishes to the same effect, and pointing out various measures by which his election might be honourably prosecuted.

Mr. CRAFTS was married, in Boston, to a cousin by the paternal side, on the 19th of June, 1823. To this connexion may

* See page 67.

justly be ascribed some of the finest inspirations of his muse; but he found in it what was better still, a greatly valued compensation for the disappointments of his latter years, and an affectionate alleviation of his ultimate sufferings. When convinced by his physicians that recovery was hopeless, he contemplated with calmness the resigning of every thing but the nearest earthly object. His last days were also cheered by the presence of other connexions, who hastened from Boston to attend him, and by individuals residing in the interior of New-York, who renewed, for a short melancholy period, the friendships of happier years, which a necessary separation had barely suspended. He died at Lebanon Springs, (N. Y.) on the 23d of September, 1826. His body was conveyed for interment to Boston—a spot, which, next to the side of his father and mother, he would have preferred before any other; for this was the first time he had ever entered that city, without a heart beating high, in delightful expectation of the caresses, that were sure to await him, from an extensive and polished circle of friends. Those caresses were now exchanged for all that could be bestowed; honour to his remains, and tears to his memory.

For our own part, in attempting, as we have done, to join in the same tributes, we have praised, whenever there appeared reason to praise, unreservedly, and with all the heart, yet endeavouring to avoid exaggerated, or indiscriminate eulogy. We are aware that many persons, who have enjoyed but partial opportunities to judge of the whole subject, will consider our favourable representations as much too glowing. But this will never be charged upon us by those, who have watched the career of Mr. CRAFTS from beginning to end. His friends, his indifferent acquaintances, his rivals, his enemies, who may have resided in Charleston for twenty years past, will, from all that we can learn by the most diligent inquiry, unite in testifying that no lines of the picture are overdrawn. Should others complain of our having dwelt at all on the shadowy side,

they ought to remember, that we had to account for the too obvious phenomenon of such an individual as Mr. CRAFTS, taking no higher rank on the lists of successful ambition. To attempt such an explanation, although with faltering reluctance, seemed to be the duty of an impartial, and even friendly biographer. We may hope also, that an instructive lesson will have been conveyed to such of our youthful readers, as mistakenly imagining that the duties, honours, enjoyments, and rewards of any one of the learned professions, are below the capacities of a great mind, feel tempted to rely on general accomplishments and popular favour for their happiness, or their advancement in the world.

Every one, in pausing and meditating at the grave of CRAFTS, must involuntarily be led to the acknowledgment, that scarcely any limits could have been assigned to his reputation, felicity, and usefulness, had his application been equal to his genius, and the strength of his moral and religious principle equal to the vividness of his moral and religious sentiment. It will be wished, moreover, that he would have remembered, how the world, when it lavishes its smiles and flatteries, jealously considers them as a claim for future exertions, rather than as a reward for the past, or a standing capital for self-complacency to subsist upon.

While these reflections are occurring, the hand will be busy in planting flowers on the spot, as tributes to the talents, the taste, the virtues, and the hopes, that sleep below.

ERRATA.

- P. 7. l. 26, for *stellas* read *ignes*.
- P. 96, l. 13, for *says* read *say*.
- P. 113. l. 30, for *disdained* read *disdain*.
- P. 115, for *Essays* read *POLITICAL ESSAYS*; and continue this
as a running title through the division.
- P. 167, l. 7, for *prevented* read *perverted*.
- P. 248, l. 22, for *The Parting* read *Parting*.
- P. 377. l. 1, for *Living* read *Erring*.

FUGITIVE WRITINGS

OF THE LATE

WILLIAM CRAFTS.



ORATIONS.



ORATION

ON THE

BIRTH OF WASHINGTON.

DELIVERED IN ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH, CHARLESTON, ON THE 22D OF
FEBRUARY, 1812. BY APPOINTMENT OF THE WASHINGTON
LIGHT INFANTRY.

It is the fortune of some men to be identified with their country—tyrants by their crimes, warriors by their achievements, men of genius by their writings, and men of piety by their virtue. In religious countries, a saint—among the warlike, a soldier—the most humane, among the civilized—and the greatest savage of barbarians, is the subject of eulogy and the model of imitation. But individuals are never so conspicuous as when they are connected with the origin or the overthrow of nations. The ingenuity of historical research has explored the foundation of every structure, and its labours have astonished, if they have not gratified, curiosity. The Poets of Greece exerted their fancy in fabulous relations of the heroism of its founders. Robbers they converted into Gods, and placed them in heaven, only because they were unfit for earth. The whiteness

of Parian marble was stained to commemorate their excesses, and posterity was called to revere those, who lived, "men know not how, and died, men care not when." The Roman antiquarian, when all the world was Rome, beheld her great progenitors in a couple of miserable fugitives—one of whom the flames of Troy, and the other the ferocity of a wolf, had spared. The early annals of England record the successful usurpation of a Norman adventurer, and many of the nations of Europe may scramble for their ancestry at the doors of a Gothic cavern, among a crowd of barbarians.

Our history, my friends, is too young to admit the illusions, too bright to require the ornaments of fable. Here is no obscurity for the ingenious to enlighten, no deformity for poetry to conceal. Our Republic was not the offspring of fraud and violence. No plunder of the Sabine women, no association of lawless banditti ushers in the splendour of our day, the dawn of our empire. Our heroes are not a compound of courage and crime—faithless like the Carthaginians, nor curst with the ambition of Cæsar, that destroyed his country. Our revolution was not a convulsive effort to propagate by the sword the doctrines of peace—nor to confirm our own liberties by making slaves of others. It is a picture, on which the world may gaze with delight. A bold and gallant people, rising in defence of their natural rights, regaining them by the united efforts of valour and genius, and enjoying them in the repose of peace and tranquillity. Little more than a quarter of a century has passed over our heads, but

it has developed, what all antiquity was unable to mature. It has exhibited to mankind, a model of all that is good and great in human action—of all that is dazzling in the theory, or beneficial in the practice of government. Whose patience shall I abuse by relating the services of our revolutionary army? What part of the habitable globe is so buried in moral and natural darkness, that it hath not been enlightened by the radiance of American Liberties? Who has not heard the name of WASHINGTON, and grown warm at the recital of his virtues? In whose bosom hath he not found a mausoleum? In whose tongue has he wanted an eulogy?

In the cause which gave birth to these United States, there was an unparalleled combination of talents and virtue. As the tributary streams of America unite to form the Mississippi, the great father of rivers, the tributary intellect and valour of the globe were concentrated in the formation of the American Republic. The rocks of Caledonia were no longer barren—Poland gave us KOSCIUSKO—France her LA FAYETTE—Germany DE KALB and STEUBEN—and the blood of MONTGOMERY, pure as the snows that received it, attested the offering of the Emerald Isle. At the head of these gallant associates "*velut inter stellas luna minores*" was our own WASHINGTON, worthy, thrice worthy of the admiration of his contemporaries, and the remembrance of posterity to the end of time.

In attempting a faint and feeble outline of the character of WASHINGTON, drawn with "no master's hand," I am sensible, that like the painter Apelles in

his portrait of Venus, I must leave your imagination to supply more than half of the picture;—your imagination, untinted with the colouring of party either in or out of power. He lived, happily for himself, when party was in its cradle. It could not have looked him in the face. If it spoke, it was ashamed to be heard. If it walked abroad, it was not in the noon day. What American would have dared oppose the father of his country? To that country, the object of his best hopes, the cause of his unceasing toils, which owes so much to his intrepid spirit and singular virtue, his memory is dear and sacred as his life was bright and useful. Well was it said by the friend of Cæsar—that he came to bury and not to praise him. His learning and accomplishments—his courage and eloquence—the conquests which he made for himself in the fields of literature—and for his country in the field of battle, served only to render his designs more conspicuous, and enable him more effectually to become a tyrant. Cæsar fought for himself, and not his country. WASHINGTON for his country and not himself.

There is in the splendour of military achievement a rapidity which defeats the powers of analysis, and leads us captive in the chains of admiration. Much of this influence is exhibited in the character of those, whom the world has consented to call great, without daring to call virtuous. The wild, romantic and terrible exploits of Alexander leave on the mind no other impression, than a sense of human weakness and crime. His was the desire not to possess but to conquer—to win without retaining, to overrun

and not to fertilize. His dominions vanished as soon as they were acquired, and all that he left to make atonement to his country for the bloody battles which solemnized his death, was the fame of his destructive career. Stripped of his military glory, what does he exhibit but the victim of disgraceful passions, which literature could not soften, nor ambition elevate?

The Swedish conqueror, Charles the Twelfth, fired with martial enthusiasm, followed the phantom of renown through personal privation, in danger, and in death. It courted him and he followed it. His ardour increased with his successes, and he was in love with war. Blind to the miseries which follow in its train, he saw in it only the pomp and circumstance; the ovation and triumph. But the issue of his fortunes was calamitous as their commencement was flattering, and his life affords as little room for imitation as it does for envy.

Whether we contemplate the motives, the situation or the conduct of WASHINGTON, we shall find equal cause of exultation in the proud pre-eminence he sustained over his competitors for fame in other parts of the world. How few of them can support a parallel! How few—whose motives rising above or beyond themselves, proceeded from a noble or exalted source! How many—who were impelled by a sense of personal injuries, by the loss of some real or imaginary right, by the ardour of revenge, and the rage of conquest! How does it take from the praise of glorious actions, the reflection, that they originate in a love of power or a love of self. And yet many even of the best

men of antiquity can pretend to no higher nor more honourable impulse. Even the statesmen and leaders of Greece, models as they are of integrity and spirit, were governed by the local interests of a part, to which they were not unwilling to submit the general good of their country. Their object was to triumph over one another, and if at times foreign invasion compelled them to unite, their union was rivalry, and their concert, contention. Some men, it is true, O shameful veil of despotism! have become tyrants for the public good. Such was Pisistratus of Athens, who abused the sympathies, that he might violate the rights of the people. Such was the English Cromwell. A bold, audacious fanatic, who carried religion into politics, politics into religion, and war into both—odious enough for his cruelties, but more for the cloak with which he endeavoured to conceal them—a hypocrite, as well as a tyrant—a patriot, who deceived the people, and a zealot, who thought he could deceive his God!

With such a man WASHINGTON may be contrasted, but not compared. His aim was not to be great, but useful. He had no dishonest desires to gratify—he had lost no privileges that he was to regain by war—nor was he of that number, who, having nothing to lose, look forward to a period of commotion and difficulty as to a season of harvest. Already in possession of an ample fortune, war might dissipate but could not enlarge it. He left all that was dear to life, and to save his country he became its leader. Its prosperity was the guide of his career. This was the image which appeared to him not once—on the eve

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of a battle—but perpetually—in every scene of his life was present in his bosom.

How cheering and consolatory! how noble and elevated are the emotions of the patriot soldier! He enters the field to redress a national wrong, or avert a national calamity; his country calls him to battle; beauty and innocence hail him as their guardian—and the ministers of God invoke success upon his arms. If he conquer—he has repelled a hostile invader, restored his fellow citizens to liberty, revived afflicted commerce, cleansed the national honour from a stain, and renewed the tides of public prosperity. If he die, his cause ennobles his death, as the sandal tree sheds perfume on the axe that fells it. The wishes of the good repose with him—the tears of beauty fall upon his grave—his tomb affords the heraldry of his children, who shall exultingly boast, that their father died for his Country.

Such were the pure and patriotic motives of WASHINGTON; of the younger WASHINGTON also, and of those two great men, who adorn our state, connected by nature not more strongly than by glory, whom I would attempt to eulogize if I dared offend them. These alone can justify the severities of war. What shall we say, then, of those, who, to depress a rival, or to elevate themselves—to extend the reign, not of happiness, but of misery, wantonly destroy the human race, and invite the vengeance of heaven? Indulging those sympathies, which by his sensibility to suffering prove his capacity for enjoyment, what shall the philanthropist say of the sanguinary and destructive war, that wastes the Peninsula, and turns

the sword of Charles the Fifth against his unhappy descendants! How long, Father of Mercies, shall that fated land be the scene of rapine and slaughter? Genius of Discord! who shall escape thee? Afflicted Humanity! whither shalt thou retire?

There is no small interval between the talents requisite to acquire and to retain a lofty and conspicuous station. Men are not prone to disturb the security of an established government. Hereditary honours impose on mankind a respect, of which it is difficult to divest their possessors; and a prince, seated on the throne of his ancestors, may be accounted great merely by the prudent exercise of power. To obtain an ascendancy over a nation by the display of uncommon bravery and skill, and to administer a government with wisdom and glory, seldom belong to the fortunes of one man, and indicate no small degree of opposition of character. Either is sufficient for honourable fame; but the union of both in WASHINGTON confirms his superiority, if it were doubtful, over those Kings and Emperors, who like Alfred and Peter, and Frederick, relieve the gloom of history by their virtues. WASHINGTON was the founder of his own fortunes. He lifted himself above the mass of his countrymen without the claims or the resources of royalty, without any titular distinction of name, or any insignia but those of merit for his person. No popular superstition was connected with his support—no religious frenzy swelled the number of his followers—no contest for power invigorated his cause. And yet such was his ascendancy that he rose without any of these auxiliaries, and attained a height

superior to them all. For when did one party conquer, but it was envied by the other? When did one sect of religion prevail, but its triumph was recorded in blood? When did one faction gain the supremacy in a state, but its leader indulged himself or his friends with the sacrifice of his opponents, and was rewarded by their fears and detestation?

But the power of WASHINGTON was bestowed by all—it was an universal offering at the shrine of virtue. His honours were worn without envy and without reproach. The confidence of all was reposed in him, and he repaid it by a sacred devotion of himself to the good of all. Supported by the common consent of the brave and patriotic, he was enabled, in the progress and management of the war, to develop his superior talents, and in another instance to realize his claims to the palm of greatness. In the Macedonian Phalanx, and the Roman Legion, the conquerors of former times found the best materials of war, and the certain instruments of victory. The whole organization of Rome was subservient to the desire of conquest and the love of arms. Her enemies had neither skill nor experience, nor any of those advantages, which discipline confers upon bravery. She triumphed over the ignorance of some, the effeminacy of others, the fears of all. There was something appalling even in the name of Rome, that foreran her arms and rendered her victorious. So much for the conquests of Cæsar and the Scipios. So much for those victories, which achieved by different generals through a long succession of years, accu-

mulated the grandeur and completed the enormous fabric of the Roman Empire.

WASHINGTON, on the contrary, was at the head of an army without discipline. He had to draw on his own capacious mind for the resources of war, for the ability to fight without money, and almost without men. He had to support, not only himself, but his cause—to overcome the timidity of the wavering, the apathy of the indifferent, and the rashness of the unthinking. Some there were, whose energies he could not arouse, and others, whose fears he could not awaken. He had to substitute entreaty for command, and argument for authority. Such were the difficulties he encountered before he met the enemy, and in the field they were increased by the opposition of veteran and disciplined troops, led by experienced generals against an army, whose only talent for war was its undaunted bravery, and whose chief reliance, the justice of its cause. And yet by a wise and prudent disposition of his forces, by a sagacity which discerned, with a happy precision, the points of attack and the time of battle; by a caution equal to that of Fabius, and more extensively successful, WASHINGTON vanquished all opposition, and led his country victorious to the Temple of Liberty.

At the conclusion of the war, our patriot army, suffering under the sense of unrequited services, poor, disheartened, and almost desperate, was goaded by the lash and sting of rhetoric into a state, which had well nigh blasted its own honours and destroyed the public security. We have all seen and admired

the eloquent and impassioned address, which told it to demand from the fears what it despaired of gaining from the justice of the country, and to carve the reward of its labours with the sword. The Chief, who had directed the energies of patriot soldiers, was to stain his triumphs by becoming the Leader of a Prætorian band. The utmost efforts of WASHINGTON were required to suppress these irritated feelings, and to calm this offended sea. He spoke to them with the sympathies of a soldier, and the severity of a patriot. He reminded them of the glory they had acquired, and deprecated the black and insidious designs, that would tarnish their laurels. He happily succeeded, and "our army victorious over its enemies, was victorious over itself."

But we have been recently told, that this deep and destructive scheme originated in the bosom of WASHINGTON himself. That, cruelly sporting with public sensibility, he excited the storm, only that his power might be displayed in appeasing it, and that the author of these inflammatory publications, whom he scrupled not to call an enemy to his country, had received his letters of forgiveness, if not of approbation. That WASHINGTON had his failings in common with us all, though I have not been able to discover them, I am not willing to deny. Spots there are in the Sun, but who is not warmed by his beams, and dazzled by his noontide splendour? But if this be true, the Sun has sustained a terrible eclipse. Can it be believed that the whole conduct of WASHINGTON was insincere? Can we for a moment suppose, that at the very climax of his fame,

he became insensible to the value of reputation? That, having proudly secured the object of a laborious life, he would, like the wife of Ulysses, deliberately undo his own work? Was he so delighted with war, that he would wage it against his country? Was he avaricious, and was his avarice to be sated with the blood of his fellow citizens? Did he aim at a crown, and was the despotism of an American to succeed that of a foreign tyrant? Let his life, full of heroism and unsullied virtue—his disinterested spirit, which found its reward in the contemplation of that life—his perpetual devotion to the cause of Liberty—his parental regard for the nation, which he so essentially served, vindicate his fame from this unfounded slander. It has come cloaked with obscurity from the caverns of darkness, when that eye was dim, that would have withered it for ever. It has come with the ferocity of the hyæna, that preys upon the dead. Let it not disturb the ashes of our Father.

What a moving and sublime spectacle was exhibited to the world, in the parting of the gallant revolutionary associates and their illustrious leader. How full of warm and brilliant recollection! Memorable by the tears of patriotism—"silence that spoke and eloquence of eyes." How grand and august the scene, when before an assemblage of as many wise and good men as ever graced a national council, the sword, which had won our liberties, was surrendered for their security—when the soldier, flushed with success and elate with victory, made an offering of his ambition at the shrine of his country, bowed to the

majesty of the laws, and retained of his arms, only the laurels that encircled them. How grateful to the sages of Congress the reflection, that their discernment had so judiciously selected a leader for their armies! To the country how delightful the thought, that the greatest valour had combined with the greatest wisdom in effecting its emancipation! To the world, that had beheld the servility of the Roman Senate—that had seen Cromwell disperse the English Parliament at the point of the sword, and has since witnessed the proceedings of the French National Assembly—how new! how admirable! how splendid the example of the Western Republic!

WASHINGTON conducted with equal credit to himself, the affairs of war and government. It is not my intention to dwell upon the wisdom and impartiality, the firmness and decision, which were conspicuous throughout his administration. His best eulogy is the prosperity which attended his government—our sudden and unparalleled progress in the arts of civilization and wealth—the wide extent of our commercial intercourse—the internal tranquillity which he restored, and the respect he created for us among foreign nations. Nor will I attempt to panegyryze his noble retirement from power, and his contempt of those pursuits, which have dazzled and deluded so many of our species. The vanity of Cicero impelled him to assert, that his fame was equal to that of the founder of Rome, because he had preserved it. What eulogy would that great orator, fruitful as he was in epithet and compliment, have found adequate to commemorate the multifarious and complex services

of WASHINGTON, the founder of a Republic by his success in arms, and its preserver by his skill in politics? What would he have said of that ambition which was satisfied with doing good, and not willing to hear of it? What of that power, which was illustrated, not by its abuse, but by a patriotic submission to the general will? What of that virtue, which was equally manifested in public and private life, in splendour and obscurity? What of that military science, which enabled him successfully to contend without arms or discipline against a well appointed army? What of that political ability, which appeared to transcend even his military talents, and entitled him in a still greater degree to the applause of mankind? What of that wise and temperate coolness which prosperity could not warm into extravagance, nor adversity chill into fear? The Roman had never such a model for his imitation, nor such a theme for his eloquence. His imagination was never gladdened by so bright a vision.

A vision indeed it has become even to our eyes. The Father of his Country has descended into the tomb. But there is a moral twilight, which shall for ever survive the descent of the patriotic and brave. The Western sky shall not soon lose the reflection of the lustre, that enlightened it. The memory of WASHINGTON shall still linger in our bosoms. His precepts shall conduct his fame to posterity, and posterity to renown. They shall inspire the statesman, the citizen and the soldier, warm the song of poetry, and adorn the efforts of untutored eloquence.

“Long his loss shall Freedom weep,
Ne'er again his likeness see;
Long her strains in sorrow steep,
Strains of immortality.”

Shortly before this great and good man was gathered to his fathers, there arose, in an opposite quarter of the globe, a new star of great and growing magnitude. As soon as it had passed the horizon, it was the subject of universal gaze. All the old planets had been whirled out of their spheres, and disappeared, and every new one was a theme of wonder. It ascended with a quick and irregular motion; many a time was it suffused with blood—its track was through many a dark and sable cloud—until gradually brighter and enlarged it arrived at the zenith, and became the Sun of France. The lesser stars were eclipsed by its grandeur, or melted away in the fervency of its beams, and the vapours of incense and adulation arose from the bosom of a great and gallant people. But it was not destined to be still. Other climes were to be scorched by its heat, and terrified by its lustre. Gathering behind it a train of wretched admirers, it dashed with the velocity of a comet through the surrounding systems, which it successively disordered and deranged. All the moral and physical attractions of society were instantly dissolved. The cottage, the palace, and the temple, it involved in one common blaze. The shrub and the oak withered together. All that was fair, and fragrant, and lovely—all that was solid, and ancient, and venerable;—the monarch on his throne, and the maiden in her cloister were alike insecure. The

ices of the Danube gave way before it—it scorched the plains of Saragossa, and blasted the herbage of Italy. It returned to France; but the bright and independent spheres of the Continent had been loosened from their orbits, and were become its satellites. They are governed by a terrible attraction. Their distance is hourly diminishing, and they will soon be absorbed in a common centre. An hour, I had almost said a day, of softness, has tranquilized the splendours, and relieved the severity of its fires. The Eagle has deigned to slumber on the pinnacle of power. The soft fascinations of Love have, for a moment, staid the conqueror NAPOLEON.

It may not be uninteresting to select the few points of resemblance, which assimilate the otherwise opposite characters of WASHINGTON and BUONAPARTE. Both of them lived at a period of national convulsion and disturbance. Both were actors in a great and mighty revolution. Both became conspicuous by their own exertions, and erected for themselves the pyramid of renown. Neither derived any influence from adventitious circumstances; nor was there any thing in the history of either, which in any wise foretold his future success, or augured his triumphant destiny. In both, all calculations of human foresight proved, as they often do, altogether presumptuous and ineffectual. Who could have foreseen, in the obscure family of an illiterate Corsican, the future terror of the world? Who, looking forward, even upon the bright and manly virtues and daring spirit of WASHINGTON, could have anticipated the Founder of a new Republic? Who would have attributed

to the fermenting spirits of France, a tame acquiescence in the subversion of all their favourite projects, in the dominion of an Usurper? Who would have expected from an infant Colony, an unconquerable resistance to arbitrary power, the unbending pursuit of rights, which the rest of mankind appeared to have forgotten, and the establishment of a free government? And yet, all these things have happened within the memory of many who hear me—in little more than twice the time, that was required by all Greece to conquer a single city.

If BUONAPARTE and WASHINGTON started from the same goal, their course was perpetually diverging. The leading principle of the one was Virtue—of the other, Ambition. The object of WASHINGTON was to make his country free and happy, even at the risk of his life and fortunes. The aim of BUONAPARTE—to make France victorious over the world, and himself victorious over France. The cause of the American army was identified with that of their Leader—the same sympathies, the same sufferings, the same success. The forces of France were the instruments of her Ruler, and he shamefully deserted them on the Coast of Africa! The triumph of one was the triumph of patriotism, and gave security to innocence. The throne of the other was erected over prostrate innocence and patriotism, like the pictured nightmare on the bosom of loveliness—BUONAPARTE might have found a model in Alexander, and a preceptor in Machiavel, but WASHINGTON was destined for the instruction and imitation of others. The Moral Architecture of the World

could have afforded him only a collection of mutilated and imperfect statues; many of them beautiful, indeed, in some of their features, but without symmetry or proportion. He might have derived from each of them something fine, noble, and expressive, but the combination would have been strange and unnatural. He rejected them all, and was himself.

There never will be a period of national difficulty, that will not direct the public mind and feeling to the contemplation of the public loss in the death of WASHINGTON. Such a period is the present. Through the perils, which surround the Republic, "through the wild waves as they roar," his prophetic eye would have discerned a safe and prosperous course. Perhaps, had it pleased High Heaven to spare him, the voice of gladness might still have been heard among us. Perhaps foreign nations would have respected our rights, and ceased to molest them. Our commerce and industry, those best mines of wealth, might have continued to lay their treasures at the feet of an enterprising people. Perhaps there would have been union in our councils, and what is more—union among ourselves. Our treasury might not have been exhausted in vain. Perhaps, it would not have been now a question, to disturb the boat-song of the lakes with the rude accents of war—or to kindle a fire among his snows for the shivering Canadian. The name of WASHINGTON would have proved terrible to the enemies, as it is dear to the friends of the country.

But, on the other hand, the pressure of time might have destroyed the elasticity, and impaired the vigour

of his mind. Age might have taken away all sensibility but that of suffering, and have left him a splendid wreck of greatness. The public reverence might have yielded to the compassion of some, the contempt of others, the indifference of all. He might have survived his reason, and a deep and dreadful darkness have succeeded a day without a spot. Or, there might have been left him just enough of light to mislead without informing him, and the garrulity of age might have afflicted the memory of the dead, and assailed the fair fame of his early associates. He might have furnished a sad commentary for the Poet.

“From Marlborough’s eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driveller and a show.”

The destinies of WASHINGTON were with his God, but his memory is with his country. His life, on earth, is at an end, but his fame shall be perpetual. Time, the ruthless and universal destroyer—Time, who can neither be wooed nor frightened, deaf to the supplications of beauty, and blind to the lustre of talents, shall drop his scythe and love to linger on so bright a part of his career. The lapse of years shall confirm its claims to the reverence and applause of the world—Antiquity shall make it venerable.

FELLOW-SOLDIERS OF THE WASHINGTON LIGHT-INFANTRY!

The name, which we bear, and the pride, which we feel in a review of the character of WASHINGTON—our gratitude, and veneration—our hopes and fears may well excuse the solemn memorial of this day, al-

though they serve to exhibit in a stronger light, the inadequacy of him who addresses you. It will be well for this country, if at stated intervals, her statesmen shall recall the likeness of WASHINGTON and compare it with their own. It will be well, if the example of this Father of his Country shall warm her Rulers into animation. It will be well, if our youth, fired with the love of honourable fame, shall repair for instruction to the Tomb of WASHINGTON. To the Tomb, did I say? Alas! where is it? He sleeps beneath the shade of the everlasting Laurel, that stretches its mighty arms athwart the lapse of ages.

We have been told, my friends, that no Parian marble is sufficiently white—no sculpture so exquisite, and no language so refined as to transmit to future times an appropriate record of the services of WASHINGTON, and to mark the spot, where the Saviour of his country lies. We are told, that the nation ought not to rescue from obscurity and neglect the relics of him, who gave it a name among the nations of the earth, and rescued it from BONDAGE. Be it so! While, however, we reject the memorial, let us remember the man. While we disdain the usual manifestations of feeling, let us be sure, at least, that we do feel. *Let the young display HIS valour and fortitude—let HIS wisdom inspire the aged—let infancy lisp HIS story, and beauty sing HIS praise—let HIS principles and patriotism pervade the nation, and every city, and every village, and every INDIVIDUAL in OUR COUNTRY shall be A MONUMENT OF WASHINGTON.*

ORATION

DELIVERED IN ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, BEFORE THE INHABITANTS
OF CHARLESTON, ON THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1812, IN COMMEN-
ORATION OF THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES. BY
APPOINTMENT OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION SOCIETY, UNI-
TED IN JOINT CELEBRATION WITH THE SOUTH-CAROLINA CIN-
CINNATI.

As the followers of Mahomet are wont to turn their adoration towards the place of his nativity; it becomes us, Americans, to review with admiration and delight the origin of our political rights, and the dawn of our liberties. Superstition may array in imaginary colours, and deck with false importance, a trifle or a toy. She may blend crimes and virtues in dazzling combination, and bend the knee of her votaries at the shrine of imposture. But in liberty there is nothing equivocal. No commentaries are necessary to expound, no authority to enforce, no fiction to adorn it. It is seen in the wild exuberance of nature. It swells the bosom, it warms the heart, it animates the eye of every citizen of our republic. It is our daily bread, and the subject of our annual celebration. Strike your harps, ye men of genius, and sing the praise of liberty! Unfurl your standards, ye men of war, and inscribe them with the name of liberty! Mingle it with your orisons, ye servants of the Most High, and in the sacred censers of praise, offer the incense of liberty!

The rights of man, and the origin of government, were for ages, alike buried in obscurity. Tyrants sought their power, and were content to find it in the sword. Philosophers beheld their rights, and were compelled to behold them only in their writings. The world was amused with the speculations of the one, while it was writhing under the despotism of the other, and derived from their visionary labours a mournful satisfaction. But power, founded in ignorance, and supported by fear, still overhung the earth, like a vast and mighty cloud, raised in truth by the breath of man, but falsely and impiously deemed to originate in heaven.

O! thou Supreme Arbiter of the universe! what blind infatuation, what unthinking zeal must have warped the intellect, and chilled the heart of those, who could discover thy favourite ministers, and viceroyants on earth, in the cruel and bloody tyrants, that have crimsoned the records of history, in Attila—Alexander—Tiberius—Omar and Bonaparte. Rather let us trace the signs of thy favour, and the instruments of thy goodness in those, who, in imitation of thee, have been benefactors of the human race, and have opened the gates of liberty to their oppressed fellow men. Let us rather discern thy power and vengeance in the arm of Brutus—in the prowess of Wallace—in the arrow of Tell—in the success of Washington—in the spirit, which warms, and will one day liberate the sweetest Isle of the ocean—and in the deathless lustre of the Spanish arms. History, black and bloody as she is—history choked and smothered with crime, has still a bright and

brilliant page, a lofty and immortal strain, in which she proclaims to the world—that the cause of liberty is the cause of God.

The recurrence of this anniversary is calculated to inspire the most exalted sensations. How grateful is it to trace the growth and progress even of inanimate nature! Who does not revert with delight to the days of his childhood, although all they afford for rejoicing, is that they left nothing for repentance? All of us have some favourite æra to commemorate, even in the limited circle of our own existence; some achievement, dear to our self-love, and warm in our remembrance. If these comparatively unimportant events claim and preserve a place in our memory, what is not due to the chivalrous deeds of our revolution? If the lives of individuals thus abound with interest, and grasp after immortality, what ought we to feel, when our theme is a nation, when that nation is our own—and all the blessings of Heaven have descended to adorn it?

This country appears to have been created on a magnificent plan, destined for the production of great events, and the display of extraordinary powers. It came from the hands of nature, endued with sudden and wonderful perfection. The mountains of Europe and Asia scarcely deserve the appellation when compared with the Alleghany and the Andes. Our lakes have all the grandeur of ocean, without its turbulence. Our forests are planted almost beyond the ken of man, and the clouds find a resting place in our vallies. The grand and sublime in nature, necessarily produces moral and mental

greatness. The mere contemplation of physical wonders awes, elevates, and expands the soul. Our rivers, flowing with boundless velocity—our mountains, rising in awful grandeur—our rocks, braving the fury of the elements, are marked with the characters of independence, and proclaim the residence of freemen. How shall he be tamed, who triumphs over a barren and inhospitable clime, and in insular greatness opposes the ocean of human calamities? How shall his mind be bowed down and narrowed into servitude, whose eye can see no bounds to his dominion, and who holds in subjection the giants of nature?

The early inhabitants of America heard not the name of king, felt not the arm of tyranny, until they were cursed with the ferocious civilization of Europe. As the Athenians had no law against parricide, the Americans had no name for despotism, and the one were free from nature, as the other were dutiful from principle. They were connected by the only lawful ties of government, community of feeling and interest—they obeyed the only legal sovereign, superior worth and ability. However the pride of intellect may teach us to despise, and the pride of power, justly incensed, may induce us to oppress the remnant of these savage warriors, we must admire their dauntless intrepidity and characteristic independence. We must exult, that we have succeeded to no inheritance of infamy or crime; that we have no royal villainies—no patrician privileges—no Gothic stains—no religious cruelties—to efface from the early history of our country. It is the picture of liberty, wild, fearless, desperate, heroic—hunted

down by the bloodhounds of Europe, pursued to her deepest recesses, chased to her forests of eternal gloom, but still unconquered, resolute and bold.

Have we preserved, in their purity and lustre, the feelings and spirit, which actuated the untutored Indian? Have we proved ourselves worthy of the soil on which we live, and of its former unfortunate inhabitants? Answer, thou Genius of the American Revolution, that nurtured at the bosom of liberty, strong in infancy like Hercules, and vigorous like Antæus from defeat, didst sustain and throw off the load of oppression, and bear thy parent, liberty, beyond the reach of Ambition. Answer, ye shades of the departed heroes, who achieved the glorious work of independence. Answer, ye living monuments of valour, that decorate the triumphs of your country. Spirit of the immortal Washington, father and founder of our Republic, I appeal to you. Ill fated monarch of Britain! weeping over the dismemberment of a mighty empire, with no taunting feelings, I appeal to you. Wretched and unhappy France! lost and bewildered in the attempt to imitate us, to whom the lightnings of desolation seemed the holy flame of Liberty, and "who would have seen the things, which we have seen, but could not," I appeal to you! Let the world, which was enlightened by their example, astonished by their valour, temperance and wisdom, bear witness to the highminded deeds of those, who, surrounded by adversity and peril, laid the foundations of this extensive empire, whose strongest cement is their blood, and whose chief ornament, their actions.

A minute detail of the events of the Revolution would ill accord with the enthusiasm of this day. We are not assembled to study the anatomy of liberty, but to praise, to cherish and embrace her. In her infancy, she was the love and admiration of the world. Supported by the gallantry of France, upheld by the dignity of Spain, and blest by the sympathies of all, she enlisted under her banners the choicest spirits of the age. It was, indeed, a mighty tournament—the contest was between power and right, between ambition and justice—the nations of the earth were the spectators—the prize was the privilege of self-government, and the judge was the Almighty God. Splendid as was the victory, shall be the fame of those, who fought for its attainment. Some fell in the pursuit, theirs is the bed of glory; some have survived the conquest, theirs is the harvest of renown. All have deserved of their country a debt of gratitude, which can only be appreciated by a contemplation of the blessings we enjoy under the Constitution of the United States, and the government of just and equal laws. And here, my friends, what a theme for panegyric! What a subject for triumphant eulogy! for that sedate and sober joy, which is the result of minute examination and scrutiny, and that overwhelming applause, which hastens to crown the models of taste and beauty!

Admiration, however, is the province of weakness. It is the net in which tyrants catch their prey; it binds men to the throne of an usurper. When the heart follows the eye, what more effectual security for despotism, than the lustre of a crown—the pur-

ple insignia of royalty—the illuminations of a city—the smiles of an empress—or the ornaments of a cradle? These are the food of admiration, and admiration is the price of slavery. These are the guards of Mamelukes, that protect unlawful power, and raise the clamours of applause from the bosom of wretchedness, as meteors are exhaled from the damps of corruption. Let others boast the splendours, which relieve the gloom of misery and enlighten the blackness of despair; ours be the simple gratulations of freemen, unrestrained and universal. Happy, almost beyond the visions of fancy and the scope of rhetoric, ought to be the citizens of these United States. In what other part of the globe shall we find such individual security, connected with such admirable provisions for the public good, such undisturbed tranquillity in the possession of those comforts, which are the charm of existence? The singular and awful changes, which have convulsed almost every political system, have brought the ferocity of savage, into the scenes of social life, and the arts of society have but given a keener edge to the scythe of desolation. Amid the wide spreading contagion of moral and political pestilence, all that was noble, and beautiful and fragrant, is blasted and withered around us. The world has been resown by Cadmus, and soldiers are the produce of every soil. Spirit of humanity! whither shalt thou fly? Where shall the innocent sufferer find an asylum? Here, my friends, in this western wilderness, this “new and better world.” Here “the oppressor shall cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest.” Look abroad,

Americans, unfold the records of history, and you shall seek in vain for a people so favoured as yourselves. Which of you hath been torn from the couch of repose, from the sweets of domestic life, bleeding victim of military ambition! to fight the battles of an usurper? Which of you, O monstrous course of persecution! hath been proscribed for his religious opinions, and compelled to abandon his conscience, or his country? Which of you is poor, and may not, by industry, become rich? Or rich and his wealth is insecure? Who is so high, that he can set our laws at defiance? Who so low, that he is oppressed and dares not speak, or speaks, and is not heard? Which of you hath an honest sentiment, that he may not promulgate, profess and enjoy, openly, in the face of day, before God and man? Which of you hath a laudable ambition, and he may not aspire to the honours of his country? Where are our nobles, but the **VIR-TUOUS, THE PATRIOTIC, AND THE BRAVE**, titles acknowledged in heaven? Where are our Plebeians, but the vicious, the coward, and the traitor, claims too often recompensed on earth?

It was the custom of the Abyssinians, to beat every stranger, who was presented at their court, to prove, that they were the most powerful people in the world. Let it not be said of us, that we are content with vaunting of our liberties, nor wanton in displaying, nor careless in preserving them. Let us respect the natural division of things. There are limits, which confine even the wanderings of the ocean. There are rules, which, while they check the licentious, secure the rational exercise of power. Other nations

have to look for them, sometimes in the feeble illumination of a superannuated monarch—in the wild ingenuous feelings of a young and headstrong prince; or in the heterogeneous confusion of almost forgotten laws. The constitutions of the governments of Europe, if ever they had any, have been dreadfully shattered. Their life is the occasional excitement of fever, yielding to the apathy of cold and ague. Sometimes submission is goaded into resistance, and power into tyranny. A land is deluged in blood to attain one doubtful point, or appease one daring spirit.

Here all the principles of correct government are embodied in the fundamental laws of the state. Our rights descend from no uncertain source—they flow through no obscure channel—their origin was the collected wisdom, their aim is the collective happiness, and their guardian the collective virtue of the people. Imagination and feeling have attributed to certain objects a sacred, and sometimes, a singular reverence. The Reptiles of Egypt are watched with studious veneration; Rome selected her purest virgins to guard the fires of Vesta; and the trembling Indian sees the image of his God in the waters of the Ganges. Reason, reflection, experience, call on us, Americans, to cherish and revere the Constitution of these United States. It contains all our rights, it reflects all our privileges—it should be sacred and inviolable. The waters of the Ganges the same day may stain and purify—a new generation may supply the decayed deities of Egypt, and sunbeams were collected to renew the flame, which the care-

lessness of beauty had suffered to expire. But the fabric of our rights, when fallen, what architect shall rebuild? The wasted stream of independence what fountain shall replenish? Who shall revive the extinguished fires of Liberty?

"But once put out thy light,
I know not where is that Promethean heat,
That can thy light relumine."

As you revere the wisdom of your ancestors, as you regard the hopes of your posterity, I conjure you, adhere to your constitution and laws. Innovation is not amendment. Change is too often the creature of discontent, and serves only to shift the scenes of wretchedness. Imaginary evils may afflict, enthusiasts may fire, and ambitious demagogues mislead you, until what was imaginary shall become real, enthusiasm shall sink into despair, and a crown shall arrest and satisfy ambition. Had the people of France been content with one of the numerous constitutions, which arose out of their political chaos, the Sun had not ceased to shine on their republic. But with them nothing was constant but change. They were impelled by every breeze, until every breeze deserted them, and they were forced to repose in the calm of despotism. The lurid torch of revolution displayed a rapid succession of terrible phantoms, until at last came one, who treble sceptres bore,

"His stature reached the sky, and on his crest
Sat horror plumed."

MILTON.

To preserve as long, as may be consistent with human destinies, our invaluable rights; to extend, as far as we can, the duration of our happy Republic, should be the constant aim of every American. Under the pressure of time the most beautiful and solid fabrics must eventually yield. "*Venit summa dies, et ineluctabile tempus Dardaniæ.*" He flatters you, fellow citizens, who does not warn you of your dangers. You can remain free and prosperous, only while you cling to the original principles of your government, and scrupulously preserve the regularity, the order, the separate and independent action of a system, which approaches nearer than any human institution to the harmony and beauty of the universe. An union of confederated states, into one nation, sufficiently independent for the regulation of their peculiar interests, and sufficiently connected for the preservation of their common rights, each pursuing its own course, all governed by the same general laws, and revolving round the same centre, is not an inapt emblem of the Sun, enlightening by his beams, and restraining by his attraction the orbs that surround him. Let not this happy equilibrium be impaired by a derangement of its parts. Let not the nation swallow the states, nor the states desert the nation. Neither dissolve the confederacy, nor consolidate the government. Let union direct our relative, and prudence our absolute motion. Let us not be driven from our spheres to describe the eccentric path of a comet, nor to illustrate the falling of a star. Let us feel and exhibit at home the principle of virtue, and abroad the principle of independence.

Where all are the lovers of their country, where the ambitious seek and exercise power for the great purposes of patriotism and philanthropy, where the people are prompt to discern and eager to reward merit; the republican form of government is best calculated to attain the happiness of man. But when factions usurp the state, and render it the victim of their miserable passions; when the love of power presides over the love of country, and the love of self over the virtues, that should direct it; it is a tyranny, more grievous and intolerable than the authority of a monarch, inasmuch as one despot is better than a thousand.

What, think you, but the turbulence and inconstancy, the folly and presumption of the Roman and Athenian commonwealths, so fatally illustrated in their history, brought those states into decay, and the very name of republic into disrepute? What, but these, could have produced and justified the severe sarcasms, with which the wisest philosophers of antiquity were wont to deride the government of the people? And what is there in our atmosphere or situation, what but the wrecks of those illustrious republics, which still lift their shattered fragments above the waters of oblivion to warn us of our dangers, what is there in a peculiar manner to preserve the political integrity of our states? Nothing, nothing but the virtue of our citizens can afford us a bulwark or a barrier. This is our refuge from domestic, as the spirit of the nation is our shield against foreign usurpations. The Spartans lost their liberties, when they relinquished the severe institutions of Lycurgus.

The battle of Cannæ proved the prevalence of corruption at Rome, when Varro was preferred to Fabius, and the power of Carthage was sacrificed to internal divisions. How shall I speak of Athens—that seat of faction and science, of wisdom and anarchy, of elegance and disorder; that theatre of polished men and manners, stained with wild and licentious excesses; of men of taste, who had no taste for virtue, and scholars, whose conduct was a disgrace to learning? What was that state of society, where honesty was unpopular, and men were candidates for honours, when they had lost their reputation? The example of this infatuated people will, I trust, never be followed among us. If any man here have the rigid integrity of Aristides, or the fearless virtue of Phocion, let him not experience the ostracism of Athens. Let modest merit be dragged from the obscurity which it loves and honours, and the arrogant and assuming be driven from stations which they seek without adorning.

Need I trace the intimate connection, which our liberties maintain with our learning? Need I say, that ignorance is inconsistent with national freedom, that it is the food of tyrants, in which they dip their vulture beaks and fasten their remorseless fangs? Need I expose the base arts of popularity, the false and unmeaning professions, with which cunning and ambitious men seduce and enslave the honest but uninformed citizen? How they frighten his imagination with pretended conspiracies, fill his mind with unreal apprehensions, slander the virtuous, blacken the character of the patriot, and build their own upon

its ruins. Alas! it is the fate of ignorance to be deceived, happy if its errors are not immortal, and its slumbers those of death.

To the virtue and intelligence of the people, so necessary and effectual to maintain our internal tranquillity, we may successfully look for those rules and maxims, which should govern our intercourse with foreign nations. It is too late to inquire whether pastoral should not be preferred to commercial pursuits, and the oaten reed and song, emblems as they are of love and innocence, supplant the labours of the mariner and artisan. The Fauns and Dryads would behold with amazement, if not alarm, the sons of Neptune piping through the woods in honour of Pan, or "sporting with Amaryllis in the shade, or playing with the tangles of Neæra's hair."

The idea is too visionary, even for philosophy, that it is not our interest to navigate the ocean, and that the policy of the Chinese is a fit model for imitation. The sea sparkles with gold around the prow of commerce. It affords no resource to pampered indolence, its treasures do not waste in their pursuit the energies of nature, but reward the labours of bold and honourable enterprise—fill the coffers, foster the arts, and maintain the independence of nations. In this school of wealth and glory, the United States were trained and strengthened into manhood. The intrepid seamen of America appeared in every clime—the speed of ages was outstripped in a few years of active industry; and the flag of the republic waved in splendid satire among the tyrants of the east. The wilderness was civilized, our vil-

lages expanded into cities, and our cities became numerous and elegant. The government was supported by a very small portion of the profits of commerce, and the nation, pursuing an impartial neutrality, was respected abroad. I allude to the administration of Washington. It was governed by the purest motives, and displayed the most consummate wisdom and sagacity. It was just, spirited, unbiassed by fear or affection, founded on the consciousness and supported with the firmness of virtue. It was the policy of that great man, to avoid, if possible, the ruinous wars which desolate Europe, destroying one generation to make room for another. But he was aware, that peace can only be preserved by a readiness for war—that the respect of foreign nations is not half so treacherous as their friendship, and that the spirit, which supports reputation, seldom survives it. Every attack on our rights he resisted at the threshold, not allowing it to grow into a precedent, nor to be enveloped, until it was concealed, in the mazes of diplomacy.

The Sword of Washington was drawn under his successor, to vindicate his own principles, and the public honour. Both were protected—renewed—confirmed—and the country, grown stronger by the conflicts of adversity, was found in the “full tide of successful experiment.” I cannot continue the recital, for my soul sickens at the reverse. I cannot dwell with patience on the injuries we have received, and the meekness which endured them. I cannot follow commerce to its charnel house, the embargo—nor unravel the non-intercourse to discover a latent

principle of courage. It is unnecessary to discuss the wisdom of measures, which are universally abandoned; and it would be insulting the heroes of the revolution to stain their memorial with so terrible a contrast.

Rise, Glory, rise in all thy charms,
Thy wavering crest, and burnished arms;
Stand, LEXINGTON, before our eyes,
And YORKTOWN and CORNWALLIS, rise.

A new æra commences in our history—the errors of the past, if they cannot be atoned for, can never be renewed. There is a magnanimity in war, which makes even defeat glorious. Let us hear no more of those temporizing measures, which have consumed our strength and wasted our reputation. Let us awake to a new, an honourable system, not of empty, inconsiderate threats, but of bold, decisive action. Where our rights are, let them be protected. The shield of the porcupine is nothing without his sensibility. Local prejudices must yield to the general good. The man on the Pacific must not deem himself secure, when his brethren of the east are attacked; nor must an imaginary difference of pursuits create a ruinous disregard of our mutual rights, and a real division of our people. Agriculture and commerce are inseparably connected, and “those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.”

The numerous and unparalleled wrongs, which the belligerents have inflicted on this unoffending country, while they have excited the indignation of freemen against both, have produced a declaration

of war against Great Britain—wrongs, which we might tolerate in silence, if we had never learnt the choral song of freedom, nor fought the battles of independence. The wretched vassal of Europe or Asia may lose without a murmur the rights, of whose value he is ignorant; and a change of masters can scarcely affect him, who is doomed to be a slave. But submission never was nor ever can be one of the alternatives of the American Nation. We cannot choose between life and liberty, but are destined, like the oak, to contend with the violence of the storm, while others bend beneath it. Rive us with thy own lightning, king of terrours, scatter our foliage to the winds of heaven, tear up the roots of our prosperity, and lay us prostrate in the dust—but give us not to be wasted and consumed by the destroying insects of faction. One would think, that this was no time for division, and yet, involved as we are in foreign war, there are some, who would excite among us the rage of civil fury. The proud spirit of national honour is to be degraded by the association of party feeling and personal revenge; and the war, which is to carry terror among our enemies, is to light the torch of discord among ourselves. I have ever distrusted the pretensions of the man, who aims at an exclusive reputation for patriotism—nor can he be a friend to his country, who, violating public liberty, denominates opinions, crimes; and demands confidence and respect for himself, only so far as he can wrest them from others. No, my fellow citizens, the insinuation is slanderous, that you or any of you love any country but your own. We abhor—we deprecate—we de-

test the idea, that any freeman would renew the chains of colonial dependency, and sink into the vassal of Britain; as much as we dread, abhor, and detest the thought of an alliance with that sanguinary monster who like the tiger, crouches before he leaps, and conceals under the mask of friendship, the deep designs of perfidy and death. We have no affections, but for our own country—we have no object, but the public good—we have no hope, but to remain free! Let your accusers meet you in the hour of danger, and test your patriotism in the day of battle. They will find you supporting the constitutional edicts of the nation—fighting manfully in the defence of her rights, and careless of life in the cause of liberty. I feel, that I have said too much on a subject, where words prove nothing. “*Non tali auxilio eget nec defensoribus istis.*”

The destinies of the United States are with the representatives of the people, and they have decided that there shall be WAR. It is the duty of every good citizen to support the declaration, without any regard to the feelings of party. All are equally concerned in the preservation and security of our civil and political institutions, in defending our shores from invasion—our commerce from plunder—our seamen from slavery—our liberties from ruin. All are required to maintain the character of a nation, which has been adorned and consecrated by the valour and virtue of the Washingtons, Hamilton, the Rutledges, Gadsden, Moultrie, Marion, and a host of Patriots. Faction can never contaminate the lover of his country. He will defend the tree of liberty, although its fruit be

given to others, and it bear no laurel to adorn his brow.

With an universal sensibility to injuries, and a determination to resist them, we cannot fail to regain and surpass our former prosperity. The ocean, the common high way of nations, shall no longer witness the conflagration of our ships to gratify the brutal rapacity of France, nor their capture to satiate the commercial avarice of Britain. The haughty insolence of foreign courts, shall be resented and punished. The hatred of the world, indeed, we cannot avoid, because of our republican institutions, which endanger its thrones and satirize its slavery; but the contempt of the world, if we incur it, we shall deserve; and we shall escape it only by a firm reliance on ourselves, and a manly and unalterable pursuit of our rights. We cannot, it is true, with our enemy, plant a sentinel on every wave, but we may station them along our coast, to protect, at least, that industry which bathes in our waters.

For the sources of that spirit and unanimity, which are to direct us at the present crisis of affairs; which are to sustain us through the perils of war, making it glorious, as it is necessary; and to produce a new race of heroes to avenge our wrongs, where can we look with a better or a holier hope, than to the soldiers of seventy-six? Some of them can afford us only the influence of their example, the memory of their achievements. Illustrious inheritance! Unfading immortality! Who of our young soldiers, panting for honourable fame, shall forget thee, Mercer, or Laurens, or Pulaski? Who shall dare to retire

with disgrace from that field, which witnessed the stranger's heroic devotion to his adopted country, and where the spirit of Montgomery still hovers to direct her arms? Who, if he be unmindful of the mighty dead, will not follow the living veteran to battle? Happy, indeed, is he, who survives to serve his country twice, and whom his country does not forget! whom the public eye follows into the privacy of unambitious retirement, and the voice of the people designates, as the leader of its armies.

There was yet another incentive to glorious action, which fired the Spartan youth, warmed the Amerindian Soldiery, and glows in the bosom of the patriot Spaniard. It was found in the participation of their toils and dangers by that sex, whose softness might well shrink from the tempest of war—in their sympathy with the sufferings of the brave, and aversion and contempt for the timid and wavering. The women of Sparta carried their jewels into the public treasury, and became “when unadorned, adorned the most.” The Maid of Orleans has found her rivals on the plains of Iberia; and the narrative of our revolution is alternately ornamented with female constancy and manly achievement. Here would I pass a merited encomium on virtues, which deserve not the obscurity they so modestly seek; and, in my tribute to the past services of my countrywomen, would anticipate what posterity shall say of my contemporaries. But how shall I touch the sensitive plant and not disturb its tranquillity? How shall I praise with delicacy, those who are too delicate for praise? On the imagination of the poet, and the

warmth of the lover, on pencils dipped in the Castalian fountain, and tongues warm with the fires of genius, devolve at once the portrait and the eulogy!

GENTLEMEN OF THE CINCINNATI:

Companions in arms of Washington—Soldiers of the Revolution! Accept the congratulations of one who beholds you with exulting enthusiasm, not merely in the page of the historian, and on the canvas of the artist; but in the influence of your living example, and in the practice of your numerous virtues. How would the degenerate Roman, who thinks that he has found the tomb of Virgil, and plucks a berry from the laurel that o’ershadows it—how would he kindle into poetic fire and frenzy, could he behold the poet himself, and hear that heavenly lyre, whose song is destined to catch the latest glance of time! Posterity shall enjoy the fruit of your labours, but they will look in vain for the patriots who performed them. They shall come to the feast, but the guests, who gave it hilarity, will have departed.

Even now another avenue to glory is opened for you, and you are called to rally, a second time, around the standard of your country. Your arms, which the rust of time hath not tarnished, shall again be bound with victorious wreaths. This section of the union, and your own association in particular, cannot but feel an honourable pride in the recent summons of one of your members to a most conspicuous public station. Well may it inspire the confidence of the nation, and

the fears of its enemies, when Cincinnatus* quits his retirement.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS:

Whatever difficulties may arise out of the present situation of our affairs, whatever may be the issue of our appeal to arms, let it find us an united, and it must find us an independent people. These States, while they are united, may defy the world. Times of danger are not without their use, as they serve to develop the real talent and patriotism of a country, test the sincerity of many a clamorous partizan, and elicit from obscurity many a statesman and soldier, whose poverty was an obstacle to his advancement, or whose ambition was content with being unknown. In times like these, doubtless, there are many of our citizens, who will rise, and some there may be, who will disappear. In any event, we can reap from the seeds of disaffection, only the harvest of disgrace. American in sentiment—American in feeling—American in action—let us convince the world, that whatever shades or colouring of party may appear on the surface of our political system, exist only on the surface; like the tints which make the marble beautiful, without impairing its solidity.

Let us encourage the principles of union and inde-

* The *Carolinian* cannot fail to recognize in this allusion, the talents and services of Major General THOMAS PINCKNEY, long and deservedly beloved. In this gentleman are combined as many of the qualities of Washington, as, perhaps, the world is ever destined to behold in the person of an individual.

pendence. Let every individual forget himself in his country. Fathers, instil into the bosom of your sons the contempt of wealth, the love of liberty, and the carelessness of danger! Mothers, exercise over your children, the influence of the Spartan women, and bid them court glory in the face of death! Remind them of the valour of their ancestors, teach them the lessons of patriotism, and implant the spirit which is to protect your daughters. Let us all, fellow citizens, keep perpetually in view the life and example of the immortal Washington. Let us engrave on our heart, and cherish with the sympathies of freedom, the magnanimous and heroic sentiment of our own townsman, the friend and disciple of Washington—"MILLIONS FOR DEFENCE—BUT NOT A CENT FOR TRIBUTE."

So shall we be for ever free, prosperous, and happy; so shall our empire flourish with the rival glory of arts and arms. So shall our happiness extend to millions, and the visions of splendour and magnificence be realized, which fill the bosom of prophecy.

May the God of battles prosper us, as we adhere to thee, SACRED CAUSE OF LIBERTY!

EULOGIUM

ON

KEATING LEWIS SIMONS,

(LATE COMMANDING THE 17TH REGIMENT OF SOUTH-CAROLINA MILITIA,) WHO DIED ON THE 1ST SEPTEMBER, 1819. PRO-
NOUNCED IN CHARLESTON, ON THE 13TH SEPTEMBER, BY AP-
POINTMENT OF THE OFFICERS OF THE FOURTH BRIGADE.

“He kept
The whiteness of his soul; and thus men o’er him wept.”

GREAT and good men belong to their country. Born for the blessing of mankind, they illustrate duty and maintain right—guide us in the path of usefulness and honour—animate us to labour—defend us in peril, and grace us in prosperity. They form brilliant spots in history, on which the eye reposes with delight. They constitute the golden chain, along which the ethereal fires of genius and glory pass from age to age, enlightening and purifying earth.

When they disappear, their memory stands in the place of their presence—although cold, they still are luminous—and, having gladdened us, like the sun in the meridian, they yield, from the night of the grave, the chaste, pensive, and consoling splendour of the stars.

What do we not owe to them? To the Legislators and Sages, the Soldiers and Philanthropists, the Scholars and Divines, who have elevated and adorned our nature, and exhibited, by precept and example, the redeeming influence of piety and virtue. Is there a Scholar, since his day, that is not indebted to Cicero, whose mighty mind was made the Ark of Eloquence and Literature, in which they might survive the deluge of the dark ages, and be preserved for posterity? Is there a Soldier who does not love the shade of Leonidas, with which he communed in infancy, and in manhood hopes to emulate? Is there a Statesman who cannot find a model in Solon and Lycurgus—a Patriot, whom Socrates and Cato have not taught to suffer for his country; or an humble follower of the Christian Cross, whose faith has not been excited and confirmed, in life and in death, by the example of “the glorious Company of the Apostles” and “the noble army of Martyrs?”

Such are the examples of the mighty dead. The death, even of the obscure, excites a melancholy interest;—we are chilled and sorrowful as we behold the earth close over the mortal relics of those whom we knew not, and to whom the grave may have been a welcome refuge from toil and misery.

What do we not suffer when the inmate of our bosom, a friend or a relative, falls into the tomb? What ought we not to feel, when he whom we all knew and loved—estimable alike for private and public virtue—our model and delight—is torn from his disconsolate relatives, his weeping friends, and his afflicted country? When a common grief overshadows our city,

and the object of universal esteem becomes the theme of universal sorrow?

Ah! how little, my friends, are we subjects of envy, with all our princely domains and rich savannas. Death stands at the portals of our city, aiming his arrows alike, at those who enter, or who leave it. We live indeed, in fear and tribulation. The hearse is familiar to us—and the mournful tones of the organ, mingling with the sepulchral dedication of “dust to dust,” still vibrate in our ears. The Stranger, far from his unconscious family and smiling home, finds a grave among us; and the fond eyes of his relatives are dim with gazing on the ocean that should yield him to their arms. Alas! how many suns shall revolve—how many moons shall pass away and he shall not come to them! Is it not afflicting, my friends, that our city should be identified with the anguish of bereaved love—of sorrowing friendship, and of orphan infancy—deploring it as the grave of their hopes and affections?

It is not the Stranger only, who demands our grief—Death, with cruel ambition, assails the summit of our hopes, and has slain our Commander in the heart of the citidal. He sleeps in his coffin—on the pillow of his laurels. KEATING LEWIS SIMONS is at rest.

The last melancholy and imperfect tribute now awaits his shade. Let us linger awhile at his grave, and pour forth our hearts in manly sorrow. His heart would have bled for any of his friends, and was open and alive to all human nature. Let us praise him as he deserved, and yet modestly, lest we offend his noble spirit—for he passed over his own

deserts as if he knew them not, while he loved to display and to appreciate the merits of others.

In attempting to describe his character and our loss, what can I say that you have not anticipated? What can I omit that you will not supply? Where does his eulogium commence, where does it terminate?

If I pause to contemplate his domestic virtues, the first and latest charities of life, his clients draw me to the forum to witness his indefatigable zeal in behalf of justice and of mankind. I cannot praise the strength and capacity of his natural talents—without being reminded of his unceasing toil and anxiety to improve them. While I would relate the charm of his society, to his delighted friends and associates; the Soldier interrupts me with the narrative of his intrepid spirit, his chivalric courtesy and dignified command. From the picture of his civil life, on which the citizen shall love to linger—the Statesman hurries me to the Senate, and shows me the theatre of his splendid and patriotic efforts. Honour weeps at her afflicted altars. Religion confesses the benefit of his example and the purity of his heart, for every virtue loved to regard him, and saw itself reflected in his image.

The name of SIMONS,* is, with the people of

* Our city is familiar with the early and uncommon acquirements in Natural Science of the late Professor CHARLES DEWAR SIMONS, of the College of South-Carolina: It will long cherish with fond regret the memory of his brother the Rev. JAMES D. SIMONS, the pious and persuasive Rector of St. Philip's Church: And it does not require me to name the remaining object of this allusion,

Charleston, "*clarum et venerabile nomen*"—great in Science, great in Medicine, great in the Law, great in Divinity, and amiable in all the duties and charities of life. Our friend was destined to adorn it—to plant it deeper in the heart of our city—to multiply its fruit—to expand its foliage, and to leave, in its ample shade, the shelter of his venerable father, and the glad inheritance of his infant offspring.

KEATING LEWIS SIMONS was born and educated in South-Carolina, where, indeed, the whole of his days were spent. We have the undivided honour of producing and rearing this finished specimen of a highminded gentleman. He might have obtained abroad better means of instruction, than our State at that time possessed; but his love of country could have gained nothing, nor could his heart have been made better. He might have been estranged from our climate; and, premature as is now the sad occasion of our tears, they might have fallen on a greener grave. It was his merit so to have improved his humble opportunities, that, although unaided by those artificial and scholastic methods, deemed so necessary in learning; yet did he appear to have enjoyed them all. His mind was stored, and his imagination refreshed with the pictures of antiquity; and when in the cause of liberty, and of his country, he invoked with ardent enthusiasm, the shade of the illustrious Roman—it seemed as if Cato on earth, was

who happily still lives to achieve the triumphs of the Medical art, and in the death of his distinguished relatives to mourn over its defeat.

addressing Cato in heaven. He must have studied, with youthful ardour, the lives and characters of those heroes, who taught the heathen world how to act and to suffer—the grace of patriotism, the beauty of disinterestedness, and the holiness of virtue.

Alexander slept with Homer under his pillow, full of admiration of Achilles. Thus must our friend have cherished Plutarch, for he there saw in Epaminondas, Phocion and Cicero, how intimately the spirit of eloquence—of virtuous liberty and immortal heroism, are allied with each other, and with the happiness of mankind.

Possibly we may trace some of the features of his character to the period of his birth. This was at the commencement of our arduous Revolution. His infant eye caught the nodding plume of the Soldier of Liberty—he was caressed on the knees of the victorious Patriot—the trumpet and the artillery were the music of his boyhood.

His guide, in his professional studies, was a gentleman conspicuous in the war, and high in the counsels, and familiar with the history of our infant Republic. The son of Philip had not a better preceptor than Mr. Edward Rutledge.* In his society, and

* MR. EDWARD RUTLEDGE, (at his death, governor of this State,) was distinguished by his early devotion to the cause of American independence. He was one of the ablest Statesmen of Carolina, in that untried and perilous hour, when liberty was to be won, and to be secured through the jeopardies of civil war. The powerful advocate of public rights in the Senate,—at the Bar he defended with equal ability, the rights of individuals. He was gifted with a graceful and dignified exterior, and spoke with a soft and silver eloquence.

that of his illustrious brother, the mind of our friend grew up into the ripeness which it afterwards displayed; and his heart imbibed, with its other excellent sensibilities, a boundless and undying regard for his benefactor.

Thus fitted with honour, learning, and sensibility, Mr. SIMONS entered the forum, which he was destined to elevate, to grace, and to purify—to fill with the sentiments of his lofty soul—to enrich with the treasures of his capacious mind, and decorate with the trophies of his honest triumphs. Are there any of his clients in this assembly? Why do I ask? I am surrounded by them—of these I would inquire—did they ever know a Lawyer more disinterested, more laborious, more devoted to their interests, and more worthy of their confidence? Did he not defend the poor gratuitously? Did he not embark his whole soul in the cause of the oppressed; and, with a zeal and industry that wore him out, and wore him down, did he not faithfully serve mankind? Alas! how much more than this? far beyond the portrait of my feeble efforts. Is there a gentleman of the Bar, in this assembly, who had the happiness to be contemporary with our distinguished friend? Was he not delighted with his society? He was a Lawyer whom you could oppose without collision—who brought into the contests of the forum a lofty courtesy, worthy of the immortal cause of Justice and of Virtue, and banished thence as far as he could—for his soul disdained and trampled on them—the cavilling, quibbling, and chicanery, which the artful and designing weave out of their own bosoms, like spiders, and

spread around them to entangle and destroy. Whatever of liberality of practice subsists at our bar, arose in a great measure, from his example. He respected forms so far as they were essential, or auxiliary to justice; but never, otherwise, availed himself of them. He disclaimed those conquests, which were not obtained in fair and open combat, but resulted from stratagem. He shed upon debate all the learning which could be applied, and all the light of which it was susceptible.

He loved the labours of his profession—his eye was bent on its loftiest eminence, and he toiled with noble ambition up its steep ascent. In no one department did he particularly excel. Familiar with them all, he was the common oracle of our community. It is said that men who aim at power endeavour to conciliate the young. What is stratagem in others was artless benevolence in him. He knew the weakness and despondency of unfledged youth, and cheered it in its flight, and sustained it on his ample pinions. He encouraged the young orator to launch his fragile bark on the tumultuous waves of the forum—gave him his parting blessing, and stood on the shore to welcome his return with smiles and congratulations. With an exquisite sensibility to the feelings of others, he never injured nor assailed them—no sarcasm ever escaped his lips, and no vain boasting stained his superiority.

Is there a Judge in this assembly? Will he not confirm and pronounce the justice of this eulogium? Does he not mourn with our afflicted State the bereavement which has stricken from the Bench (just

then within his reach) the learned, dignified and impartial Judge—the friend, the associate, and the worthy successor of CHEVES?*

The sorrows of the Bar

* There was an humble youth, without family, fortune, or favour, who broke through the shadows of obscurity, and by the light of his talents, virtues and industry, came to shine out upon us with a cheerful lustre. While some were picking pebbles on the seashore, and others gazing idly on the billows, he was climbing, unassisted, from cleft to cleft up the rocky precipice of renown, whose towering heights seemed to frown upon, but could not intimidate him. He mastered them all, and his native State enjoyed the fruit and the honour of his labour: but he, as he rose, unfortunately for us, became more conspicuous—Born for a wider horizon, he was demanded for a larger sphere, and South-Carolina gave him to the wishes of the union, with pride and with reluctance. When Mr. CHEVES was thus taken from his high judicial station among us, the eyes of the State instantly turned towards KEATING LEWIS SIMONS, as to a kindred mind and spirit, to wear his honoured robes; and the line of Virgil, occurred to every one—“*uno avulso non deficit alter.*” They had been contemporary at the Bar, and in the Legislature, enjoying equally the esteem of each other and of the public. Like GLAUCUS and DROMED, they were friendly even in their contests—each of them appearing anxious to yield the triumph to his opponent. The youth of our city looked up to them both as models and instructors. Now, alas! they have lost them both.

The absent may be eulogized as well as the dead; but it is not with any view to praise, but merely to give to a good action whatever little circulation this feeble memorial may afford it, that I relate one of the instances of the highminded generosity of Mr. CHEVES, in his profession:—Having understood that a young member of the Bar was about to make his *debut* in an Insurance Case, on the opposite side to Mr. CHEVES—that gentleman waited on him, and expressing much interest in his success, tendered to him his own notes, containing his arguments and authorities that he might if possible, anticipate and reply to them—thus sweetly lend-

have been already heard. Struck by an abler hand, they have been re-echoed from every bosom, and the forum is in tears.

It was not to be expected that the comprehensive mind and acquirements—the unsullied purity and devoted patriotism of Mr. SIMONS, should escape the notice of his fellow citizens in the selection of their law-makers. He filled, for many years, a seat in our Legislature with much usefulness and honour; and, if the period of his able services was ever interrupted, it grew out of those unhappy dissensions which agitate, more or less, every political community, and never affected the high sentiment of personal reverence, which was universally felt towards him. He was popular in spite of his opinions; these he was too magnanimous to conceal—too conscientious not to avow, and too much convinced to abandon. He walked in a straight path, and saw nothing but God and his country. Fearless of danger, regardless of odium—he never stooped, nor turned, nor faltered, although place and power stood at his side, ready to crown his aberrations.

The period of his retirement from public life having expired (and which of you does not regret that it was so long?) he was recently elected again to our Legislature, and became again one of its most distin-

ing his own learning and labour to the youthful necessities of his friend.

Anxious to mingle with the memorial of Mr. SIMONS the fragrance of every virtue, I have thus endeavoured to unite the names of those, who were alike worthy of the affection, which each bore to the other.

guished members. He was now the Nestor of our councils. His long experience and commanding character sanctioned his opinions and gave him an influence, which I know to have delighted him, because it increased his ability to serve his country. This was the object nearest to his heart.

Oh, my country! what hast thou not lost! The glories of thine infancy pass rapidly away. The champions of thy cradle sleep on their laurelled beds, or linger, like setting stars, on the horizon of life. And now the ornaments of thy manhood fade—thy lofty hopes wither in early disappointment—and thy labourers die in the vineyard, ere the harvest yet is ripe. May heaven bind up thy wounds, and compassionate, and spare thee!

The interest which *we* immediately felt in the deceased, arose from one more, and not an unimportant relation of life, which happily subsisted between us.

In a Republic, where standing armies are dangerous, and in an unambitious Republic, like our own, where they are almost unnecessary, the military art becomes a subject of general attention, and its duties fall upon the citizens at large. Each of us should in his turn, lend his time and his talents to the assistance and perfection of this cheap, safe and natural defence. Every man, like Cincinnatus, should deem the protection of his country a part of his profession. So thought the gallant deceased, and in the variety of his complicated duties—amid all his splendid and laborious avocations, he found leisure to accept that command in the militia, his sad removal from which is the cause of this address.

He was a warlike man. His tall and athletic form—his manly and erect countenance—the rapid glance of his eye—the powerful compass of his voice, and his cool self-possession, fitted him for all the exterior of command. His intrepid and refined spirit—his enthusiasm—his dignity, and on a level with them all, his exact knowledge of military discipline, qualified him for all its dangers and its duties. We saw him only in peaceful scenes. It was not given to him to wet his sword in blood, nor to face the enemy in battle. But, let it be remembered, that war can only display what has been acquired in peace. Battles are not requisite to decide, and very often afford imperfect criteria of military merit. Their flames and their artillery may test the nerves, but they seldom elucidate the capacity of a Soldier. Was Jackson less of a general before the battle of New-Orleans, or Perry less of a hero before the conflict of Erie? It is but due to the deceased for us to state, what we have every reason to believe would have been the success, assured as we are of the abilities of Colonel SIMONS. We believe that the military part of his character, like a rich and untried field, would have yielded an abundant harvest of renown to himself and his country. We believe that he would have fought his battles like Condé, and managed his campaigns like Turenne. We believe that, among all the honourable distinctions which he coveted, it was not the least, that of being foremost in the ranks of his country, and exposing his life for her safety and honour. And we hoped, that he might have lived for all these achievements, if the Almighty

should again visit us with the calamities of war. And now that all these hopes are torn down, and are prostrate, and earth beholds him no more, shall we not celebrate the fallen hero with the funeral notes of war?

“Such honours Illion to her hero paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector’s shade!”

The duties of a Soldier, a Lawyer, or a Statesman, are only occasional, but those of a Citizen are of daily occurrence and exercise. They are the common habiliments by which we are known and recognized; and, where did they appear so advantageously as in the demeanour of our deceased friend? If temperance and self-denial—if firmness and integrity—if the love of man and reverence of the Almighty be the massy foundations of a good character—on these his reputation rests immoveably. If generosity, disinterestedness, courtesy, public spirit, and romantic honour, be the Corinthian ornaments of this life, these were his living wreath, now, alas! the withered garland on his grave.

Individuals confided to his guardianship their dearest interests, their happiness, and their honour; and, in seasons of public danger, the wise took counsel of him. When popular frenzy seized the unthinking multitude, who, like him, could stay the agitated waters, and, spreading over them the tranquillity of his own bosom, restore Reason to her helm? Who, like him, could sooth and pacify the sensibilities of the young, incensed by erroneous conceptions and burning for revenge?

If it were only known, my friends, what disputes he has terminated—what personal conflicts his wisdom and humanity prevented; how many wives would bless him for their husbands—how many sisters for their brothers—how many mothers for their sons, saved from the snares of false honour, for life and eternity? He who preserved the life of a Roman citizen was rewarded with a civic crown, and the brightest trait in the character of the Emperor of Russia, is the solicitude with which he sought, successfully, to restore the life of a peasant, who apparently was drowned. But actions, as useful and heroic as these, were frequent occurrences in the life of SIMONS. He would have graced any throne upon earth—none of its sceptres could ennoble him. And when such a man falls and the shadows of the grave thicken around him—when such a renowned pillar tumbles from its base and lies in splendid fragments at our feet—while we weep over its ruins, let us examine its materials.

Had gold any thing to do with the beautiful column of SIMONS' renown? No! my friends, this is no trophy of the rich. Did it rest on the pride of ancestry? No! it had not so decayed a foundation. Was it a momentary offering for a solitary achievement? No! my friends, it grew by day and by night, by the constant accretion of his virtues. It is a solid column, and will bear, (in the language of Junius) all the laurels that adorn it.

If grief flows in a thousand channels through our city, and our whole community mourns his loss—what, think you, are the sorrows of the friends of

Mr. SIMONS, who were close to his heart, and drank of that pure fountain of benevolence? The friendship of a great man has been called a blessing of heaven. Is there a friend of Mr. SIMONS who did not so regard it? Is there one who did not feel ameliorated in his society—honoured by his countenance and charmed by the artless sweetness of his manners? He was, indeed, a friend. His counsel—his sympathy—the best wishes of his heart—the proudest efforts of his eloquence, were his gratuitous offerings at the shrine of Friendship. He threw himself, magnanimously, out of view, when he contemplated the necessities of those he loved. He lifted his arm; he bared his bosom—he exposed his life in their defence—“*non ille pro caris amicis nec patria timidus perire.*” His affections were warm as the vital stream of his heart—coldness belongs only to the grave! He is cold now! Alas! he is in the silent tomb. The green sod is on him! We cannot awake him! if we could, how would his manly heart mourn for the sorrows of his friends, and, for our sakes, he might wish to return among us—

If not for ours, yet for the sake of those nearer and dearer objects of his affection, who being entwined around him, and gazing on him with delight, and looking up to him with reverence, are fallen with him and are desolate—Once more to unbend himself in his darling home, to listen to the artless prattle of his little innocents, and to cheer the sight of his venerable father.

Be not afflicted, excellent old man—thy griefs are

thy country's. Our citizens clung around thee, and intercepted the arrow intended for thy bosom—we have all thy sorrow, but none of thy consolations. Thou wast his father!—Cornelia had not more reason to boast of the Gracchi, than thou hast to praise thy son. We cannot restore him to thee—we cannot supply his place; but all of us, will be to thee as children. Be not afflicted, there are blessings in death. The Greeks thought those blessed who died young, the heathen world apotheosized the great, and our holy religion cheers the dying Christian with the promise of eternal bliss. Nothing but a firm faith in that religion, and those promises, could have enabled our friend to meet death as he did. His whole life was governed by Christian humility, nor have we any reason to believe that ever his conscience reproved him twice.

Where is he?—where his ethereal part?—his soul? Suppose, that on this day the earth should be annihilated, the heavens rent asunder, and the Son of God should appear to judge us for our deeds. Methinks I see my friend arise in white garments at the Bar of Eternity—he is silent, but his actions plead for him—they only are orators. The angels are his witnesses. May we not hope that the Judge of Heaven and of Earth will decide in his favour, and that SIMONS lives for ever and is happy?

We survive to mourn him, and not *him* only; but as if there were not in the magnitude of our affliction enough to excite and overwhelm our sensibilities, the same day, the same hour, the same moment, tore

from us the kindred spirits of SIMONS and of RUTLEDGE.* Here is another and a fruitful source of tears. While memory fondly lingers on the unfinished portrait of one departed friend, she is called away to retrace the faded beauties of another. It would do them wrong to separate the memorial of those, to whom the Almighty gave one heart, one existence, one grave. Allied in principle and in affection—allied, also, in their military career, they

* General JOHN RUTLEDGE, commanding the 4th Brigade of South-Carolina Militia, died in Philadelphia on the 1st Sept. 1819. Those who knew him, and he enjoyed a general acquaintance, and had many friends throughout the union, will not require this humble notice to remind them of his various talents and virtues. Those who knew him not, brief as it is, may yet learn from it, how much they have lost who were denied the happiness of his society, and lived not within the influence of his fascinating manners. His person attracted the attention, which his conversation never failed to reward. There was a manly dignity in his air, with which his mind and his heart accorded. He was brave and generous, and so exceedingly polished that he gave new charms to society, for which he was most happily designed. He studied the comfort of all within his sphere, and was fruitful in cheerful and consoling topics, so that he appeared to wish for every one what every one wished for himself. Blest with powers of keen observation, a strong memory, an expressive countenance and a winning elocution, all classes listened to him with delight—for he could adapt himself with facility to them all. He was an Orator. Nature had fitted him for persuasion, and his senatorial efforts are incorporated with those of Bayard, of Morris, and of Ames, among the specimens and models of American eloquence. Such is a faint miniature of General RUTLEDGE. Farewell, gallant spirit!

"Thus have I soothed my griefs, and thus have paid,
Poor as it is, some offering to thy shade."

leaned upon each other like Nisus and Euryalus, with brotherly ardour, and like them they died together. Heaven was kind to both, inasmuch as it allowed not either to know the fate of his friend. It was cruel to them, because it denied to both the eulogy of either.

“They were pleasant and lovely in their lives, and in their death they were not divided. They were swifter than eagles—They were stronger than lions. How are the mighty fallen! and the weapons of war perished.”

For myself, my friends, if you will bear with my private griefs at the death of these distinguished Orators and polished Men, and able Statesmen—here would I speak of them for myself.

They were my early guides and counsellors. I loved and followed them, “*haud æquis passibus.*” I sailed under their convoy, bore their flag, and little did I think, that these two magnificent vessels would, in one miserable hour, founder on either side of me, and leave my little skiff surviving at the mercy of the winds and the waves.

ADDRESS

DELIVERED JUNE 28, 1825, BEFORE

THE PALMETTO SOCIETY,

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE DEFENCE OF THE PALMETTO FORT,
ON SULLIVAN'S ISLAND, (JUNE 28, 1776.)

TIME is valuable for the lessons it imparts. It feeds its offspring, like the Pelican, from its own bosom, and History becomes the aliment of virtue. Scenes and generations long since past from the earth, and enrolled in the mouldy catalogue of physical decay—awake and re-appear in their original freshness before the moral retrospect of man. Long buried virtues, long punished crimes, gathered by the sickle of antiquity, for the granary of oblivion, arise, notwithstanding, that posterity may shun the poison of the one, and enjoy the fragrance of the other. The frail elements of mortality produce and reproduce evanescent existences, but the progress of the immortal soul, the perceptions of intellect, whether correct or evil, these, although they pass over the earth, scarcely partake of its decay. As there is nothing sensual in spirit, and nothing intellectual in matter, it little concerns the dead what place they hold in the opinion of posterity. It is for ourselves we remember

them. It is for ourselves that we cherish their virtues, and recollect their vicious deeds. It is for ourselves, that we erect monuments, and make triumphal celebrations of the benefactors of mankind, while we hold in studious abhorrence times and actors past, of evil and disaster. A wise man will treasure up in his memory, the history of all antiquity, that he may the better perform his duties. A free-man will study with avidity, the lessons of liberty, which at remote intervals its illustrious sons have uttered in the agonies of death, whether in the field, or on the scaffold. A patriot will seize with eagerness, the characteristic traits which have adorned the career of his own country, and tend to encourage that peculiar pride, which is the best assurance and safeguard of individual honour. Let us then, my friends, think of our ancestors—who were they? Men, whose memory asks of you no further allegiance, than they cheerfully yielded to all the virtuous patriots and sages of antiquity, studying their lives, imbibing their spirit—catching and preserving their enthusiasm—emulating their celebrity—earning their laurels, and enjoying their fame.

It is not too much to say, that there entered into the original composition of no previously existing empire, so much of virtuous purity, as was exhibited in this of our own. For such colonists as our ancestors, this land was happily reserved for centuries. Tyranny in the old countries, is so deeply rooted in the prejudices of corrupt society, that if cut down to a level with the earth, still the rankness of the soil would reproduce it at no distant period, and the pro-

cess of revolution would again become necessary. And thus hath experience demonstrated within the last half century, the melancholy truth, that planted under whatever auspices—cultivated with whatever care, and guarded at whatever sacrifice, the spirit of popular liberty in continental Europe hath attained, at best, a faint and sickly growth—and has fallen a prey either to the scythe, or the contagious miasma of despotism. The liberties of the continent can never have a fair trial, while they cannot find a jury of freemen in the vicinage. No such danger existed in this country,—the tree of liberty grew on no soil saturated with crime—the fresh juices of nature, supplied and supported it—it waved in a pure atmosphere, and was warmed by a sun, which on this territory never beheld a monarch. Men, who for conscience sake deserted the tombs of their fathers, abandoned their lucrative occupations, and carried their wives and their children, when navigation was imperfect, over a wide and perilous ocean, that they might worship God freely in a wilderness thronged with wild beasts and savages!—do these resemble the colonies of antiquity, irruptions of barbarism upon civilization, invasions of wealth by rapacity—conquests of weakness by ambition?—How different from those! Our ancestors came not with arms in their hands, but with prayers on their lips—no earthly dominion sent forth or guarded them—and their sole protection was the banner of God. Think you that men like these, who would not tolerate religious restraint, would consent to civil despotism? That they would crouch beneath the crown, who disre-

garded the mitre; and allow tyranny which they defied in the temple, to invade their domestic hearths and firesides? No, as they were charged with their own care, they thought at least, they might be trusted with their own government, and this, fellow citizens, is the original sin (for nations like individuals are sinners) this is the original sin of our Republic.

They determined to be free, and with puritan tenacity, they adhered to the determination. Hence at various periods of their history they have been called rebels—a title infinitely more appropriate to their accusers. Tyrants are traitors to the original constitution of the universe, rebels against truth, against justice, against humanity. To rebel against these, is the privilege of despots every where. To rebel in favour of these is the duty of Americans any where.

The brief character of our people is, that they would be free, and therefore independent. Their weakness never so infatuated them, as to cause them to seek protectors three thousand miles away, but the blindness of power was such, as to seek dominion over them at no less a distance. It is well that the claim was made. It is well that it was urged and argued in open day—proclaimed in the thunder of cannon, amid the lightnings of contention. It fitted not this great empire to be born in the dark—with a few courtiers present to sanction its legitimacy, and a royal salute to announce its existence. The world gazed upon its infant throes—compassionated its early struggles—watched its arduous perils—blest its unexpected success—and

crowns with admiration the maturity it has already reached.

It would not have been well for the duration of our liberties, if we had gained them peacefully as a royal license or donation, or if they had been acquired without effort, like fruit dropping into the lap of indolence. No, we had to cut down the royal oaks, before we could raise the tree of liberty. Our axes resounded in the woods—for years the forest groaned—but the obnoxious growth was cleared, and the whole of it has now disappeared on this side of the Atlantic. That which is won without labour, is regarded without anxiety, and the toils and dangers of Hercules, proved the value of his virtue. We had to work out the prize of our liberties with hands proud to labour—and hearts content to perish—and minds resolved on freedom, and hopes that conquered death.

The sufferings and achievements of our revolutionary ancestors are the true capital of our Republic—the precious earnings of that invaluable national stock, which is known by the name of character. These constitute the aggregate result of the glorious deeds performed throughout this country, in the seven years war which achieved our independence—joint contribution of valour and of virtue to the common cause of liberty—confined to no section of territory, but as if to rebuke sectional feelings and to excite a common pride, and to ensure a lasting union, exhibited in all of our confederate states.

Some of them stand in a bolder relief than others—some were of greater importance in their immedi-

ate, or remote results, but all of them grew out of the same patriotic ardour, and none of them deserve to be forgotten. Some carry with them peculiar interest, because of the neighbourhood of their occurrence, and the kindred relation of blood and friendship. Thus, great as may be the enthusiasm which the name of Bunker Hill excites throughout our country, it resounds with peculiar charms in the ear of Massachusetts. Virginia may boast something more than American pride, in surveying the village of Yorktown, and Sullivan's Island, barren as it is, in the fond eye of Carolinians, may seem not entirely unproductive;

Since war's dread art hath solemnized the scene,
And graced its fleeting sands with glory's evergreen.

In the mythology of imagination, there exists what is called the genius of place. A power of natural scenery to retain, keep alive and impart something of the spirit of departed deeds, which occurred in the vicinity, and to rekindle the ardour of virtuous action, and the admiration of noble conduct for time immemorial.

Thus, for moral purposes, physical nature is deemed sensible of moral beauty, and becomes its interpreter to unobserving man. Is there any spot in our vicinity connected with such endearing associations—any scene of early renown, of which we have been latterly unmindful, and for our neglect of which rebuking patriotism may have cause to chide us? let us listen to the genius of that place, as it recalls the triumph of Carolina, and the valour of MOULTRIE.

In the early dawn of the revolution, when our countrymen, driven into war, by an unnatural parent, engaged reluctantly in a fearful contest, whose issue, they could not foresee—but whose countless calamities they suffered and deplored—then, when cruel discord at home, with the pressure of danger from abroad, perplexed and afflicted the sensibilities of the patriot, struggling for his country—then, when despotism was tolling in his ear the horrid knell of Death or Slavery—there approached the shores of Carolina, a proud squadron and a gallant army. They came not, as was their custom, to furl their sails, in peaceful repose in our harbour, and to share the wonted hospitality of our city. They came upon an errand of death. They came like African slave vessels, with chains for our countrymen, already forged and fitted. The fate of our city was at stake—our wealth, first consideration of sordid, last of virtuous minds—our homes, the happiness and honour of our families, our civil and political rights, our lives, were all jeopardized by a powerful force that came to levy loyalty with cannon, and to seal allegiance with blood. Think of the distressing panic which pervaded your city then, and contrast it with the peaceful security you now enjoy. Think of terrified women and children, of soldiers arming in despair, and statesmen divided in counsel—think of the hopeless issue of such an unequal contest, as that between such a naval and military force, and a comparatively unprotected town. Still, were our countrymen not without hope, which never deserts the brave and the virtuous, unless it be to leave faith in its stead. Hence

the readiness to suffer is with these equal to the alacrity of conquest. In the noble resistance to unlawful ambition they feel a divine encouragement, which "causes them to consider the Lord of Hosts as their leader, and his angels as their fellow soldiers,—trumpets are to them joyful sounds, and the ensigns of war the banners of God—their wounds are bound up in the oil of a good cause, and their blood flows into the veins of a Saviour. Sudden death is to them present martyrdom, and funeral obsequies, resurrection to eternal honour and glory." They suffer, that their posterity may enjoy—forget themselves in the happiness of mankind, and yield their triumphant spirits for their country.

Such was the heaven-inspired confidence of John Rutledge, to whom, happily, was confided the civil guardianship of our State, at this alarming crisis. Such was the serene calmness of the Leonidas of South-Carolina, the gallant Moultrie—who, with nearly the same force, and scarcely better prospects than Leonidas, stood to guard the passes to our city, in an imperfect, ill-constructed, almost untenable fort, which his commanding general had condemned as a slaughter-pen, and which he might have abandoned without censure. Had his life been sacrificed and his force fallen, fame would have attributed his defence to rashness; but it happens, that there is fortunately in well constructed minds, a confidence in the justice of their cause, and reliance on the success of virtue, which blinds them to danger, and assures them of triumph. It is well that such men exist. It is well, that when every thing is in danger, there

should be some who will dare. And of this energy of decision, never was there more need, nor more display than in this momentous battle.

Had the advice of General Lee, to abandon the post on Sullivan's Island, met the accordance, instead of the pointed reprobation of Mr. Rutledge, the enemy would have found easy access to our city. But that gentleman, with a boldness of spirit and sanguine confidence which defied danger, wrote General Moultrie that he would cut off his hand rather than sign an order to abandon the fort. General Lee, however, had, in the hopelessness of defending it, withdrawn nearly all the garrison, the larger portion of which he detached to another quarter, as if to concentrate the rays of glory on the remainder. So little effect did he anticipate from Moultrie's defence, that during the engagement he sent messages to him, allowing him to spike his guns and return whenever he pleased, suggesting modes of retreat—having previously left him to fight the battle with scarcely any ammunition. So confident, on the other hand, was President Rutledge of success, that when, during the battle, he received a demand for more powder, he sent five hundred weight, telling Col. Moultrie that his collection was very small, and he must make out to conquer with that. Under these disadvantages, in a fort, exposed in its rear and on one of its sides, with a small garrison, protected by palmetto logs, and barriers of sand, with scarcely more than twenty pieces of cannon, did this brave commander, at the head of his gallant associates, defeat, after a fierce cannonade of twelve hours, a British squadron, mounting 250

guns, and fought by near two thousand men. The loss of the enemy nearly equalled the strength of the garrison—which suffered, comparatively, a most trifling loss, and would have inflicted much greater injury on their assailants, had not the scarcity of ammunition compelled them to suspend their fire occasionally, which gave rise to the ill-timed exclamation—“*The Yankees have done fighting.*” That which had been called a slaughter-pen, proved an asylum—those floating castles, which came in the proud assurance of victory, were turned into slaughter-pens—the commander of the squadron severely wounded, was, at times, left alone upon his deck—the last royal governor that South-Carolina ever is to see, was mortally wounded in the conflict—one of the ships of war was taken and destroyed—all of them were dreadfully shattered and put to flight, and the proud ensign of Great Britain retired in dismay from the virgin flag of South-Carolina. Having re-embarked their four thousand troops from Long Island, the invaders’ squadron abandoned their unhappy design on Charleston, and left its inhabitants secure from danger, and full of gratitude to their brave defenders. Here was a proud achievement for South-Carolina—one on which sectional feelings, if they existed, would well sanction our rejoicing. There was nothing sectional, however, in the revolutionary times or spirit, and this brilliant event was hailed throughout the United States as a most fortunate omen in the common cause of liberty. It imparted hope and confidence to the rising energies of freemen, and taught the invincibility of men, who deter-

mined to be free. The scepticism of General Lee was changed into praise and congratulations, and the brave garrison of the Palmetto Fort, received the thanks of the American Congress. Many of these gallant men performed singular deeds of valour, and the name of Jasper, who proved on this occasion that patriotic devotion which he afterwards sealed with his life at Savannah, will long be dear to Carolinians. Can you forget, people of Carolina! the noble enthusiasm of the dying soldier, M^r Daniel, who, when the streams of life were flowing from his patriot heart, cried out to his comrades, "*don't let liberty expire with me to-day!*"—And it did not expire—the prayer ascended to heaven, and the Almighty, in his mercy granted, and in his goodness will perpetuate it. What think you, luxurious citizens of peaceful prosperity, of that patriotic devotion which gave, not only the Roman tribute to patriotism of gold and jewellery, but stripped the garment from the back of the soldier to wad the cannon that defended his country; and this too when opposition was hopeless and submission was profitable—when he fought with a halter around his neck, and defeat was ruin? Such were your countrymen, who defended Fort Sullivan, thenceforward known deservedly as *Fort Moultrie*. Two of them alone survive.* May they feel happy in the renewed honours of the day. May heaven long preserve them to share in its festive celebration, and

* These are Capt. Richard Bohun Baker, and Mr. David Adams, who served as a Cadet in the Company commanded by Capt. Shubrick.

to rejoice in the prosperity of the nation which they aided to emancipate.

There is a topic of pleasing exultation connected with this victory which identifies it with the good and fortunate genius of our country, and blends with its recollections a grateful sense of the generosity of La Fayette. Arriving on our shores, soon after the battle of Fort Moultrie, he presented the garrison with complete uniform and equipment, in testimony of the high respect and admiration with which their gallantry had filled his young and ardent bosom. Illustrious youth! Next to Washington in the dark days of our peril—“*spes altera nostra*,” it was assuredly the voice of heaven that impelled thee to our suffering shores. It was the arm of Heaven that sustained thee in our despairing cause, and enabled thee to impart a kindred confidence around. It was the guardian protection of Heaven that has saved thee from the perils of civil wars, from the snares of despots—from the ruin of governments rapidly rising and falling into the gulf of revolution. It is the blessed care of Providence that now, in thy green old age, has gladdened the hearts of a whole nation at thy virtuous presence—and has made thee, wherever thou hast been, the herald of universal happiness and joy—of exultation to the patriot’s heart, of lasting honour to the patriot’s grave.

Happy be thy return to the scenes of thy nativity. The blessings of ten millions of freemen rest upon thy head. The fond aspirations of youth—the virgin prayers and praises of innocence—the sweet applause of beauty—the tremulous benedictions of sil-

ver-headed age, all, all are thine. Go to the despots of Europe, and see them shrink from the shadow of thy laurels. And when a higher destiny awaits thee than this earth, that thou hast adorned, tell the illustrious spirits of the ancient republics to forget their own wrongs and bless America for La Fayette.

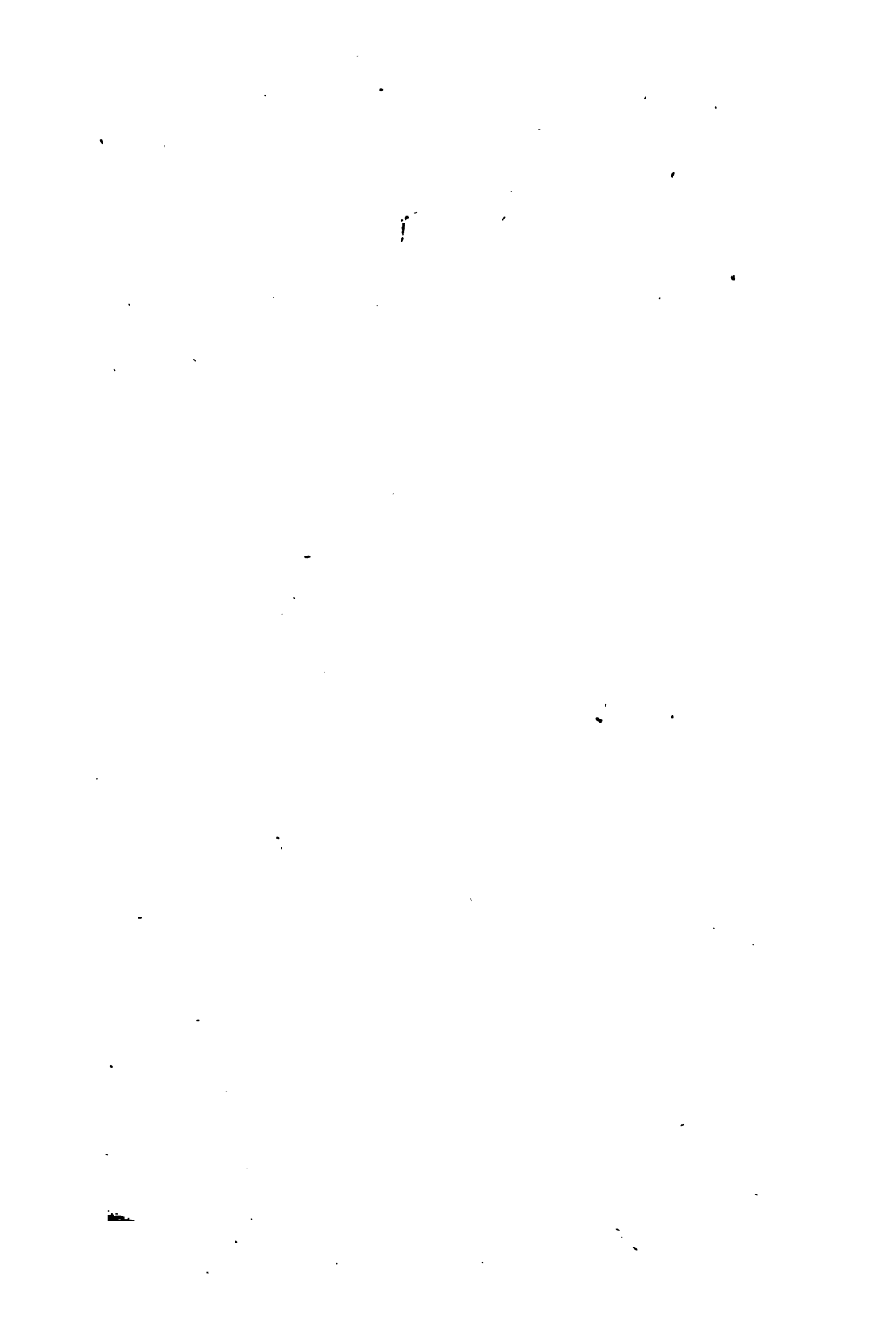
The present is an auspicious period of revolutionary recollection throughout our country. We are paying just, perhaps tardy honours, to the authors of our political existence. The people are proving everywhere, their grateful sense of what has been done for them and for their children, by their fathers, who rest from their glorious labours. Each State is putting forth in eager and honest emulation, the deeds performed upon its soil—the valour exhibited by its sons. It is a generous commemoration, worthy of the warmth and zeal which are exerted every where in it. It is due, not merely to the personal bravery, nor success in war, of our ancestors, but to the perpetual preservation of those principles of government, and correct knowledge of the rights of man, for which we are indebted to them, and without which this nation cannot be safe in the hands of posterity.

Mere success in battle is of equivocal merit. Wars are too often individual contests at the expense of nations—struggles for territory—strifes for power—exercises of ambition. It is too true that often the public good, the public sentiment, and always the public treasure, are cruelly made the sport and game of the royal gamblers for fame and for empire. Wars such as these display military skill—personal bravery, and sometimes glorious, because extraordinary, and

well deserved success. But after the confusion of battle has passed away, and the atmosphere is clear, seldom does a solitary practical benefit appear to the deluded soldier, as panting with fatigue he slakes his thirst in the rivulet, and as he sheathes his sword, wonders at the blood which is red upon its blade. But the effects of the American revolution, were cheering to the philanthropist, enthusiastically dear to the patriot, and welcome to the bosom of every virtuous man. They were not momentary—nor confined to individuals, nor to classes—nor to this country—nor to this age—nor to this life upon earth. They were for our nation—for all nations in the universe, for all ages, and may we not without presumption say, that they yielded many lessons which fit us for the life to come if they shall be duly improved? It is well then to renew, ere they expire, the fading lights of the revolution—to guard them with vestal anxiety in the temple of our affections, that they may shine through ages to come, luminaries of virtuous liberty and correct government.

Every state, despotic or free, has its monuments and its memorials. They form resting-places in history, where memory pauses to renew her course. Despots use them for the idolatry of slaves, and to record their legitimate claims to royalty. Free governments cherish them as legends of suffering or successful virtue, as lessons of patriotism and incentives to ingenuous youth to love and serve their country. All nations have regarded with festive honours the recurrence of those days which have been prosperous in their history, those especially on which they

have been rescued from great and impending calamities. Such a day is the present in the history of this city and State—on this day nearly half a century ago—before the birth of our nation—did the gallant Moultrie and his associates from sunrise to sunset, defend in bloody and desperate battle, the gates of your beloved city, against an overwhelming naval and military force—he triumphed, and one of the fruits of his victory, is the security you enjoy. Is there one of you, that now will not refrain awhile from your daily avocations, to throw flowers over the time honoured tomb of the warrior, and devote one holiday to the infant patriotism of the Spartans of South-Carolina?



SPEECH

BEFORE HIS HONOUR JUDGE BAY, AT CHAMBERS, ON A MOTION TO DISCHARGE JAMES LAMB, FROM THE CUSTODY OF A COURT-MARTIAL, ON A HABEAS CORPUS, AT CHARLESTON, AUGUST 14, 1813.

[The following specimen of the author's forensic eloquence terminated in the discharge of his client. The bearings of the case will be sufficiently discerned, by casting an eye over the paragraph at the top of page 87.]

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONOUR,

I RISE to move the discharge of the prisoner, a motion, in which I hope for the concurrence of the court, as I am certain of the sympathies of all who hear me. I cannot, it is true, with my friend, address the court in behalf of the dignity, the authority, and greatness of the State. I appear the advocate of an humble individual. But I confess that I have no platonic affection for that cold, abstract, speculative being, seen at the end of a proclamation, and the head of an indenture, and known by the name of the "State of South-Carolina." I have no sympathies for the mere earth on which I tread; but I feel for every living being, with whom I am connected by the ties of nature or civil association; I believe that patriotism, like love, must commence with individuals, and that he most regards the community, who

is most deeply interested in the welfare of the members who compose it.

Conscious then of the right of my client to be heard, I care not, in the pursuit of justice, how obscure or solitary may be the individual, whose cause I undertake. Nor will I for a moment allow, that the liberties of a single freeman are of necessity to be sacrificed, because the country is at war. We are all sensible, may it please your honour, of the necessity of vindicating our rights, when assailed from abroad. If the cannon of the enemy were now heard upon our coast, who would not fly to rescue the land from pollution, and repel the rash invader? But it is better that our land should be surrendered, than our liberties. Had the tomahawk of the Indian slain our kinsmen, who would not carry the fires of vengeance to the hovel of the savage and consume them both together? But it is better, that our citizens should perish, than our rights. Did a destructive pestilence lay waste our city, who would refuse the tear of commiseration? But it is better, infinitely better is it, that our city should be a charnel-house, than a prison. Liberty is the pride of life. Tear from a man, family, friends, and fortune, "steep him in misery to the very lips," and the consciousness of freedom shall be the wretch's solace, and keep his head above the waters. Liberty, is under the protection of the constitution and the laws. The laws are deposited for safety in courts of justice, and courts of justice emanate from, and are inspired by, the Deity himself. Here, then, in this temple, where God and the laws only are omnipotent; here, where

no light enters but that of heaven—no fear but that of God, my client may repose securely, and look back upon the perils he has escaped.

Nor let it be deemed, that he alone requires the interposition of the court. He is one only of a respectable portion of our fellow citizens, whose reputation has been assailed, whose liberties are at stake, whose lives are in jeopardy by the proceedings of the court-martial. They are only a portion of the great mass of our people, whose prosperity is involved in the decision of this case. The olive branch which my client may carry hence, will be hailed as the salvation of millions, but if he perish, may it please your honour, the deluge must be hopeless and universal.

And here, at the onset, let me once for all deny and repel the charge, which has been insinuated against those, who have become liable to the censure of the military court, that they are deficient in spirit and patriotism. If, indeed, it can be for a moment questioned, whether men, young, intelligent, and vigorous, whose fathers achieved the independence which is their boast, can have basely determined to disgrace those fathers, and surrender that independence, I say to any and to all who question it, that the Militia of Charleston, when called to defend their country, *ask only to be shown the enemy*. I appeal to the uniform experience of our military commanders, for proof, of the readiness and alacrity with which they have obeyed every legal call. I appeal to their conduct on the occasion which gave rise to this inquiry, when it appears that they marched almost to a man,

at a very short notice, although in defiance of the law, they were required to go by companies, and in one instance by battalion. And I assert moreover, that most, if not all, who did not go, have legal justification and excuse.

But if the charge of disaffection and cowardice, so cruelly and prematurely alleged against them, arise from the misfortune of their having dared to differ from the executive in the construction of a law, which as it is intended for the governance, so it ought to be open to the understanding of all; however they may regret this difference of opinion, they will not on that account relinquish the investigation, nor surrender what they deem their rights.* Every native of our country is a citizen before he is a soldier. Before he receives the arms of the State, God Almighty gives him arms to vindicate his liberties, he endues him with intellect to discern, and firmness to support his rights. So far as the judgment of my client will enable him, and so far as he is supported by his conscience and the laws, he will pursue the inquiry. For him, for his associates, for myself I say, that I should be unworthy of my feelings as a man, of my rights as an American, of my hopes as a Christian, if I ceased to think and speak boldly in the cause of truth. When I become the willing instrument of violating the rights of others, or tacitly acquiesce in the violation of my own, may this arm wither in its socket.

* The Hungarians, says Bolingbroke, were called *Rebels* because they would not be slaves.

The prisoner is in custody of a court-martial of militia officers, convened under general orders to try him for *non-attendance* at parade in Charleston, when the corps to which he belongs was called out by virtue of orders from the commander in chief. The charges are *disobedience of orders, and mutinous conduct*. The rules governing the proceedings of the court, are the Rules and Articles of War, and the punishment prescribed for the offence charged against the prisoner, may extend to death. I contend that the court-martial has no jurisdiction, on two grounds. 1st, That it is not legally organized for the trial of offences in the militia. 2d, That the prisoner is not liable to the Rules and Articles of War.

The prisoner is a private in the Charleston Ancient Battalion of Artillery, and by the 21st section of the Militia Law of 1794, no private or non-commissioned officer can be fined, except by a court-martial composed of officers, two of whom at least shall be of his own company. In this case it is admitted that the officers sitting on the court, are not even of the same brigade with the prisoner. By the — section of the same act, courts-martial on privates can be ordered only by the major of a battalion, and the governor is empowered to order general courts-martial on general officers only—whereas in this instance he has ordered a general court-martial for the trial of privates. The militia laws are then in direct opposition to the jurisdiction of the court-martial, and it must be sought elsewhere. Indeed, had it been a common military tribunal, such as the people of

Charleston have been accustomed to see, it is fair to presume it would have been held in Charleston, and the prisoner would not have been carried four miles for the purpose of being tried by officers whom they have never before seen.

The return, however, of the court-martial to the writ of *Habeas Corpus*, together with the general orders of the Governor of August 4, are conclusive as to the fact that the prisoner *was on trial for his life under the Rules and Articles of War*.

It remains then only to consider how far he is made liable to these rules and articles by the laws. The laws contain the rights of rulers and the duties of subjects; beyond them nothing can be done or required; these are the checks of power, intoxicated by greatness; these are the restraints of liberty, wandering into licentiousness. The 11th section of the act of assembly of 1794, regulating the militia, so far as it bears upon this case, is as follows:

“That the commander in chief for the time being, may in case of invasion or other emergency, when he shall judge it necessary, order out any portion of the militia of the State to march to any part thereof, and continue as long as he may think it necessary; and likewise may in consequence of an application from the executive of any of the United States, on an invasion or an apprehension of invasion of such State, at his discretion, order any number of the militia not exceeding one third part, to such State. Provided, that they be not compelled to continue on duty *out of this State*, more than two months at any one time; that while in *actual service*, in consequence

of being so called out, they shall receive the same pay and rations, and be subject to the same rules and regulations as the troops of the United States of America."

This section gives the governour the power to call the militia out whenever he shall deem it necessary, without specifying the occasion. Another, the 25th section, gives him the same power *in an extreme case*, viz. that of actual invasion or insurrection, which shall be notified by alarm guns, &c. The penalty of disobedience in the latter instance is a fine of *twenty or forty pounds*, which is determined by the circumstance of the enemy *being engaged or not*. But for disobedience of the governor's call under the 11th section, *where the danger may be only imaginary*, the Legislature has provided no penalty. The law, therefore, having no sanction, is no law. I will not quote authorities to support this obvious position, that a command without a compulsory power, is equivalent to no command. This omission, whether accidental or designed, cannot be remedied by any court of justice, much less by the mere dictum of the governour, who has not yet, as I have learnt, attained the privilege of issuing rescripts, like the Roman emperors.

In the 11th section, above quoted, I have been able to discover nothing dubious or equivocal. But it is attempted to supply a penalty by implication, and that penalty is no less than a subjection to the arbitrary and severe code of martial law. (*See Governour's General Orders.*) All the rules of construction are to be set aside, and penal laws, instead of being strict-

ly construed, are to be interpreted with the utmost latitude of fanciful hypothesis. The intention of the legislature is to be disregarded—and their understanding and patriotism at once questioned and denied. For this purpose the proviso in the act which follows, is adduced:—“*Provided*, That they be not compelled to continue on duty *out of this State*, more than two months at any one time, and that while in *actual service*, in consequence of being so called out, they shall receive the same pay and rations, and be subject to the same rules and regulations as the troops of the United States of America.” And upon this is founded, the extraordinary assertion of the executive, that a call places a militia man in actual service, actual service places him under the articles of war, and the articles of war may put him to death. A syllogism, which would inevitably take from my client his liberties and life, if the premises were only as true as the conclusions. But it is obvious from the context, that this proviso does not apply to troops ordered out for service *in the State*, but that it was intended as a condition, on which the legislature authorized the executive to loan our militia to another state. For it stipulates that these troops shall receive the pay of the United States army, whereas in the 13th sec. speaking of troops in the state, the law says they shall receive different pay from the United States army. This proviso then does not apply to the case of the troops with whom the prisoner was to have acted, who were called for duty *within this State*, but even if it did, it can never apply to the prisoner, subjecting him to be tried by the articles of war. For these govern the

militia only in actual service. Now the prisoner has never been in actual service, he is ignorant of the habits of a soldier and the rules which govern him. But say the general orders, *a call* is equivalent to *actual service*. Is this agreeable to the law? Does it not expressly distinguish between one and the other? Is not the *service* mentioned as a consequence of the *call*? How then can they be the same? Is it agreeable to common sense? Is there no difference between summoning a man for duty, and his performance of it? Would the prisoner be deemed *sane* if he should demand his pay and rations merely because he was *called* by the governour; and yet if he has been *in actual service* (of which he is ignorant) he is entitled to pay and rations; and if he has not been in actual service, he is not liable to the articles of war. No! may it please the court, the *call* is not the *service*. Who has forgotten the arrogant exclamation of *Glendower* the Welsh prince,

“*I can call spirits from the vasty deep?*”

Which gave rise to this very natural reply—“*But will they come, when you do call for them?*” If, however, the call and the service be the same, then the mere adduction of the summons at a court-martial would excuse a defaulter and prove that he had done the service required of him, and entitle him moreover to pay and rations. It was not with armies such as these, our fathers fought and conquered. God forbid, that in the war, which we are now waging, we should substitute a warfare like this, and instead of armies *in service* have only armies *in call*.

The truth is, that the rules and articles of war, *ex vi termini*, can only govern an army of embodied men. Their monarchical authority, their minute and arbitrary regulations, their summary enforcement are necessary for the discipline of the camp, and the successful prosecution of war. But to extend them to citizens in their peaceful abodes and avocations, to subject to their harsh operation every man who receives a summons for parade, and to empower the governour to summon every individual among us, what is it, may it please your honour, but to destroy at a blow the fabric of civil liberty, and to cast a net over the freeborn citizens of America?

“’Tis vain to talk of liberty in states,
Where the fierce soldier’s arm predominates.
With floods and fire his character accords,
The best of servants, but the worst of lords.”

If there be any doubt arising from the law itself relative to the time, when a soldier ceases to be a citizen and becomes subject to the rules and articles of war, let us regard the analogy subsisting between the laws of the United States, and this State made in *conformity with them*, and surely the service of the citizen is as much to be desired by the United States as by an individual State. Every act of Congress, requiring the service of the state militia, says that their duties and their pay shall commence on their *arrival at the place of rendezvous—on their being embodied, &c.* The articles of war themselves state that the militia shall not be liable to their operation *un-*

til "mustered and in pay." The President of the United States never asserted and never will be allowed the right of considering a man under the articles of war, who had been only *called* into service. The congress passed an act, in 1795, imposing on defaulters thus situated a mere pecuniary fine! No common soldier in the army, no miserable mendicant in our streets, can be made liable to the rules and articles of war until he has voluntarily enlisted, has heard them read, and sworn obedience to them. Even in Great Britain, that land of impressment and tyranny, a soldier who has enlisted, received his bounty, and runs away before he is mustered, is only liable to a civil action. (*4th Coke Inst. p. 35.*)

But the brave, highminded citizens of Charleston, men whose patriotism and spirit are now, for the first time questioned, are to be converted into soldiers, *instantly*, like the dragon's teeth, and while, poor souls, unconscious of their metamorphosis, they pursue their usual avocations and imagine themselves freemen and citizens, are suddenly brought to their senses by the terrors of a court-martial, convened to try them for their lives, on charges, of which they are unconscious, and by rules of which they know as little as of the laws of Persia. It is my serious advice to my fellow citizens, that they enter immediately into the army of the United States, where they will have at least the privilege of hearing the crime defined, before they are tried for its commission.

And here, I think, it would have been becoming in the commander in chief, to warn the citizens of

his construction of the law, at least as soon as they were called out, and not to delay its promulgation until it was too late to comply with it. It is far from my intention to give any cause of offence to the person who has been invested with the chief magistracy of the State. I respect his talents, I respect his station. Whatever I may think of his opinions, on this subject, I am happy that they were matured and strengthened by counsel, with the law officers of the State. "Tis not that I love Cæsar less, but that I love Rome more." "Amicus Socrates, Amicus Plato, sed magis amica Veritas." My cause is too good for passion, too great for personality.

In arguing for the authority of the articles of war, my friend (the Judge Advocate) has adduced a law requiring all *the officers* of the militia to be served with copies of them. I agree with him in his argument fully. It is this. The articles of war bind those, to whom they are distributed by law. But the privates of the militia are not furnished with them, therefore, according to my friend, they are not subject to their operation. Either his argument is correct or it is incorrect. If it be incorrect, I have no occasion to answer it, if it be correct, it answers itself.

That the legislature could never have intended to grant the power assumed by the commander in chief in this instance, is obvious from the 25th section of the same act, which in case *even of the enemy landing and being engaged*, imposes on those who do not meet them, a *fine of twenty or forty pounds*. Is it probable then that for this lesser offence of disobe-

dience, in a case where the danger may or may not exist, the punishment would be made so inordinately severe?

My friend has also said, that the necessities of the State required that the governour should be invested with great powers, and that his rod of empire should not merely be an Egyptian reed! It had much better be an Egyptian reed, than that the country should groan under an Egyptian pyramid. I protest against these *reasons of state*, which are only used in default and in defiance of all other reason. They are the tainted gale, which foretels the approach of tyranny. Reasons of state were the excuse of Buonaparte for murdering the Duke D'Enghien. Reasons of state drove the Huguenots from France. Reasons of state oppress almost to annihilation the gallantry of Ireland. Reasons of state gave birth to that monster, the Catholic inquisition, the disgrace of Christianity, and the scourge of mankind.* Reasons of state are the ladder, upon which tyrants plant their foot and climb over the liberties of their fellow men. Whether or no the war be conducted with vigour, I protest against that policy, which would fill our armies with slaves.

Let us regard for a moment the monstrous inconveniences, absurdities, and tyranny, which would result from the existence of the power contended for,

* Henry the Seventh, the author of standing armies in England, introduced them under the pretext of the "dignity of government," "the grandeur of Majesty," while he aimed at the ruin of the Constitution.

and its application to our citizens. An individual, according to the general orders, being *called*, is in *actual service*; whether he go or not, being perfectly immaterial. He earns his pay, is entitled to his rations, and is liable to be shot by the articles of war. But this is not all. By the 16th section of the same act, "No civil officer shall on any pretence whatsoever (unless for treason, felony, or breach of the peace) execute any process on any person whatsoever, either at muster or at *any other time* when on duty prescribed by the act, under the penalty of *five* pounds. And all such process shall be void." Now who are on duty? Those who are *called*, says the general orders. Every citizen then who receives a summons, whether he comply with it or not, is *ipso facto* released from all liability for the payment of his debts, until he is discharged. Thus a citizen of New-York may have in January last instituted a suit against a merchant here—the suit is in progress until the 31st of May, when to his great delight the defendant receives a summons from the executive. He remains inactive at home—refuses his labour to his country, and producing the summons in Court, it appears that he is in *actual service*; the proceedings at law cease, and the citizen of New-York loses his money. O most delightful immunity for knaves! O most magical military talisman! which coming like the shaft of death, unseen, unexpected, inevitable, converts a citizen into a soldier, makes a bondsman free, and a freeman a slave. O most warlike and notable expedient for destroying the distinction of ranks in society, and placing debtor and creditor

on a happy level. O most admirable improvement in book keeping, by which the books of a merchant are balanced by a summons from the executive! Before my country is cursed with such expositions of law, such violations of sense and right, before the reputation of my native State be thus blackened, may my bones moulder with the ashes of my kindred, unconscious of the ruin that survives me.

There is another and most serious view of the subject, which I can scarcely bear to contemplate. The argument of the gentlemen opposed to me, and the general orders of the commander in chief, assume and support the doctrine that the governour can declare *martial law in time of peace!* My friends startle at the idea, but it is, nevertheless, the inevitable consequence of their argument. Whatever powers are given in the act of 1794, were given and may be exercised in a state of peace. But it is said martial law is the suspension of the writ of *Habeas Corpus*, and is quite a different thing from mere subjection to the rules and articles of war. Look, may it please your honour, at the orders of the commander in chief, and see, whether they are not an universal application of the articles of war to our citizens. Under those orders could not your honour be taken from that bench—could not my client and myself be hurried away to military execution—could not every justice be imprisoned or picqueted, if a court-martial should so decide, and officers firm and prudent enough should be found to execute the decision as the governour “flatters” himself? Then, who is there to ask, who is there to grant, who is there to exe-

cute a writ of *Habeas Corpus*? Then, I assert again, the question is, whether the governour can proclaim martial law in time of peace? And how shall I express my surprise, indignation, and horror at the revival of this question in this free country? Before we consent to put it at issue, let us tear up the history of the revolution, cancel the memory of the achievements of our fathers, and burn the declaration of independence, for they will but shame our degeneracy and satirize our unworthiness. Martial law, says Lord Coke, is in truth no law, but something rather suffered as law—arising out of public necessity, it is an excrescence growing out of the distemper of the State—A law (as is said in the protest of certain members of the House of Lords, 2d vol. 283) unknown to our constitution, destructive of our liberties, *not endured by our ancestors*, and never mentioned in any of our statutes but in order to condemn it—Martial law, which was repeatedly condemned by parliament as repugnant to Magna Charta, and inconsistent with the fundamental rights and liberties of a free people. For whoever has watched the progress of tyranny, will perceive, that as the worm becomes not a butterfly until it has passed its chrysalis state, so no man becomes a tyrant, without first being a soldier. The King of England once attempted to introduce martial law in this country in time of peace, but he was compelled to relinquish the country and the claim. The reigns of Elizabeth and Charles teem with tyrannous efforts of this kind, producing resistance among the people, and eventuating in the denial of the right, except in parliament,

to declare martial law. Even now, engaged in wars almost over the world, the government of Great Britain have no control over their armies, except by the annual enactment of the mutiny bill, without which all military law would immediately cease. Even in England, the king, powerful as he is, dares not throw from his palace such a net, as that from which I am endeavouring to extricate my client.

I confess, in reading the general orders of the governour, I could not avoid being struck with the similarity of his claims with those of the King of Great Britain prior to our glorious revolution. The king raised standing armies in time of peace! Now if the governour can call out the militia whenever he pleases, and keep them out as long; and the State is obliged to pay them, and they are under the articles of war, wherein do they differ from a standing army? The King of England suspended the trial by jury, and made the militia independent of the civil authority. And does not your honour see, that if the governour's claim be correct, we are here in this court only by sufferance? Was such a power ever given by Rome to her dictators in time of peace? Does it belong to the President of the United States? Is it among the powers of any of the governours of States? And yet we all know that the executive of South-Carolina has less power under the constitution than any of these—that he is not consulted in the formation of a single law, and is literally a cypher in the government.

Allowing, however, that the Legislature did intend to invest the governour with so enormous a privilege, it is then to be considered what right under the con-

stitution, the legislature itself has to delegate such a power. And, thank God, whatever erratic course that body may choose to describe; however passion and prejudice may send it adrift from its true destiny, there exists in the constitution a rule to which it must submit, and in the independent judiciary of the state a power, whose control it must acknowledge. The 9th article of the constitution of South-Carolina, in the words of Magna Charta, provides for the trial by jury, and that no freeman shall be taken, imprisoned, &c. but by the judgment of his peers, or the *law of the land*. The words, the law of the land, mean the common law, or acts of parliament, down to the time of Edward 2d, which are considered as part of the common law, (*see Hale H. C. L.*) which does not in all cases require trial by peers. Now, it will not be pretended that in England, the common law, or the law of the land, ever authorized the enforcement of *martial law*. The whole existence and authority of the English military code depends upon the annual enactment of the mutiny bill. And those only can be subject to that code, who have made themselves liable, by personally contracting with the government to serve in the army or navy. Whatever is true of the British constitution on this point, must be *a fortiori* true of our constitution. Then, I assert, that the law of this land, prior to our constitution, and that constitution itself, are opposed to the authority of martial law, and that all which they tolerate is the infliction of military penalties upon our soldiers and seamen, who have voluntarily enlisted, and whose case bears no affinity to that of the citizens of

Charleston. Then, if the act of 1794, give the power contended for—your honour will doubtless decide, that it was improperly and unconstitutionally given, the rather, when you recur to the decision in the case of Zylstra, (1 *Bay*, 375,) in which it was determined, that a Legislative act, giving jurisdiction to the City Court, in cases of property merely, was unconstitutional; and the case of Bowman *et al. vs.* Middleton, (1 *Bay*, 252,) where a law of the state, transferring the right of freehold from one man to another, was declared *ipso facto*, void; and again, the case of Ham, *qui tam vs.* M'Clures, where the principle was recognized, that the letters of the statute should be disregarded because they were in violation of the principles of common sense.

The Constitution of the United States, 5th article of the amendments, says, "no person shall be held to answer for a capital, or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the militia, *when in actual* service, in time of war, or public danger." Now the prisoner is charged, and attempted to be tried for his life in direct violation of this article.—But we are told that unless the commander in chief can enforce the rules and articles of war upon our citizens, great injury will result to the State, and that we shall not be able to resist the enemy. This we have now, for the first time, learned,—although the law has existed nineteen years, during which period, we have been once before at war, and yet no fears were excited, no complaints heard, no charges of inefficiency in the laws, no claims for

power in the executive made until this time. It is my conscientious belief, that the executive has as much power as is necessary, given him even in the law of 1794, although it may not be exactly in the 11th section. And, I believe, moreover, that the strong pledge for the security of the State, is to be found in the affection, the spirit and patriotism of the people; not in their servility or fear!

It was proper then, may it please your honour, that the prisoner should be thus early rescued from the military court, and brought before the courts of common law. The members of the court-martial, for whom I have the highest respect, doubtless, had no intention to violate the laws of the country, which indeed, they could not do, even under the orders of the governour, without being personally liable. They had, however, overruled numerous exceptions to their jurisdiction, and it was fruitless to urge them further.

Should your honour confirm the power claimed by the commander in chief, I pray you to look to the ruinous consequences which must ensue. Every subaltern in the State will have a portion of this power, and will become a petty tyrant. For this is an arterial impulse, and will circulate, even to the extremities of the body politic.

I have thus adduced to the court all the law and reasoning which my feeble talents have suggested to me for the vindication of my client, and the public rights. If they shall be deemed insufficient, if the doctrine of my friends, aided by their ingenuity, is to prevail among us, what time so fit, what place so

appropriate as this, for the valedictory of freedom? Farewell, justice, thou bright emblem of Deity! Farewell, these sacred walls, which have so long witnessed the triumphs of law and liberty! Farewell, ye reverend ministers of justice! who have been wont to hold the ægis of Minerva over the people's rights! Farewell, thou spirit of Liberty! who, we had fondly hoped wouldst have eternally resided among us, boast of our ancestry, solace of ourselves, hope of our posterity!

Liberty, in truth, hath not fled, may it please your honour, but she has been led captive into the temple of Mars. The common law and the statute law, her most inestimable jewels, have been forcibly taken from her. On her head there is a helmet, on her feet irons, on her body a coat of mail, and the articles of war are suspended around her neck. God knows what dreadful metamorphosis she is destined to encounter. Who will recognise Liberty after she is drilled?

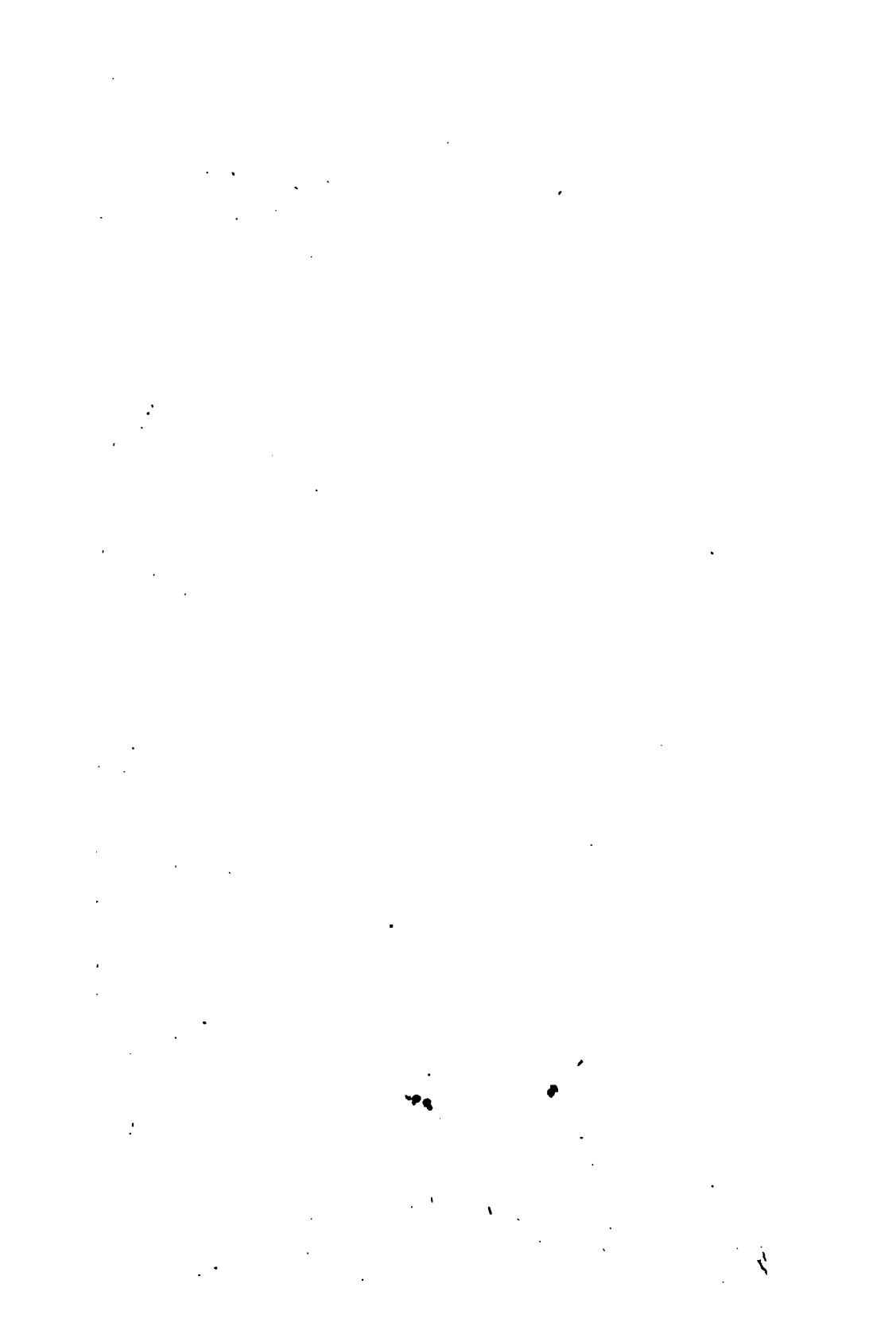
Let the minister of justice fly to her relief. O! give not the virgin form of liberty to the unhallowed embraces of the soldier! Go, may it please your honour, into the temple of Mars, cut asunder the fetters which bind the victim to the altar, and restore the peace and tranquillity of the State. And among the many bright and cheering recollections with which your honour's mind must teem, at the review of a long and well spent life devoted to the public, there will be none which shall transcend or equal this—that when the freedom of the State was vitally assailed—the trial by jury endangered—the com-

mon law set at defiance—the lives of the people illegally jeopardized—and the temples of justice attacked by a military battering ram, your honour raised your venerable form on the threshold of usurpation, nobly, fearlessly, honourably stepped forward, and **HELD THE SHIELD OF JUSTICE OVER AFFLICTED LIBERTY!**

ORATIO VALEDICTORIA

CANTABRIGIÆ PUBLICE HABITA, A COLL. HARV. ALUMNO, GRADU
MAGISTRALI DONANDO.

SAT ceremoniæ, satque verborum, "tempus est abire." Hodie, amici, linguam Graïam, ore rotundo loquendam, Latinam quâ nil elegantius, Anglicam, quâ nil copiosius esse potest, multâ voce audivistis, et mihi fessas advertitis aures. Sola defuit lingua Hebraica, dulciloqua, diviniter orta, olim apud nos magno culta honore, nunc veró, miserabile dictu, humilis atque contempta! Sed juvenis orator, meliora pollicens, virgines, et musa maximè juvans, hic affuere; cantuque vario resonat æer. Nil superest nisi ut vos, quos vel amor scientiæ, vel turba, vel clamor, aliquidve aliud huc vocavit, pro more usitato dimittamus. Non multa loquar. Amicorum discessum lachrymæ magis quam verba notarent. Tam jucunda verò præsentia vestra, tanta vis superba formæ, et tam mihi placent virginum ora in me conversa, ut vereor, ne munus omnino obliviscar, et triste VALE dicere nequeam. Nec etiam necesse est. Jamjam plerique abituri, omnes, Dii immortales, "Ohe satis est," clamaturi esse videntur. Impransos non oratio mea, non dicta Catonis, non Ciceronis facundia dulcis, nil denique, nisi vincula, in hoc templo retinere potest. Socrates ipse celeberrimus, cum



SPEECH

DELIVERED IN THE LEGISLATURE OF THE STATE OF SOUTH-CAROLINA, IN DECEMBER, 1813, ON THE BILL FOR THE REPEAL OF THE FREE SCHOOL ACT.

MR. SPEAKER,

I cannot refrain from expressing my surprise and sorrow at the proposition, which I must regard as barbarous, to close the recently opened avenues of education—to perpetuate ignorance, and to extinguish light and learning. And considering with how much pride I recur to the small share, which I fortunately had in the creation of the schools now attempted to be abolished, I feel it my duty, as it is my delight, especially to vindicate them.

Sir, in my opinion, all the sins of the last Legislature were redeemed by that noble act of wisdom and munificence. I think, sir, that I now hear the anthem of praise, and the grateful song of our remote posterity. I see light penetrating the recesses of the forest, revealing its treasures, its beauties, its stores of moral, mental and physical wealth. I see happiness, diffused with information, merit drawn from obscurity, and patriotism gathering fruit from the desert.

This Hall, in which we legislate, is appropriately placed on a lofty and solitary eminence; and our prospect is as extensive as the powers of vision.

Is it not afflicting, that we should behold nothing but a wilderness?—that the eye rests once only on a village, and scarcely once on a cultivated plain? Yet, sir, dark and deep as is the natural scenery around us, deeper and darker are the human pictures it contains. Who that has seen man in a high state of improvement—in the midst of the arts and sciences—actuated by the desire, and blest with the means of usefulness—full of noble ambition, and gaining in their turn all its honourable rewards—who, I say, can appreciate the immense disparity between such an individual, and the unhappy being, born and living and dying in penury and ignorance?

Sir, my compassion is always painfully excited by the condition of many of the country people, whom I see on my journey here. Without education themselves, or the means of imparting it to their children, how many sources of happiness and utility to them are for ever closed! How much of intellect is there running wild and waste! How much of manly ardour and sensibility, without an object to elicit them! How much helplessness against the misfortunes of life! How much of the vice and misery which are the lot of ignorance!

In several of their lowly cottages, I have seen signs of those mental fires, that are doomed to struggle in vain for exercise and display. I have seen beauty buried in obscurity, as in a premature grave—and genius, unconscious of its aim or its powers, indolent and useless.

As I pitied their situation—I was delighted with their relief. When we addressed these humble in-

habitants of the woods, and proffered the means of instruction on behalf of the state, we were as wise as we were liberal. We consulted their happiness not more than the state's. We unveiled to them their duties, and their rights. We extended the horizon of their hopes, and their views. We opened to them a new world, hitherto occupied by the rich almost exclusively, and rescuing them from their obscure destiny, we bade them aspire after all the meeds of emulation.

We raised an infant corps of future patriots—and that year was fruitful in children for the State. Learning never produced ingratitude, and from those infants thus adopted, patriotism may look for ornaments and sacrifices. In the course of two years six thousand poor children have been partially instructed, and the State expends thirty thousand dollars—in several instances returning to Districts for the education of their poor, a larger amount than it receives from them in taxes. Now, sir, if only one of those six thousand, should in the day of peril defend this nation, and like Perry cover this country with the mantle of his own glory—if only one of them in the holy offices of religion should illumine the path of virtue and piety—if only one of them should ably advocate in the Senate, the liberties of the country, and the rights of the people—for one such individual, thirty thousand dollars would be a cheap equivalent. To say nothing of that more numerous but not less important class, who would be hereby fitted for the unambitious but useful offices of private life.

But it appears, all such pleasing hopes are to terminate. The children of the poor are to be torn from the fountains of learning, as soon as they have tasted them, and the reign of ignorance is to be revived.

It grieves me, sir, that a solitary individual on this floor, should advocate the abolition of the Free Schools—but that the venerable Member from Edgefield, one of their former friends, should at the close of his long and patriotic career, exert his influence to destroy them, seeing the good they have done, and the greater which they promise, is equally surprising and painful.

If I could analyze the feelings of that gentleman, I might discover much manly exultation at the reflection, that his vote had contributed to establish this noble asylum of unfortunate innocents. I did not think he could find it in his heart to turn the little ones out, so soon—when they have scarce learned to read his name among their benefactors, and dream not that they ever will find it among their foes.

Let him look back, and rejoice, that this institution so flourishes even in the bud. Let him look forward, and anticipating the fruit which it will bear and the bounties it will dispense, let him recoil from the meditated blow, and throw away the axe with which he assails its root. What will be his feelings when it is prostrate—leafless and desolate?

It is urged, that owing to the sparse population of one or two districts, the free schools there, are comparatively useless—and therefore the whole system ought to be abolished. This evil, time will of itself

remove; and what kind of inference is that which would abolish a general good to get rid of a partial ill? There is a cloud, Mr. Speaker, which the sun cannot penetrate—why does he shine at all? There are rocks impenetrable to the dews of Heaven—why are not showers withheld altogether? There are barren places that produce nothing—why is not agriculture abandoned? No Sir, let us rejoice in the good we have done, and regret not that we cannot do every thing at once.

It is contended, that the children should be boarded, as well as educated at the public expense, because their School-Rooms are remote from their homes. The evil may be remedied by their occasional removal, and it is obvious that the measure proposed would be costly and ruinous.

One gentleman has said, that his constituents disdain to be enlightened at the public expense. Pride, Sir, is no friend to wisdom, and let it be remembered, that many, very many of his constituents, have not the means of private instruction. I am sorry if he has correctly said of these, that they disdain our assistance, or in other words disdain to be enlightened at all. In that event unfortunately they are not singular. The Barbarians who overran Rome, breaking up the trophies of her genius and arms, like the gentleman's constituents, disdained to be enlightened. The aborigines of this country hug themselves up in their native sensuality, and like the gentleman's constituents, disdained to be enlightened. The mole, who hides himself in a cavern from the rays of the Sun,

like the gentleman's constituents, disdains to be enlightened.

Nothing is said Sir, of abolishing the college—we can sympathise with the rich—why abolish the Free-Schools? Have we no sympathies for the poor? If you will **do one** you will accomplish the other:—those are blind who wage war upon letters.

Sir, I am astonished at the opposition of the upper districts to the Free-Schools. They beat us hollow in population, and when population shall be thoroughly enlightened, our influence, in the low country, is gone for ever. But, Sir, I contend not for the state in our character as legislators—the name of our people—our rank in the union, and with the wise and good all over the world, will be affected by our decision. Let us do nothing to tarnish them.

If we do abolish Free-Schools, let the eagle be removed from over your head, Mr. Speaker. It is the image of a bird that lives upon light. It cannot endure darkness. Either shroud it in mourning, or send it away.

ESSAYS.



ESSAYS.

REDUCTION OF THE ARMY.

(WRITTEN IN 1821.)

ON the eve of acquiring a foreign territory, inhabited by strangers to our government, and savages in whose bosoms still lurk the seeds of hostility—at a season when large and expensive fortifications have been erected, and are still in progress for the protection of our bays, harbours, and western frontier,—at such a moment does the House of Representatives of the United States, deem it proper and expedient to disband nearly half of our gallant army, and to reduce the country as far as in them lies, to the liability of insult, and what is more painful, the consciousness of imbecility. And all this for *economy*! What is economy in the vocabulary of a Statesman? The proper management of national affairs—every thing procured that is necessary of the best materials, and at the cheapest rate. What is economy in the mouth of a demagogue? The saving of money that he may

show to his constituents, that he did not vote to spend their dollars, and that he deserves to be re-elected. Popularity being with men of that description, paramount to the honour, the happiness, and the glory of their country.

An enlightened Statesman, before he sanctioned an important measure, would determine whether it tended to impair the reputation or credit of his country; whether it diminished her security and rendered her less feared or respected than she had been; and knowing how essential among nations is the reputation of strength, and how wise always are the preventives of caution, he would oppose a measure involving these consequences, and support the character of his country, at any sacrifice. He would not need to be reminded of the Farewell Address of Washington, in which that great man, who was wisdom personified, records the just sentiment, that "danger is often avoided more easily, than it is repelled, and that false security invites attack." And is this a lesson which our statesmen have to learn? With an immense territory liable to the daily irruptions of the savages; with an indefinite sea-coast exposed to the depredations of marauders and pirates; with the ashes of the Capitol under their feet, do they require to be told how wise is parsimony, and how secure is weakness? It is not many years since a Secretary of War was employed in the midst of a campaign, in cheapening stockings for the army; and our sage legislators at present are striving to strip the nation of its defence, although they leave it naked. One soldier for two

hundred and eighty-eight square miles! One soldier for every sixteen hundred and sixty-six inhabitants.

Fortresses are well known to be of equivocal benefit; if you have not the ability to retain them, they become citadels for the enemy. What then shall we think of those politicians who ordered the extensive fortifications in the Chesapeake and elsewhere, and then by reducing the army, precluded the possibility of manning them even with men enough to preserve them from ruin? If the army consists of 6000 only, the quota for Charleston harbour will consist of *eighteen*—six a-piece for Fort Moultrie, Fort Johnson, and Castle Pinckney. And is it so soon forgotten how Captain Love in a little British sloop of War, bearded us in our very harbour in time of peace, and actually threatened to take our forts if any efforts should be made by them in support of our violated laws? Is it not freshly written in the blood of our citizens how treacherous is the savage, how impotent with him is every impulse, except that of fear? And is it proposed to protect our citizens, who may emigrate to Florida by a reliance on the loyalty of the Spaniard, or the humanity of the Indian? Are not foreign acquisitions moulded with difficulty, into allegiance to our laws, and affection for our Union? Was not Louisiana the destined seat of rebellion and civil war? And is it proposed to occupy Florida in the garb of Pilgrims? The truth is, if this country cannot afford to maintain ten thousand soldiers, it must be bankrupt. And yet its means are daily increasing, and it must be a profligate expenditure only which can exhaust or defeat them. The country

must be defended at any rate, and in cases of emergency which must necessarily arise, the public purse will gain as little as the public character by substituting a raw militia man for a disciplined soldier. It looks well for General ***** of this State, to reduce the army to insignificance, who did so much in the last war to bring the militia into ridicule.

So much for the expediency of reducing the army as a national measure: but a crowd of interesting reflections mingle with it, and mark it for censure. Is it nothing to impair, if not destroy that confidence in the government which induces high-minded men to leave the pursuits of civil life for the profession of arms? Is this no longer to be a profession in our Republic, which men of genius may study with the noble desire of serving their country, and the hope at least of earning a competency for themselves? Is military experience, and valour, and fame, so cheap that we may dispense with all which we have, and expect to find it always in market when we want it? Dean Swift humorously remarked, that the Roman civic wreath might be bought for two pence—and our economical legislators forgetting that the laurel is the growth of time, think that they may cut down all its towering branches if they leave its root undisturbed and its trunk six feet high. Let the youthful ensign repress his ambition, lest he should reach the dangerous eminence of Jackson, Brown, Gaines, Scott, and other benefactors of the nation, and be told, the government cannot afford to pay you, and the army can do without you. What is this but to go into the field, without a flint in your musket?

What is it but to quench the fires which give warmth and light to the military character, and to hide from the soldier's view the plumes which he followed through danger to triumph? What is it but to illustrate the ingratitude of Republics, and what is worse, the mercenary littleness with which great nations may cheapen their character abroad and at home? Let us hope that the wisdom of the Senate may arrest the proceeding. If not, we presume the next victim will be the Navy—and we shall see some compting-house clerk pulling down our glorious ensign from its appropriate eminence, and reducing into dollars and cents the stars which shed such light upon our land, and which all our enemies strove in vain to eclipse or obscure.

DREAMS OF GOLD.

THE acquisition of Florida, while it affords to the nation a little more room for exercise, and to Congress (if it be a bad one) a little more room for wrangling, has served to fill the bosoms of individuals with a species of exhilarating gas, producing fantastic hopes and visions, singular in their appearance, and various in their exemplification. It would seem as if every wish was to be achieved in Florida, and every ill to terminate there—that with the soft facility of her own zephyrs, she is to yield to every solicitation, throwing entirely into the back

ground the cold and barren reserve of the old ladies of the connection.

We shall attempt a brief sketch of the enthusiastic excitement which has grown out of the simple proposition, "Florida is ours." On the annunciation of this important fact, the speculator in land says to himself, "I made a bargain some time since with the government; it turned out to be a bad one, it is true, but the government with much kindness (not much cunning however) let me off. Now it does not require much courage to make another contract, because if it fails, I shall be released, and the profits are all mine. Besides, the profits are certain; for if the land be low and wet, it will suit for the culture of rice; if dry, it will be good for cotton; if marshy, excellent for manures; if a river be near, appropriate for trade; if the river be remote, secure from freshets; if woody, it will yield ship-timber; if pine barren, just the spot for health; where the growth is lofty, abounding with oak, and where humble, the fragrant pine-apple and orange; if near Augustine, how secure from invasion; if near Pensacola, how accessible to commerce; if inhabited, what an inducement to settle on it; if uninhabited, what a site for a colony." Thus comprehensive in his views, eager in his wishes, and fertile in his illusions, the land speculator embarks for Augustine, with the anxiety of a bridegroom to behold his spouse.

Another set of enthusiasts are called, "Office Hunters." These are gentlemen who will do no work, unless the nation are their masters. They trust not to labour, nor to chance, nor to the con-

tracts or responsibilities of individuals! No! not they! They must be paid from the public treasury; they must be engaged by the year at least, if they cannot, as they prefer, be engaged for life. As the government is independent, it would be wrong to say that those are not so, who depend upon its favours. Now to illustrate the effects of the Florida purchase, and the establishment of a provincial government on these gentlemen; we will suppose that one office only is vacant, and that for this there are (and it is a moderate calculation) one hundred candidates. The new office being created, some process like the following passes simultaneously in the hearts of these hundred individuals, scattered over the Union, to wit—"I want an office—I deserve an office—I'll apply for an office—I am pretty sure of getting an office." Written applications follow, accompanied with recommendations (where they can be obtained) stating the peculiar aptitude of the candidate. The patient now enjoys a pleasing anxiety sustained by the consciousness of approaching elevation. He never dreams of defeat, but makes up his mind with stoical firmness, to abandon his home in quest of those honours which the scriptures deny to a prophet, except he be on his travels. Never once does it occur to these eager expectants, that as Cinderella's slipper belonged only to Cinderella, though all the girls in the universe should try to put it on; so an office can belong only to one individual, and it is useless for so many to try and squeeze themselves into it. When the numerous civil and judicial officers, Judges, Marshals, Collec-

tors, Clerks, Attorneys, &c. who are to grow out of the Florida treaty are considered, (and yet how disproportionate they are to the number of applicants) it is melancholy to think how few of the eggs over which vanity sits brooding, can produce any thing. Yet expectation is pleasing.

There is something exhilarating in this acquisition, to the professors of law. A title drawn in a strange language, must be to a certain degree obscure, and in a thinly settled country, difficult of demarcation. The changes of government former and recent, multiply difficulties. The American must pay for Spanish, and the Spaniard for American law; so that here is a string of inducements for this class of sharp-witted adventurers. A valetudinarian, who has been quietly waiting that Florida might be ceded, to go there for his health, has rejected all medical prescription, and relies for recovery on the orange groves of Augustine; and an epicure, who had recently visited it, on hearing the ratification of the treaty, turned contemptuously from the Charleston market, because in Florida, "he could buy a sheep-head for twelve cents."

The manufacturers of books and charts, are likely to gain by the cession. A new map has become necessary, to change a yellow line into a blue one; and a new History of Florida is announced, which can only contain one new fact, to wit,—its belonging to the United States.

It is pleasing to observe the bustle and anxiety which is thus produced. We do not believe that any marvellous profits will result to adventurers, although

that would be another source of pleasure if it should prove so. There is one view of the treaty which is a painful one. It recognizes as the maximum out of which the merchants are to be remunerated for Spanish spoliations on our commerce, the sum of five millions of dollars. It is understood that beyond this sum, Spain is released, and our government not liable. It is also understood, that the claims, far exceed the appropriation. They will consequently be paid only in certain proportions, and that probably at a distant period, all the demands being ascertained, before any can be paid. When the government yields the rights of its citizens, it ought in justice to assume them. It does not become a great nation to pay its debts like a bankrupt, by a dividend. It is to be feared that the compromise of our merchants' claims for wrongs long ago sustained and acknowledged, will afford to them but a partial, protracted, and unsatisfactory relief.

EUROPEAN PROSPECTS.

BLOOD is the aliment of Europe. Its crowded population pants for war, and sickens at the dullness of inactive peace. The agriculturalist rejoices, when his neighbour abandons the plough for the sword. The merchant is not displeased, when his competitor disappears from the ocean. The manufacturer, cares nothing who is naked, provided he can sell him cloth-

ing—and the trained mercenaries of war frowned upon that society, which gives them nothing to do.

Interest and ambition—the love of money and the love of fame—the restlessness of the inactive, the looseness of the dissolute—and the frenzy of the desperate—all tend to produce the love of war, and to furnish it with advocates and recruits. The wholesome propensities and occupations of peace, are too insipid for the palled appetite of the old countries. The freshness of nature has faded, and all with them is artifice and excitement.

War too in those countries is a trade. Destruction is a system. The changes and decompositions of nature are too slow, and its beautiful reproductions are too rapid for the cannon and the sword. War is the devotion of Europe. “*Open thou our mouths,*” wrote the fanatic Cromwell on his artillery, “*and our voices shall show forth thy praise;*” and is it not at this moment, the royal organ of piety proclaiming in the van of armies, the *merciful* decrees of the Holy Alliance? And does the Pope, the vicerent of Heaven, look on patiently, and not stretch out his venerable arm, to arrest the warrior marching on his unholy errand?

Is the minister of God neutral when innocence is oppressed, and despotism and madness combine to open the purple testament of bleeding war? Can it be true that the destinies of the earth, and the will of the Almighty are entrusted and revealed to the Holy Alliance? If it be, then resistance must be unavailing. But while there is a shadow of doubt on the subject—until complete and entire success shall

have sealed the sanction of their enterprise—may Spain, true to her renown and glory—Britain, the enlightened advocate of national freedom—France, the land of chivalry and valour—Germany, the source of religious and political light—and Holland, self-rescued and preserved from the waves and the wars—lend their heart, and their soul, and their skill, and their arms, to the cause of oppressed Liberty. And if all these be, as we trust they will, aloof and distant from this momentous struggle, still may the invaders of Italy perish! May VESUVIUS consume them in NAPLES, and ÆTNA destroy them in SICILY.

COMMERCIAL DEPRESSION.

WE must be excused from gravely discussing the question, if it be one, whether if labour be multiplied ten fold, it will produce more than formerly,—whether the earth, with most of its fields in cultivation, yields more, than when many of them were covered with forests, and many trodden down by war—whether mankind with a daily growing access of peaceful population, consumes less, than formerly, of the good things of this earth. These are inquiries, which answer themselves, and when answered, (as they may be readily by a child,) can we be at a loss to account for the stagnation of peaceful arts? Are we reduced to the absurd necessity of believing that mankind wear less clothes, and eat less, in order to account for the low price of rice and cotton?

It may be accounted for, we trust, without any such violation of common sense. The aggregate product of the earth, must be always greater than its consumption. Wherever life is intended to be preserved and propagated, the facilities of subsistence must always exceed the immediate demand. If there was no communication between different countries, each would contain within itself, an ample magazine, for its necessities. Labour would accommodate itself to the prevailing wants, and if properly regulated, the demand for various kinds of labour would be equal, and the prices uniform. Various causes, however, combine to affect the price of labour, and its product in various countries. Those who rely for supplies upon foreigners, are necessarily liable to the fluctuations of trade. War, in particular, by breaking up the pursuits of agriculture, and placing the musket in hands accustomed to the loom, raises the price of manufacturing and agricultural labour, and consequently of their products. The demand, that is, the necessity for these will always be equally great, where the population is the same; but the consumption will be less, because the article is dearer.

Now when war passes away, and restores the untilled land to the cultivator, and replaces the soldier at the loom and the plough—when the channels of industry are choked with myriads of competitors, does it surprise a statesman, that out of this abundance of labour and product—out of this universal struggle and rivalry, should occur a common depression of value of the various products of human industry? And if that depression be uniform, as it will be,

unless the application of labour be extremely injudicious, who has a right to complain? If a yard of cloth, can buy as much corn at the present time as it could formerly, and both be bought with less money, what does it prove, but that in times of peace, mankind must be content with smaller profits, and more equal advances—that the consumption is never retarded, though sometimes the labour may prove injudicious?

LAW REPORTS.

THE enormous and daily accumulating number of volumes of the English decisions, begins to startle and annoy the professional men of Great Britain, who, perhaps, will one day discover, that the preservation of liberty does not necessarily require or involve such complex and minute ramifications, and distinctions, as these volumes exhibit and unfold. We never acceded to the maxim, that the greater the restraint the greater the liberty—or that a particular rule was essential for every individual right.

Truth is immortal—Justice is simple; and it would be a pity, if a reasonable man, with honest intentions, could, after due application, mistake either. The great streams of jurisprudence are sufficiently obvious, and sufficiently useful, without picturing on maps every creek and rivulet.

When the rule is clear, the application is simple; and it is ridiculous, if not wicked, to obtrude on the

world, (with the claim of authority) decision after decision, reiterating that, which having been correctly decided, ought only once to be reported, and, if incorrect, ought not to be reported at all.

The law, in Great Britain, is the most servile of professions. According to their common law, which PENN in his simplicity pronounced *uncommon*, that only is right which is continuous. A principle is not correct, until it has run the gauntlet through a long lapse of time, and an incredible number of judges, each of whom plays upon the common law as he would upon an octave flute. There is nothing certain in this part of their judicial system. There every judge, to a certain degree, legislates; and when one of them speaks with reverence of the decrees of his predecessors, he intimates very clearly what he expects for his own. Tradition is excellent when it rescues what was lost, preserves what is ancient, and revives what is obsolete. But tradition necessarily implies uncertainty—and *right can never be uncertain*. Justice does not require to be reclaimed. The light of letters may grow dim, and perish; but the light of truth is everlasting.

We, therefore, conceive the multiplication of examples in a science, which professes to rely on precedent, to be a deviation from the reason of the rule, and painful and onerous to those who are required to be familiar with them. If there were, indeed, a selection from the general adjudications, of such decisions as fairly constitute exceptions to the general rules, or exhibit novel combinations or views of established principles—a publication of these would

be interesting and valuable. There may be, it is true, *new* cases, but we do not think there can be *new* principles, or in other words, *new* law. And yet, the common law consisting of the successive decrees of courts, it is obvious that the Judges in England have a controlling power over the law, which imparts a great interest to their decisions, and causes such anxiety to procure them. Now we prefer, in every respect, statute to judicial law. The first emanates, as it ought, from the chief authority of a state; it is promulgated officially, and is generally known. It works a general good, or a general evil. When erroneous, every body sees, feels, and complains of it; and when obnoxious, it will be repealed. An evil done in the other case, operates on individuals, excites little attention, but often does irreparable injury.

With these views and opinions, it would appear desirable that statute laws should, as far as possible, be made to include the various relations of men in society. The common law, (much good as it may have done in Great Britain) must necessarily expire of plethora. When the task of reading becomes intolerably burthensome, and intolerably expensive, men will begin to think for themselves. And after all *he* has little, that will avail him any where, whose mind is crowded even to satiety, with the thoughts and reflections of others.

The evil we allude to is growing among us; and we presume not many years hence, a lawyer will be expected to have in his office, in addition to the British cases, those of our sister States, from Maine to Louisiana.

DIVISION OF LABOUR.*

"One science only can one genius fit,
So vast is art, so narrow human wit."

THE maxim of Pope has been narrowed, and it is customary to separate pursuits, between which, there had scarce been a shadow of difference, in order, as it would seem, to produce that perfection, which arises from the uninterrupted and assiduous study of a subject however minute. The number of trades, connected with the formation of a pin, is an amusing illustration of this truth, which has been carried so far even in this country, as to annul in some places, the co-partnership of the barbers and hair dressers, making them independent of each other.

Our courts of law, however, exhibit an entire reverse of the rule. Instead of a lawyer confining himself to one system of law, he is "*toujours pret*," as Blackstone says, in them all—and if he be tolerably popular, may hear his name called at the same moment, in three or four distinct courts. It is fortunate that the courts are within hearing of each other. One pair of stairs converts an attorney into a solicitor—a declaration into a libel, or a bill in equity; and changes the whole subject matter, and rules of discussion. Still, in all these changes, the lawyer remains the same—like Pertinax. Single in the play, adapting himself with profit and facility to them all.

* Particular reference is had in this article to legal practice, and the structure of the Court-House in Charleston.

There is fortunately some rule of precedence, which governs him in these perplexing calls. The Court of Common Pleas yields to the Constitutional Court, the Constitutional Court, to the Court of the United States—and the United States Court, to nobody.

During the conflicting sitting of these Courts, accompanied sometimes by the Municipal Court, a client may speculate as follows, on the trial of his case: if my opponent is ready and willing to go to trial—and my witnesses and his witnesses are ready—and neither my counsel nor the opposite counsel are engaged in the Court of Common Pleas, nor in the Court of Equity, nor in the Constitutional Court, nor in the Admiralty, nor in the Circuit Court of the United States—then my case stands an excellent chance to be tried in the Municipal Court, which courteously yields to them all. Would it not be well to classify the lawyers—to divide their numbers in reference to the Courts—to give a fair proportion of talent and learning to each, in the ratio in which it requires it; and not to leave the proceedings in one Court stationary, to enable another to proceed?

CONVENTIONS.

THE frequency of State Conventions to alter and amend the Constitution, does not augur favourably for the duration of our Republican Institutions. The fundamental law of a community, presupposes much wisdom, and reflection, and unanimity, in its

adoption. It is the cardinal rule, in which all acquiesce, the expression of important and unquestionable principles. Once established, so far as it is wise, it will control the prosperity of the community—being the pledge of its security and the assurance of its power. It should, above all things, be permanent, bearing a close resemblance as it does, to the foundation of an edifice, which is buried under the earth, that no curious observer may spy out its defects, and attempt to innovate upon it. Now, as the strength of the foundation is chiefly discoverable in the superstructure which it supports, so the strength of a political constitution is best ascertained by the blessings which grow out of it. And as it is perfectly safe, and sometimes expedient, to alter the portico, the balcony or the roof of an edifice—but unwise if it can be avoided, and dangerous to meddle with its foundation, lest you undermine and destroy it—so may we with propriety amend and alter the minor regulations of the State, leaving in sacred security its original charter. Consistency is beautiful even in itself; but consistency in legislation is all-important. Invade one established principle, and you set them all afloat. As the world advances in learning and in light, new truths will arise, and amendments will suggest themselves to the wisest legislator; but if every thing new is to be adopted, and every thing old to be discarded, nothing will be constant but change.

The fluctuating fortunes of France during her revolution, grew out of the perpetual fickleness of her government, which changing every day its shape

and its hue, exhibited a succession of tyrants, more intolerable in their sway, than ever would have been a long unbroken line of hereditary despotism. *Constitution-making* was reduced to a system and a trade; and the Abbé Sieyes could equip nations from his pigeon-holes, as a merchant tailor would furnish an individual from his ward-robe.

Now it is scarcely credible, that in the U. States, or any of them, there should at this early period of our history, exist any over-weening desire to alter the fundamental institutions of the State. One would think that the elements of the system, had scarcely acquired adhesion and symmetry, or been moulded into strength, when it is proposed to sever and dis-unite them, for the purpose of forming new combinations. Thus it is, that the spirit of innovation is for ever at war with experience, wisdom, and antiquity. And yet antiquity of itself is beautiful, like the drapery of moss on the venerable oak. But in politics, antiquity is revered. It gives character to a nation, and ancestry to states—connecting the past, the present, and the future, in a common bond of affection and renown.

What is new, is to a certain degree strange, and must be experimental. The common consent of mankind, therefore, regards with distrust every effort to innovate on state constitutions.

We cannot then but regret to perceive the popular propensity to re-model existing systems. Partial benefits may result, slight blemishes may be removed; but the whole fabric shakes and trembles as in the

concussion of a tornado, which sometimes lays a structure in ruins, while proving its strength.



AMERICA.

Who shall rejoice in his country, if it be not the American citizen? Who shall fill the temple of the Almighty with praise and thanksgiving, if it be not the people of the United States? What land, if it be not the territory of our republic, exhibits sinless monuments of national prosperity, and unalloyed sources of exultation and joy?

To be exempt from the superstition of rank, the superstition of power, and the superstition of bigotry—to be blest with a country reserved for thousands of years, from the knowledge and the grasp, and the contamination of Europe—preserved virginal and pure, that it might in one happy moment, develop at once all the beauties of History, and form in political infancy the fair model of the universe—to have acquired all the reverence, which belongs to antiquity, without the sins, or the weakness, or the degeneracy of age—to start like Minerva, from the cradle to the throne of wisdom and empire—to be known only as an example—to have displayed in the wild woods of America, the knowledge of government, the noble enthusiasm, the free spirit, the undaunted firmness, which the Greeks and the Romans, in the days of their glory, poured on the astonished vision of mankind, dazzling and confounding

them, and leaving them in the irretrievable obscurity of the dark ages—to be, in a great measure, exempt from the dangers, which assailed and destroyed Greek and Roman liberty: these are some of the sweet and consolatory characteristics of the AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

What period of modern history, down to the era of our revolution, was calculated to remind the world of the fine spirits, the superiour legislators, the devoted champions, and the eloquent advocates, of Greece and of Rome? Where, in that long interval were buried these mighty models of mankind? Where was the influence of their sentiments, their actions, and their lives, on feudal savages and cloistered monks? It would seem as if the reformation, and the discovery of America, and of the art of Printing, had been designed as contemporaneous indications of a new government, renewing and restoring, and exhibiting again, warm to the life, the beautiful images of ancient liberty. Here, if any where, would Plato recognize his republic, and Socrates his country—Solon, and Lycurgus would behold the spirit of their laws in our own—and the expansive benevolence and glowing oratory of Cicero, would find themes of delight in our Republican institutions.



PEACE SOCIETIES.

THE Emperor Alexander has, we hope, ere this, been read out of the Peace Society of Massachusetts for his agency in the Neapolitan war. Like a shark

escaping through a seine, he remains with the little fish, only as long as it suits him, and leaves them unconcernedly under restraints, which he himself disregards. This is a fair opportunity to remark how futile all such associations must prove, except in a case, like the following. If, for instance, the Presidents, Kings and Emperors, who hold the sword and the sceptre over the various parts of the globe, should combine in a permanent treaty of amity and peace, there would be much to praise in the design, and something to hope for in its accomplishment. But a society of private individuals, can at most, hope to maintain jurisdiction over their own number, and to keep the peace among themselves. This truth has been fairly and fully illustrated by the example of the Quakers. From the days of George Fox, the founder of that sect, down to the present time, has war ceased or diminished its ravages, or have the evil passions lost their influence over the counsels of nations? Are there not exceptions, even in the code of the Quakers, which in some instances sanction or excuse war? The assembly of Pennsylvania, during the revolutionary struggle, who could not conscientiously vote an appropriation of gunpowder to Congress, obtained while they endeavoured to conceal their object by a donation of *grain*.

It is fair and laudable to propagate in a community, those doctrines and principles, the dissemination of which tends either immediately or remotely, to the good of society. But there is, we think, something presumptuous in giving to a private institution, a name which conveys a desire to control national

counsels, either abroad or at home. Such an attempt must necessarily be abortive. For instance, if Charleston should form a Peace Society, embracing all the voters in the city, they could elect only one Member of Congress. He of course would be a peace member, and being alone, could not well quarrel with himself. But what influence would he derive in Congress from the circumstance that his constituents were friendly to peace? In this country, where the administration is happily wedded to the honour and the prosperity of the country, and there is not the slightest danger of an unnecessary, or an impolitic war, the establishment of a peace society seems to us to be an act of supererogation.

SLANDER ON THE SOUTH.

CHEERFUL topics, harmonious intercourse, reciprocal good offices, accord so much with our disposition and feelings, that we turn from them with reluctance, even for a while, although it be to expose evil and injurious aspersions on the character of this State, and our brethren of the South. It is melancholy, that in any part of the Union, men should find it their interest to misunderstand and misrepresent us.

But unfortunately so it is. It appears that at a meeting of the Society of Friends, in Great Britain, a report was made, detailing the atrocities committed by the Spaniards and the French, in the prosecution of the Slave Trade. Two instances, in particular,

American vessels, the *Science*, the *Endymion* and the *Plattsburgh*, seized recently for carrying on this detestable trade, were all of them fitted out in New-York. A very appropriate place forsooth to fulminate anathemas against us barbarians of the South.

The Editor of the "Connecticut Journal," also, has blended with an attack upon the Honourable Mr. Clay, much abuse of the Southern States generally, and of South-Carolina, and Charleston, in particular. If, as he states, the people of the South are false pretenders to most of the virtues, there is one at least in which they are sincere—they never feel unmerited abuse, nor cherish resentful thoughts. If it be true that they have no religion (as we heard once from the lips of Dr. Dwight himself) they have at least that scriptural generosity, which "returns good for evil." It is thus, therefore, that we would retaliate in behalf of South-Carolina. We love the State of Connecticut for its fine college; its beautiful varieties of hill and dale—its facilities of natural science—its humane asylums for the deaf and dumb—its equal distribution of property—the general correct demeanour of the people, and the sweet intelligence of its ladies. Nothing can be gained in Carolina by abusing Connecticut. We are sorry if it be profitable in Connecticut to abuse Carolina. We belong to the same planetary system. Let us revolve with friendship in our destined orbits. It is for enemies to clash, brethren should harmonize.

The remarks alluded to, refer, as will readily be supposed, to the usual *dark* topic of invective. Even here the spirit of philanthropy induces us to sug-

gest, what we deem the only feasible project of attaining his wishes to this Connecticut Editor. Let him purchase all the female slaves south of the Potomac. Let him remove and emancipate them. He will then in twenty-one years have five votes, where we now have only three, and where in thirty years we should not in all probability have a solitary one. Let him pay our planters for their lands and their income, and they shall cease to cultivate; or if he will come and cultivate our lands himself, we have no objection to have *white* culture here, as they have *dry* culture in Georgia. Then, indeed, we should sink, as seems to be desired, into political insignificance.

The Editor of the "Connecticut Journal" will republish his Christian remarks upon us, and this our unchristian commentary on him.

But to conclude in a somewhat more earnest strain. Since it has become fashionable to scandalize our State, we must look around for consoling topics, which shall sustain us in something like content with ourselves. Nor need we look far. We venture to enumerate some of them at the risk of being deemed Pharisaical in our comparisons.

We rejoice that we live in a State, where no "alleviating law" ever defeated the administration of justice—where no mutinous spirit ever raised the standard of rebellion—where no facilities of divorce ever loosened the bands of society—where no sectarian spirit ever thwarted the path of philanthropy—where no false economy ever retarded the march of letters—where no state ambition ever shook the national

fabric—where no conscientious scruples ever relaxed the sinews of patriotism—where no villainous sympathies ever gave life and vigour to pirates and murderers—where no bank speculations ever involved character in the mazes of fraud—where religion was never the stepping stone of ambition, nor corruption the means of power.

“Let the galled jade wince,
Our withers are unwrung.”

DEBATES OF THE FEDERAL CONVENTION.

It appears that Mr. Madison is about to publish a work containing these important discussions, relating to the formation, the mould, and the features of our happy constitution. We shall have thus, always before us, the contemporaneous views of the enlightened sages and statesmen, who devised our plan of government, as to the powers intended to be given or withheld—as to the mutual concessions, required and accorded—as to the limits of the federal powers generally, and the *whole system* and *structure* of the fraternal fabric.

Such an employment well becomes the venerable leisure of a citizen, who having been greatly active in the most important assembly that ever convened in the western world, rescues from oblivion, and collects and preserves, for the information of posterity,

the oral wisdom, learning and eloquence which were displayed in devising and maturing the nobly written RECORD of LIBERTY. It is beautiful and praiseworthy in the survivor of so many departed Patriots, to employ the evening of his life in giving due place and perspicuousness to the arguments, opinions and labours of his less fortunate brethren, whom death has consigned to the grave, or time would veil in oblivion.

HOLY ALLIANCE.

THE STAGNANCY of DESPOTISM is disturbed. The lightning flashes on the deep recesses of the forest, and the thunder breaks on the silence of ages. The bosom of Royalty is disquieted. Its brain is feverish, and it puts forth its arm in impotent anger. The horizon glows with the streaks of light, and the morning of liberty dawns with unwelcome splendor on the benighted vision of kings. Thought assumes new and sublime shapes. The majesty of mind comes with the majesty of virtue, to dissipate the false greatness of forms and shadows. "*God hath numbered the kingdoms and finished them.*"

Fear is the principle of the Holy Alliance. Fear not of God, but of man; fear of the warrior in his chariot—fear of the student in his cell—fear of letters, fear of virtue, fear of happiness. The combined monarchs cluster together like miserable birds, the water rising rapidly and approaching to engulf them. Great good, can never be accomplished without partial mischief and misfortune. The deluge destroyed

in order to purify. The hour of light and liberty must arrive. The hand on the dial may be rashly pushed forward, and the folly of the Holy Alliance, may prematurely strike the knell of their destinies.

FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

THE Members of this assembly appear to be perfect novices in the art and decorum of parliamentary debate. Drawn from rival and lately hostile parties, they want that mutual confidence in each other, which effective legislation requires. They want moreover, that controlling courtesy, which modifies and conceals personal antipathies, restrains the expression of inimical sentiments, and studies persuasion, the silent requisite in popular assemblies. But chiefly do they want knowledge, and experience, in the order and discipline of parliamentary bodies, so that indeed it would appear, from their published debates, that they did every thing but deliberate. Hence we have speeches, interrupted by dialogue—and by interrogatory, and verbal reproach—members running to the tribune to speak, and the clamours of the disappointed, drowning the efforts of the successful. In short, it is painful to a friend of legislative discussion, to read such a narrative of its misunderstood and perverted uses. The truth is, this violent eagerness of declamation, results from the restraints on the liberty of the press—France is not free, while her press is restrained. Men who are not

allowed to read, will necessarily suspect their rulers of deception—men who are not allowed to write, will give greater latitude to their speech, and blend asperity with freedom.

GREECE. 1821.

RUSSIA dissembles no longer. The Muscovite marches on the Musselman. The Eagle pounces on the Pigeon of Mahomet. The inscription of Catharine, at Cherson, "*As she passes by, Caucasus shudders, and Byzantium trembles on her seven hills,*" seems like the voice of truth from the spirit of prophecy. Constantine, with his Greek Cadets, pants for the sceptre which his ancestor designed him, and the lapse of fifteen hundred years* may restore the name and the religion to the capital of the Greek Empire.

The revival of the Greek Republics, is an episode in the Russian drama—a popular accompaniment of the Czar's ambition. That the Tartar and the Cossack should redeem the land of Apollo and the Muses, and unenlightened hordes revive the song of Liberty on the heights of Olympus, on the banks of the Peneus, in the valley of Tempe! To rescue that classic ground from the degrading tyranny of the Mahometan superstition is an effort which might awaken and rally the sleeping spirits of the mighty dead. The genius of

* The seat of Empire was removed from Rome to Constantinople, A. D. 328.

place re-embodies the souls of the departed in the scenes of their celebrity. On the top of Mount Ossa the shade of Hercules, and the shade of Leonidas at its base, inspire strength, and confidence, and valour. Shall not Larissa conquer, which was the land of Achilles?—dwells not the spirit of Epaminondas on his victorious grave—shall Thebes forget the martial summons of Cadmus, and Philippi learn not, from Brutus, either to die, or to be free? Has Mycene lost Agamemnon, and Cephalonia, Ulysses? Where is Archimedes with his consuming glass—where Harmodius and Aristogeiton, their swords red with blood, and green with amaranth? Shall Ida, the birth place of Jupiter, and Delos of Latona, and Parnassus, the mountain of Poetry, be unmindful of their ancient altars, and inspired votaries? Shall not the games be revived at Olympia, and the mysteries of Ceres be renewed at Eleusis? Shall not Marathon again behold an Athenian triumph, and the shining sea of Marmora the wreck of the invader? Shall the ignorant Turk possess for ever Smyrna, where Homer was born, and Chæroneia, which gave birth to Plutarch? Will not the beautiful forms of heathen mythology expel from the classic groves, and vales, and gardens of Greece, the foul spectres of Turkish superstition? Will not the rivers as of old, take part in the conflict, and nature vindicate the renown and the glory of Greece?

But these are fairy illusions, dear to the eye of fancy, but disappearing from the sober gaze of truth. Common motives impel, and common results will determine the warlike march of Russia. “To conquer

Turkey and divide the spoil" was the open proposal of Catharine to Joseph of Austria, and then, as now, the feint was, "to revive the Greek Republics." When Catharine procured a Greek memorial from the inhabitants of the Archipelago, to take the throne of Greece, it was only to render her ambition palatable. *Qui s'excuse, s'accuse.* Plausible pretext availed the Russian court in the conquest and division of Poland. It is the same nation, with the same ambition with greater resources, without Poland to restrain her, that now invades Turkey. It is remarkable, the coincidence between the origin of the war in 1806, and that now waged in Turkey. Then the Hospodars of Wallachia and Moldavia, one of whom was Ypsilanti, being displaced as mutinous, the Russians made war against the Porte, from which the French diverted them. In these provinces, and generally through the Morea, Russian intrigue preserves and circulates the spirit of discontent, and causes it to explode whenever it pleases—so that now again in Wallachia and Moldavia, and again in the name of the injured Ypsilanti (one of the Greek Cadets) the tocsin is sounded; and while the banner glories in the inscription, 'Grecian Liberty,' the Czar aims at the sceptre of European Turkey.

PROGRESS OF PUBLIC OPINION. 1822.

It would afford a fertile theme for a comprehensive mind, to survey, analyze, and discuss the various changes which in the last twenty years, have taken

place, in the thoughts, interests and affections of mankind;—to mark, as they succeed each other with more or less force, the successive impulses which controlled society, and impelled it forward in a particular path, which for the time being, was always thought the correct course of action. The present always thinks well of itself. It is only for the future, duly to appreciate the past. From the dawn of the French Revolution which rose upon mankind, like a crimson star, doomed to revolve in an orbit of blood, down to the immortal battle of Waterloo, war was the aliment of the depraved appetites of men. Inveterate hatred justified the arms of the combatants on all sides, and neutral nations, our own for instance, looked with eagerness, and with self-satisfaction, at the opportunities of commercial profit, which the enmity of foreign nations proffered to our grasp.

The spirit of those times was warlike—No scruple of conscience then required the Prussian to pause in his designs on Turkey, or staid for a moment, the bloody career of the conqueror of Ismael. War was the universal cry, from the plains of Acres to the valleys of France; and sieges, battles and naval engagements, formed the interesting memorabilia of those times. The profession of arms advanced with incredible rapidity in public estimation, and merited that distinction, by an unexpected and unparalleled advance in discipline and military skill.

The times of which we speak have passed away. The spirit which actuated it, slumbers in repose. You scarcely hear the dying echo of the trumpets, and of the artillery, which roused, but a short time since,

the ardent spirits of this earth. A system, pacific in its character, has happily succeeded; and a new order of things begins to prevail. The enlightened moral sense of the people, dictates to the rulers of nations, and preserves them in the harmony of mutual deference and good-will. Russia tempted as she was to seize Constantinople, and to restore the name and the religion of Constantine to the control of European Turkey, sheathes reluctantly the sword which ambition and interest had drawn from its scabbard. Spain scarcely opposes the advancing emancipation of her revolted colonies.—And a state of universal peace, bids fair soon to rejoice the heart of the philanthropist, and to present a new spectacle for the observation of the speculative.

CONGRESS.

THE meeting of a new Congress is always attended with interest. It is like a new exhibition at Somerset-House, where we recognize with pleasure our old favourites, and look eagerly for the new specimens of genius which are brought into view, and the fresh acquisition of taste and talent. As there are chefs-d'œuvre in art, so there are master-spirits among statesmen—although it must be confessed, that the former are much more fastidious than the latter. A painting is tested, not by the merit of its neighbours or contemporaries, but by rules as ancient almost as the art itself. But of a member, whether

of Parliament or of Congress, we judge, not by comparing him with models even so recent as Pitt or as Sheridan, as Bayard or as Ames, but appreciate him in reference to his immediate associates. Some such accommodating standard gave celebrity to Lord Castlereagh, as a parliamentary speaker, and seduced some well-meaning people among us into the idea that Mr. ***** of Maine, is an *orator*!

The last Congress (the Missouri Congress) contained several highly gifted men; but the opinions and conduct of some of them seemed to us, at this distance, so unnatural and so dangerous, that our praise of them, like that of Richmond bestowed on Richard III. must be accompanied with a bitter reserve. While on the other hand, by their wise and conciliatory firmness, and the blended influence of their talents and their virtue, others, and particularly Mr. Lowndes and Mr. Clay, rose, if possible, in the affections of their countrymen. The former gentleman continues to adorn this State in the national councils; but the latter is gone to repose on his laurels in the privacy of retirement. Other distinguished individuals will no doubt be sent from various quarters of the country to Washington, if the people will reflect how important is the trust, and men of talents will forget how great is the sacrifice.

We might, without flattery, praise in advance one or two of the new delegation of South-Carolina in Congress. But it would be, we presume, like a provincial puff to an actor about to make his debut in the metropolis.

If the new Congress steers clear of the embarrassments of the last, it will still have many important, and we may say some imperative subjects of legislation. Of these we shall occasionally exhibit our views—being perfectly satisfied, that an American statesman, if he reads nothing else, always reads a newspaper.

The business of Congress, whatever be its nature, may be much expedited. In the British Parliament a debate is never adjourned over from day to day, but the decision is first taken. The legislatures of this country, with one or two of which we are familiar, do very seldom, if ever, adjourn without coming to a decision on the question before them. The consequence is, that on a subject being brought before either House, if the House wish information, the question is postponed; but if it be taken up, the leading men on both sides state their reasons *pro* and *con*—the House is as fully informed as it could be if addressed by every member—and the question is taken and decided. No time is given to prepare elaborate speeches, and ordinary men shrink from obtruding their crude ideas, after the enlightened efforts of their superiours. Now in Congress every thing is the reverse. Six days, in which were made ‘the heavens, and the earth, and the sea, and all that is in them,’ would go a very little way indeed to perfect a debate in Congress. By that time, indeed, they may penetrate the bark of the subject, but the inner covering is unaffected, and the heart is beyond the reach of nine-tenths of them. Take up a subject after it has been debated at Washington, and

you will find it exactly like a target, which has been exposed to a hundred cockneys. Missed entirely by a great many—a shot here and there in the borders and at the extremities, but precious few in the neighbourhood of the heart or the head. The truth is, and it is too serious to joke about, that the Representatives' Hall seems to be a school of declamation, a gymnasium for the tongue! and we, the sovereign people, are compelled to pay for their prize speeches without the privilege of hearing them. Some rule ought to be adopted to check this waste of time where time is most important.



LOTTERIES.

IF the prevailing propensity of our people was to be ascertained, it might be discovered, we think, in the zeal for purchasing lottery tickets and encouraging lotteries. Besides those who, in all countries, embark in schemes of this nature, the idler, impatient of labour,—the visionary dupe of fortune, and the desperate, forlornly reverting to chance—besides these, who make up the common practitioners in this most pernicious mode of gambling, there are other more innocent partakers in the mischief. Our country is new, every thing relating to it is experimental; it is, properly speaking, a land of adventure; and the general character of the people draws them readily into magnificent schemes of personal aggrandizement.

The want of large capital and resources, necessarily incident to young institutions, leads us, in great undertakings, to resort to the aid of lotteries. A pious man thinks it innocent to adventure in a lottery for the erection of a church, and a scholar will readily expose himself to the chance of being considered a dupe, if his mite be afforded to the promotion of letters. The charities, too, in their appeals to mankind, find it necessary to promise them something of reciprocity: for he who expects to receive tenfold of what he gives, finds no difficulty in being benevolent. Still, however, it should be remembered, that the principle of a lottery is adverse to the original design of society. We associate for the good and the happiness of the whole. We succeed as we increase the number of the happy, and diminish that of the unfortunate. Now lotteries are predicated upon the good fortune—the enormously disproportionate emolument of a few, at the expense of the disappointment, the impoverishment, the mental anxiety, the distress, and perhaps the utter ruin of many of their competitors. They exact a forced levy, which, if the arm of the law imposed it, would produce rebellion. If, for instance, a thousand men were required to pay ten dollars each, that one might have a purse of ten thousand, the whole would revolt. Yet state the same proposition in the shape of a lottery, print it in large letters, obtrude it upon the public eye from all the bookstores, and nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand will be gulled and duped.

We think that even the favours of fortune are unfortunate. They destroy the equilibrium of the feelings—derange the regularity of the habits and the affections—and cause an unnatural and destructive stimulus—

Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.

But the other side of the picture is dark and gloomy. When we consider the temptations which call forth in many innocent bosoms this latent and ruinous passion, we cannot but deprecate the insidious arts, while we deplore the necessities which afford it victims. A girl, for instance, doomed to obtain her livelihood by hard labour, sees her more fortunate neighbour as beautifully arrayed and as indolent as the lily of the valley, and throws her hard earned mite into the wheel, in the hope that its revolution may accord her a prize. If there were nothing in it but this, it would be painful to see innocence deceived, and poverty deprived of its all; but who knows or who can tell the miserable consequences of such a propensity and its indulgence? Ignorant and enthusiastic minds regard a lottery adventure as an appeal to Providence; and if they do not receive its favours, deem themselves at liberty to disregard its authority. A zeal for these speculations is a mental illusion, which fires and burns and hardens the affections, and then expires of itself in smoke.

Sheridan, whose heart was as purely benevolent, as his oratory was electric and powerful, threw some of the bright rays of his genius and his scorn on the

mischievous practices and ruinous devices attendant on lotteries. A broker in London told him, that he had seen in his trade so much distress and wretchedness, that he was in shame induced to abandon it. People, he said, began by pawning their jewels, then their portraits, then their wearing apparel, then the ornaments of their children, and at last, he said, he had seen them take the silver clasps from the shoes of their infants, and exchange them for a chance in a lottery. Such pictures of wretchedness, produced by this evil passion, may not, it is true, soon be exhibited in this country; but the tendency of the propensity is the same—and what is example but sweet substitute for experience?

AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.

If the public journals of a civilized country mark, as they unquestionably do, the state of public opinion and feeling, it is to be feared that no very favourable estimate will be made abroad in relation to our good manners, or social intercourse—so far especially as the newspaper discussions are observed which relate to the Presidency. It is melancholy, that the period has already past, when candidates for the chief magistracy of the nation were presented in the naked garb of truth, and recognized by the spontaneous gratitude, and applause of the people, regarding them as coadjutors in the immortal labours of their country's Independence. It is to be regretted that the people should

be deemed so ignorant of the rival candidates, at this time, as to induce the establishment, and patronage of presses throughout the Union, to assist the cause of some, and decry the reputation of others. Hence, many of our papers teem with nauseous flattery and revolting abuse. Character avails nothing in the contest—it is the art with which calumny can be insinuated—it is the force with which malice can be propelled.

And yet, it would seem, that Editors who would preserve their own self-respect, should abstain from lending their columns to party purposes—substituting men for measures, and degrading the means of truth, to the ends of ambition. For the decency of the public press, we wish the contest was already over—for the decency of the press, we hope, that the scurrility which prevails in relation to the subject, may be discontinued—and for the honour and safety of the people, we pray, that the time may never arrive, when *the subsidizing of a few newspapers shall make a President of these United States.*

While upon this topic, we may be allowed to suggest further, whether, granting it to be necessary that the Candidates for the Presidency should be spoken of in the scandalous terms which are lavished upon them, it be equally necessary that conductors of public journals should scandalize each other—and whether a paper, studying to be neutral in the controversy, and impartial to all the candidates, should not be allowed to pursue, in quiet, its *unambitious course.*

PENAL LAWS.

THERE is no problem of more difficult and fearful solution, than the adaptation of proper and sufficient penalties for crime. The example of Great Britain shows, that extreme severity avails nothing in the counteraction of offences against the laws of society, while it is equally clear, that a pervading lenity, amounting nearly to a toleration, would only be accessary to the progress of crime, and equivalent to a dissolution of society itself.

It is melancholy to think, and yet it is true, that we deteriorate as we advance in civilization; that the luxuries of society, tempt ambition to be rich, and avarice to be criminal; and the arts of society sharpen the ingenuity of fraud, while they minister to the comforts of innocence.

Civilized man, if he be wiser, if he be more useful, than man in a savage state, is more cunning and more formidable—having desires inconceivably multiplied, and equally numerous temptations to crime; for abundance only indicates want, and riches are the inevitable concomitant of poverty.

The frequency of crime is therefore little affected by the *positive* institutions of society, but depends entirely on its original structure, and its artificial situation. If a country present reasonable facilities of life and happiness, if the price of labour be adequate to

the support of industry, and an excess of population do not introduce such a competition as shall make labour valueless—few temptations to crime will exist in such a country, unless the institutions which control it, give certain immunities and privileges to the richer classes of society, so that poverty shall induce pining, and an unwillingness submissively to remain poor, while wealth on the other hand, shall be accompanied with other than its intrinsic advantages, and inspire pride in one class, and covetousness in the other. The state of nature, where the distinctions of wealth are unknown, must therefore be more free from crime, than the artificial state of luxury, *where every excess constitutes a want.*

A republic having no such distinct class of government as a wealthy aristocracy, will necessarily be more exempt from a violation of its laws, than a luxurious monarchy, where the acquisition of wealth is made by the state, the source of envy, and the means of power.

Thus, it depends upon the original frame of society, as it does on the original constitution of an individual, with what success, and how long it shall sustain and withstand the ravages of time, and throw off and escape the occasional and incidental injuries, to which every thing mortal is inevitably exposed.

Positive institutions can, at most, but curb and delay the propensity to dissolution, and keep in temporary life and vigour, the early and seminal principles of existence.

MANNER IN DEBATE.

CONCILIATION is the great art of debate. In a deliberative assembly, where the majority of wills is to be obtained, it is astonishing that any man, having the reputation of talents, should so far mistake his aim and his object, as to be deficient in courtesy to his associates. The authority of intellect is difficult enough to be sustained, even with all the blandishments of rhetoric. It is not like personal strength and majesty, palpable to the eye—nor like the soul-subduing fascination of beauty, thrilling through the fibres; it is an *authority founded on opinion*, on the opinion of your associates, as impalpable as the thoughts which cherish and support it; an ideal supremacy which men readily deny when they choose, and always acknowledge with reluctance. Therefore, is it an authority which can only permanently and happily rest upon the affections of discerning men, who are your contemporaries.

You can gain the affection of no man by insulting him; you impress no idea of your superiority by rudeness. Frowns are the arguments, and threats are the persuasives, of bullies. The brave despise, and the wise ridicule them. They are invariable symptoms of surrender and defeat.

An angry, supercilious speaker, on a legislative floor, is a positive injury to his constituents. Invest him with what renown you please, let his praise for mind be trumpeted from the forest to the sea-shore,

it avails nothing; place him in a situation, where he may be rude with impunity, and without the danger of impeachment, but do not send him to a deliberative assembly, to mar the beautiful art of persuasion with the very weapons of rhetoric.

NATIONAL REMINISCENCES.

As the scenes of the American Revolution begin to fade away, and grow distant in the horizon of Time—as the shadows of age blend and confuse, and obscure them, curiosity awakes to recover, and gratitude to perpetuate them. We cannot properly appreciate that with which we are familiar; and whatever can be approached with ease, is seldom approached with reverence, and never with awe.

We abandon the known for the obscure, and by investigation increase knowledge—we desert truth for fable, and thus again do we develope truth.

In moral as well as physical representations, certain dispositions of place, and light, and shade, are necessary to be preserved. It appears to be an immutable decree, that the present only can award tribute to the past, and must wait for tribute from the future. Domestic history, has its endearing recollections. The virtues of departed relatives, we sacredly gather from the wreck of time. Inanimate life has its memorials of interest, and the genius of place is as powerful as the genius of patriotism.

A nation is but an enlarged family. National and private sensibilities are the same; and these affections flow from one common source.

Analyze then the feelings which throb at the mention of American Liberty; and what are they? The pride of children for the virtues and achievements of their ancestors—the love of a patriot for a land identified with noble suffering, and signal valour—the affection of a citizen for the authors of his civil and political rights—the grateful admiration of an American, for the founders of the American Republic.

And is it surprising, that the operation of these combined motives should be visible, in the universal effort of the people of this country, in various ways, by the pen, by the chisel, by the pencil, to keep alive, and fresh, and prominent, the form and features of the Men of Liberty?

A just anxiety, and an awaking interest exists in the United States on these important topics. Our artists and our scholars, our writers in history, biography, and belles-letters, are gathering with laudable zeal, the materials of their country's honour, and producing them as incentives to the future exertion of her sons.

The period is an auspicious one. Time has carried them into distance, but not into obscurity; they are in the shade—but not in the dark—like the oak, clad in the venerable drapery of moss.

CAROLINE, QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

"Go, mortal of reflective soul,
And view the billows as they roll;
In sad succession to the shore,
They rise, and break, and foam, and then are seen no more!
Thus hourly short-lived mortals go
To crowd the darken'd strand;
Alike the mighty and the low
A melancholy band."

THE death of the Queen of England is not an event to be passed over without comment. It is for the obscure only to disappear in silence, descending at once into the grave and oblivion. It is with the humble only that the world ceases to be busy, when it sees them no more, and enmity seals an everlasting truce.

But the great, whether for good or for evil, history retains upon the stage to await, like the monarchs of Egypt, the posthumous decrees of posterity. Of posterity, whose decisions are founded not on the imperfect, prejudiced and erroneous impressions of contemporaries, but the fair and impartial comparison of acknowledged truths, tested by the application of the immortal rules of justice, and preserved among the lasting monuments of time.

On their immediate survivors, the dead have this melancholy claim, to be exempt from their censure, their contempt, or their hate, as being removed by the Almighty from the power of mortal suffering or injury, and summoned to his awful and final tribu-

al. The dead are entitled to this courtesy from the living, that there be praise for their virtues, forgiveness for their sins, compassion for their sorrows, and prayers, for their resurrection and eternal life. Grief is beautiful when bending over the grave: but the deformity of hell belongs to him, who goes there to revile.

The high rank of her ancestry, and the splendour of her nuptial alliance, entitled the Queen of England, to no small share of the observance of mankind. Her sudden abandonment by her husband—her real degradation, throwing her nominal rank into a withering shade—her early misfortunes, darkly eclipsing the short day of happiness—the assaults on her character from a quarter which owed her love and protection; her vindication, painful and humiliating, and difficult; a monarch for her accuser, and *his* creatures for her *Judges*—in exile when at the house of her husband, watched with suspicion in Great Britain, pursued by suspicion abroad—a wife, denied the society of her spouse—a mother torn from the embraces of her daughter in prosperity, and denied her last adieu in death—her father in his grave, and her brother at his side—it fell to the Princess of Wales to become the Queen of England.

Where should the Queen of England be except in its metropolis? She hastened thither from the continent; but the government sent messengers to warn her away, and to threaten her approach, with prosecutions, and divorce, and the scaffold. Charges not the less terrible for being obscure, were made by her own cousin and consort and studiously arrayed by his

ministers, to alarm and reduce into perpetual exile a solitary, helpless and deserted woman!

It is not in guilt to provoke inquiry. It is not in woman to covet danger; and for a female to resist a monarch and his court, is either the rashness of insanity, or the noble daring of virtue.

When did the woman escape whom the Monarch of England ever aimed to destroy?

To remain abroad was to be secure—was to be honoured by British Ambassadors as their Queen and mistress—to receive a large salary (could honesty compromise with crime!) and free from the civil and ecclesiastical power of Great Britain, to enjoy the protection of the one, and the pious offerings of the other. England was not her home. The death of George the Third, and of her daughter, were to her, in the language of Cicero, *dira portenta ac funera domus!*

To return to England, was to encounter accusation and all its concomitant misfortunes; to be charged with unknown crimes before such a court, as might be chosen by her sovereign and accuser, and to contend against the resentment, and hatred, and influence, of rank, and power, and opulence, with no reliance but the consciousness of innocence, the compassion of the generous, and the kind assistance of such professional men as dared to embark in the difficult and almost hopeless effort to withstand them all.

With all these obstacles staring her in the face, she embarked for England, thereby displaying to all

human apprehension, a consciousness of innocence, and alacrity to confront her accuser.

The novel, and we may say romantic, courage which thus threw an unprotected female into the hands of her enemies, struck common minds with reverence and sympathy, and those whose hearts had not been prevented from their natural impulse, shared deeply in her misfortunes, and prayed for her success. A national glow of feeling marked her arrival, and the full tide of popularity bore her along.

It was time that the waters should ebb, and leave her (wrecked on the strand) whom they had lately carried on the top of the billows.

The apparatus for her ruin was prepared. *Ex parte* affidavits, procured in Italy, the cheapest market, and arranged so as to produce the best effect, were committed to the hands of the ministry, some of them holding places in the House of Lords, and others in the Commons, to frame an accusation against the Queen, which involved her character, her divorce, her exile, and possibly her life. It could not be made in behalf of the King. With little grace, indeed, could he have asked for a divorce. It was not in behalf of the people—the Commons had never discussed, much less adopted the measure. They had resort to a mode of proceeding less than judicial, and more than legislative, to pass a bill, declaring not a general rule, but a particular fact, and a particular penalty growing out of it—so that the bill might pass into a law, and still the fact be untrue. By admitting evidence to prove the fact they had assumed, they gave something of the air of judicial

inquiry to this process against the Queen, who, without being called on for a plea, found herself on trial before the House of Lords, containing nine of the ministry who had prejudged, and declared her guilty.

The independence of the House of Peers, of royal control, is no longer a question on which a doubt can arise. The personal influence of the monarch, and the official influence of his ministry, are well ascertained. If it be a rare occurrence for the ministry to fail in any measure which they design and mature, even when its success affects in no degree the personal love and wishes of the sovereign—if to propose, be almost equivalent to enacting, that which may even in a case of slight interest be deemed expedient, what is to be thought of the entire failure of a scheme dear to the heart of the monarch, and advanced and enforced by all the varied obligations which the patronage of the empire and the prosperity of the state imposed and required? Who could have dreamed that in the House of Lords, with his royal brothers, and his courteous generals and admirals, and his ministry to lead them, the King could have been disappointed of his sacrifice? Yet so it was. Take the ministry from the number of votes, and on the passage of the bill, the House of Lords was equally divided. The conjurors failing in their experiment, abandoned it precipitately; and yet, it is said, since her demise, in certain London prints, and re-echoed in this country, that the Queen had been condemned. If it be meant judicially, such an assertion is a mockery of justice. If it be meant by

statute, it betrays the grossest ignorance of the simplest process of legislation.

The Queen was not condemned, she was acquitted; and her accusers fled like incendiaries by the light of their own torches, afraid to continue their discovered schemes. They abandoned the proceeding, and left the nation to admire their valour in attack, and their precipitance in retreat.

The Queen of England now received from the nobility and gentry of that country, many tokens of sympathy for her unmerited persecution, and of congratulation on her fortunate triumph! The ministry had been foiled, and their brief authority trembled in their grasp. The Queen, still the source of alarm, became anew the subject of attack. As the opposition members had sided with her, therefore she belonged to the opposition. Nothing was sincere between them. They concealed their designs on the state, under an affected regard for her, and she lent herself to their treasonable views. If she was not lewd, she was licentious; if she was not a prostitute, she was a radical. To favour this idea, all her communications in reply to the various popular addresses, although certainly not written by herself, or if by herself, at moments of great distress, or great exultation, were scrupulously used and set forth in the ministerial prints, as if twenty-five years of injury might not be allowed a few momentary expressions of spleen.

When a great crisis is past, many of its auxiliaries, in general, depart with it. Public attention flies in quest of another topic, and carries with it, its train of the curious, and the eager, and the indolent. The

sustained feeling, too, which enables an individual to meet and struggle through, and overcome a great calamity, is apt to sink, and prey upon itself, when it has nothing more to encounter. Thus it happened to the Queen. It being known that she was safe, the public mind lost much of its interest and anxiety concerning her, and the King, to abstract it entirely, brought forward, in extreme magnificence, the spectacle of his coronation. The Queen, safe from the designs of the court, began to count the number of her retinue, forgetting that novelty disperses the fickle, while the occasion was over, which had rallied the constant. Her lofty spirit, which had never yielded to her calamities, could not brook the seeming desertion of her friends.

Here was her error, and here was her misfortune. Did it not occur to her, the proverbial fondness of change, and appetite for novelty, which actuate the populace? Did she not know that crowns—and sceptres—and thrones and diadems, were baits originally devised, to arrest, and enslave the vulgar, and would not be continued, if better could be substituted? And did she hope or imagine, to place her unpitied misfortunes, in competition with the splendid allurements of the King, studiously rallying round him the whole nation, by arts and devices of long approved use and authority? Nature had ordained her defeat. Where the flower is gaudy, the insects will repair. If you value it by its adherents, what is the magnolia, to the honey-suckle? Some infatuation like this—some glowing ember of a dying spirit appeared in the Queen's conduct on the Coronation

day. If wisdom was always to be found in man, and weakness was never excuseable in woman, we would blame her. But her situation like all her history was novel and unique.

That she aimed to excite a disturbance, and oppose the Government, is the weak, puerile calumny of panic struck slanderers. Why the Queen went to Westminster Abbey, posterity will not inquire. Why she was excluded at its door, neither their Bishops, their Historians, their Bards, nor their Champions, will ever be able to explain to an honourable mind. What! a Queen discarded with insult from the ceremonies of loyalty! A christian Queen denied entrance to the sanctuary of religion! A lady refused admittance at a door, when there was a gentleman in the room! Fie upon their Generals, their Bishops, and their Champions! To have suffered such an insult, could not tarnish a saint. To be capable of inflicting it, is to act like a King.

Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles the First, pensionless and destitute at the Court of France, was relieved by the humane assiduity of the Cardinal de Retz. The latter remarks in his memoirs on this subject, "posterity will hardly believe, that a Princess of England, grand daughter to Henry the Great, hath wanted a faggot in the month of January, to arise from her bed in the Louvre, and in the eyes of the French Court. We read in history, with horreur, of baseness less momentous than this, and the little concern I have met with about it, in most people's minds, has obliged me to make I believe a thousand times this reflection: That "examples of past times

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move men beyond comparison more than those of their own times."

This incident, sufficient of itself to excite the animadversions of posterity, will derive greater interest from its seeming connection with the death of the Queen. It will be seen, that in a few days she sickened and died. It will be seen, that a sense of injury preyed upon her spirits, and that life yielded under the pressure of calamity—that with characteristic firmness, she contemplated death with a christian spirit, forgave her enemies, and in christian hope, looked forward to a happier world. It will be seen, that the persecution of the ministry endured until her death, and even survived it. It will be seen, if the Historian will consent to stain his narrative with the venal and polluted slanders of the London press, that her death bed was made the topic of calumny, and horrible to relate, of ridicule; that her dying words were attributed to a factious spirit—and inasmuch as when life was wearing away, she sent for no *Christian Bishop*, who had in life discarded her, she neither heeded nor *deserved* the solaces of religion.

Her name struck from the Liturgy of the established church, was not even to appear on the roll of the Redeemer. Her disembodied spirit was not allowed to depart without the accompaniment of brutal sarcasm and ill concealed joy.

It will be seen, "*O quantum est in rebus inane,*" that the crown which they denied her while living, they bore in cruel mockery with her corpse, and that Death had instructed their heralds in politeness. It

will be seen, that cruel and contemptuous to the last, not one of the Royal Family attended her remains; and the metropolis of the empire was prohibited from beholding for the last time the mortal relics of its beloved Queen;—that the Government (who had sought in vain to subdue the spirit) usurped the control of the corpse, that they devised an unfrequented road to convey it to the sea-shore, and that the route of the funeral was concealed even from her friends. It will be seen, that a military escort (*Proh! Pudor*) represented the government in the procession, and that in consequence, as might be expected, the people were trampled on, and the unarmed murdered.

It will be seen, that the popular affection and sensibility, roused by the little meannesses and unmanly persecutions of the ministry, rose *en masse*, and obtained a melancholy triumph, by causing the funeral to pass through London, as of right it should; that no injury took place which was not produced by the soldiery, and her oppressors had nothing to dread, but the pangs of remorse.

Posterity will feel for her, who in the hour of death desired, but dared not ask, to be buried in her daughter's grave.

History that loveth virtue and adoreth truth, the sentinel that guardeth the innocent in the grave, will vindicate her fame; and History, that holdeth up the light of instruction, and of warning, will reveal her accusers. The Monarch, York, Clarence, Wellington, and Anglesea, the chaste observers of the nuptial rite; the virtuous shudders at female error! History, the blessed minister of justice, will review

her life, the crimes alledged against her, the power and facilities of her prosecutors; the evidence wherein they were defective, and the perjuries wherein they abounded. History, the hope of the magnanimous, will applaud her noble daring and moral courage, such as has never been surpassed in woman, and beautifully contrasted with the spirit of her enemies. History, the sweet refuge of the afflicted on earth, as she dwells on the picture, and records the sorrows of this unfortunate lady, will speak thus of her: her sin was to be suspected, she was made to suffer, as if suspicion had been proof, a most persecuted woman—a most degraded Queen. Her frequent trials eventuated in proving, that nothing could be proved against her. To accuse falsely, is to accuse maliciously; and nothing too infamous can be inferred, when perjury seeks to supply evidence. The treatment of Caroline, Queen of England, renders her a deserved object of compassionate regard. It was a stain and a scandal on the decorum, and magnanimity, and virtue of the age.

NAPOLEON.

THE violets are gracing with their sweets, the tomb of NAPOLEON. His fame, refreshed by the temporary slumber of the grave, soars to its destiny, where truth has placed her tribunal beyond the prejudices of mankind. Neither friendship nor enmity, neither

fear nor falsehood, neither adulation nor envy, can mar or increase the character which time and reflection form, in enlightened periods, of the great men of this earth.

The living, if they will not do justice to each other, dare not do injustice to the dead. It is, perhaps, to an ingenuous mind, a delightful effort, magnanimously discarding vulgar prejudices and feelings, looking with love, and with sympathy on the luminous points, which distinguished a great man, known always, as the natural enemy of his country, to come forward and be the first to weave a garland for his brow, and to proclaim his praise in the very hall, where had never before been heard any, but loud denunciations of his character, and imprecations for his destruction.

If there be any acquaintance or sympathy between the thoughts of the living and the dead, how cheerfully must it strike the dull cold ear of the departed conqueror and legislator; how must it thrill through his bosom with unexpected transport, to hear the loud echoes of applause bursting from the British Senate, at the recital of the humane, wise and immortal labours of NAPOLEON.

It would appear that the English government take much interest in the immediate cause of the death of Bonaparte. It is said to have been an hereditary disease, and totally unconnected with the influence of the climate of St. Helena, where he was imprisoned. Time will elucidate this matter, and may one day afford us sources of information which have been hitherto suppressed. Every thing that has been

heard of Bonaparte, since his confinement, has been from the jailors who had him in custody, and who would not be likely to say any thing detrimental to themselves. There was no grand jury of nations to visit the prisoner, and hear and investigate his complaints. Whether he suffered or not from the conduct of the authorities at St. Helena, we have no one to inform us. The statement is altogether *ex parte*, and those who are inclined not to be over respectful in their estimate of the government which held Bonaparte in captivity, may deny them credit for any thing which could assuage its bitterness. On the other hand, the attempt to conceal what befel him in life or in death, could avail but a short time—the death of Bonaparte necessarily restoring to liberty those of his brave and devoted associates, who adhered to him when stripped of his power, and shared with him the pangs of captivity in the solitude of a desert. How sublime are the sacrifices of friendship! That which clung to him has one duty still to perform—to rescue from obscurity the latter years of its illustrious object—to exhibit the temper with which he bore his misfortunes—the light in which he regarded the conduct of his enemies—the train of his thoughts—his views of politics—his reflections on war—and his hopes, whether in this world, or the world to come. History will allow no blank in the biography of Bonaparte—and if Truth will not take up the pen, Fancy will be subsidized in her place.

NEAPOLITAN IMPROVISATORI. 1821.

THE beautiful little interlude of Italian Liberty is already over, and the curtain falls again, of darkness and despotism. The sword, true to its purpose, is the successful minister of tyrants, and liberty expires without a struggle. We had hoped for better things. We did believe that Naples would have exhibited a picture of a state, such as was described by Alcæus, of

“High minded men, who know their rights,
And knowing, dare maintain them.”

We expected the Neapolitan arms, like the sword of Harmodius, to be entwined with laurel, and at least to be dipped in blood. After so much promise of vigour and perseverance, it is melancholy to discover so much of despair and pusillanimity—could not a Neapolitan in so *good*, equal an Austrian, in so *bad* a cause? They may “*stoop*,” it is true, “*to conquer*.” The Austrians will not remain there, and another spark may inflame anew the political system. It may be that their policy is Machiavelian, and their submission not in earnest.

But their impulses appear to be so sudden and uncontrollable, that it is wholly unsafe to speculate upon their conduct or their fortunes.

The fate of Naples, augurs ill for Spain and Portugal. The representative government of France too, must cause her to be regarded with jealousy, by

the absolute despots of the Holy Alliance. After all, the sword can never propagate, or arrest learning, and learning is the parent of Liberty. The hand may tremble—the heart may fail—and the iron arm of power may subdue the outward man, but the immortal spirit of inquiry, driven from the field of war, will pursue its path in peace—will pervade the cottage—will illumine the cell—will penetrate the palace—until the fires of Heaven shall descend to light the *Altar of Liberty*.

RIGHTS OF CREDITORS.

WHEN a citizen contracts a debt, he pledges his funds for its payment—but he does not pledge his labour, or his liberty. The State is concerned that he be not idle—the State is his security that he remain free. Individual control in either of these instances, is detrimental to the public good, and interferes with the rights of society. Accordingly we find that the state limits the exercise of this power by a creditor over the person of his debtor, in one case to ten days imprisonment, and in another to three months. Now if as conceded, the State has a right to limit this power, it is obvious that it has a right to abolish it; and the creditor has no right whatever to hold his debtor in prison, except by sufferance of the State. Now wherefore should this power be conceded to individuals? Is it ever included in the penalty of a bond, that in default of means to pay it, the defen-

dant shall lose his liberty? Is it the condition of the fair inference of any contract, that he, who being honest, cannot pay his debt, shall be compelled to reside in a particular part of the city, and be there indolent and useless? Is it within the reason of the case, and does it afford any reasonable prospect of satisfying the debt, that this imprisonment is authorized? Does the creditor gain any thing by it? On the contrary, he is frequently compelled, and is always liable to maintain his debtor, while in custody. On the other hand, the debtor suffers—and the State suffers, being deprived of the productive labour of an honest citizen. *To allow, therefore, imprisonment for debt, is for the State to amerce itself and its citizens, without the remotest benefit to any one.*

CORONATION OF GEORGE IV.

HE who admires the pure beauty of real greatness, and the sublime charms of simplicity, would do well to contrast the quiet Inauguration of an American President, with the artificial, gaudy, and extravagant parade of the British Coronation. It is well that such scenes do not often occur in these days of good sense and practical usefulness. The propriety of theatrical representations has been questioned, when confined to their wonted sphere, and exhibited on a diminutive scale. What is to be thought of that process, by which an immense city is converted into a stage, where the great men of an enlightened nation,

in the mockery of farce and pantomime, violate reason, and taste, and dignity, to *solemnize* the acknowledgement of their hereditary monarch! Does it not occur, that as these Coronation ceremonies are, to the modern observer, unmeaning, stale, and obsolete, so do they bring into ridicule and contempt even the honoured and holy personages, who appear thus in connexion with them?

CONTEST FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

It is melancholy and fearful to observe how the contest for the next Presidency, mingles itself with, and discolours and stains the debates in Congress, the cabinet discussions, and the measures of the nation. The anxious and overheated zeal of interested office-hunters, and the sycophancy of venal presses, pointing, with obvious fidelity, as the wind blows them, are of slight importance indeed, when compared with the struggle at Washington—the family dissension (if we may so call it)—the strife for the crown, within the walls of the palace—in the presence of the waking King.

Shakspeare, to preserve the decency and decorum of the scene, put Henry the 4th to sleep, before he allowed his son to take his crown, for which he made so sweet an apology. And if it suited not the deficiencies of life and nature, which Shakspeare understood so well, that such a premature ambition should be displayed without rebuke—so doth the sagacity

of a statesman, revolt from every thing, like a struggle between members of one and the same family, for the accession to a government which aims at security.

In monarchies, therefore, the eldest son is designated to the succession—for no such government could be permanent (and innovation is the dread of monarchies) were a contest allowed between the princes themselves; and each be excited to bid over the other, for the crown of the empire.

The nation, subject to the operation of such a contest, would inevitably suffer, as one or the other obtained a momentary ascendancy; and it would gradually lose its confidence in all of them.

But the confidence of the Nation is not required in a monarchy, which relies upon force, and only aims at security.

The confidence of a Nation is every thing in a Republic, and guards the rights, liberties, and happiness of the People. Now who can confide in warring counsels—in a divided house—in opposing currents—in waves mingling in a whirlpool—and winds, conflicting in a hurricane? The avarice of power, should at least be as respectful as the avarice of wealth.

To quarrel for the inheritance, at the table of the living incumbent, is not among the miserable sins of a miser.

And is it more excusable to mutiny in the cabinet of a nation—to struggle for the helm, on the quarter-deck of the ship, when the Captain is on board and the crew on duty? Cicero, speaking of the dangers of liberty, called them *fluctus republicæ*—the waves

of the Republic. It requires wisdom to control, confidence to surmount, and harmony to conciliate them. Thus doth the beautiful analogy of nature, attain the security of physical navigation. There are four cardinal points of the compass, but the needle points at one.

Where you cannot confide, you are necessarily insecure. The nation is not prone to distrust the government. It errs perhaps on the other side. But it becomes those associated with the government, to do nothing which can impair public confidence. *It is impossible to confide in the counsels of a cabinet, composed of men, having personal and political views, totally hostile to each other.*

The existence of such a cabinet is at war with the interests of the country. If the secretaries will, by a premature developement of their ambition, excite party contention throughout the country, personal altercation on the floor of Congress, and fear, and anxiety, and distrust every where, would it not be graceful at least, to retire from a station where they were placed for other and better purposes?



SOUTH AMERICA.

THE independence of South America, cannot be properly appreciated by those who regard it merely as a new political establishment, adding one more to the catalogue of nations, and taking from Spain a vast portion of her wealth, power, and consequence.

The world is only one family, and the sub-divisions of States and empires, are only valuable as they increase the facilities of happiness and security.

The enlightened spirit of truth, insensibly but continually undermines the false and superstitious fabrics of ill-founded power—and the native vigour of intellect, breaks through the artificial bonds of an ill-constituted society. The idols which tyranny so successfully erected and maintained, in past ages, and even in the present, are daily losing their influence, and authority is, as it ought to be, the prerogative of virtuous and enlightened minds. A government (we speak of those which are civilized) can in the present day, scarcely be considered secure which does not profess at least openly, to consult the happiness of the governed—and does not studiously conceal every feature of despotism. So much has been gained for man by the spirit of liberty, guided by the spirit of patriotism; and gathering from the glorious depositories of ancient suffering and achievement, lessons, models and incitements of freedom.

If the Greek and Roman Republics had left to posterity, only their history and their experience on the subject of acquiring, and maintaining, and losing the inestimable privilege of self-government, they would deserve our ardent affection, even without their sublime morality—their beautiful arts—their refined taste—and their elaborate learning. Some of these latter, indeed, are perfectly consistent with despotism. But the republican spirit of those days is their conspicuous and immortal praise. We, who live with all the benefits of their example, will have

to blame ourselves only, if we make shipwreck of our happiness. Our best security in the United States is, the dissemination of kindred principles with our own, and the successful establishment of similar institutions. Liberty requires no proselytes; her progress is that of light. We exist in connexion with no vulnerable or exploded opinion. There is no mystery in the machinery of our government—it is a simple illustration of the harmonious pursuit of happiness, by the voluntary, unrestrained, and collective force of society.

As our institutions were the model and the encouragement of the liberators of South America, so their independence will prove an additional security to our institutions. In the communion of rights, feelings, and interests—in the common cause of republicanism and representative government, we shall sympathize, and flourish, and grow together. The beautiful daughters of Spain have been introduced into the society of nations, under our auspices. May they long maintain their position, acquiring honour for themselves, and conferring it on those who have regarded them with favour.

AUTHORS OF THE REVOLUTION.

WHY is there so much warm and angry cavilling at this late day, on the relative merits of Gen. Greene and Col. Henry Lee? The people of this country require no such discussion. We do not in America

try our heroes after death, as the Egyptians did their Kings. We care not an iota who *thought* of making war in the South—we know who *did*. We judge men by their actions. It is only on the bench that *opinions and actions are one and the same*. We are not to be weaned from our affection to the memory of Greene. We are not to be torn from our admiration of the gallant Lee. We regard their revolutionary characters as sacred. We know that they sleep under the same sod, each at the side of the other—and if they could now both be summoned from the grave, where their dust is commingling in token of their affection, neither would receive any thing at the expense of his friend. Do, then, let this controversy cease—it surely is unimportant. That Gen. Greene and Col. Lee thought together, and thought correctly, we perfectly know; and gravely to quarrel on the question, which of them *first thought* of a favourite measure, is as important as to ascertain *whether the window in the parlour or the window in the drawing room was first opened in the morning*.

It was beautifully said in Portland, where Burroughs, of South-Carolina, commander of the Enterprise, and Blythe, of England, commander of the Boxer, were buried together after the engagement; that having laid their ships along side like heroes, they laid their bones together like brethren—and if the magnanimous courtesy of war could thus associate enemies in death, and endear both with kindred sorrow—is it not cruel that *kindred warriors* shall not sleep in peace?

We may complain of death, as much as we please; but we cannot accuse him of originating quarrels. He seals the lips of love, it is true—but so does he those of hatred. He stills the music of the heart—but he lends no clamour to the passions. As there are no favourites in his empire, so there is no rivalry in his dominions. Death indeed is a peace-maker.

“But shed on Fox’s urn a tear,
’Twill trickle to his rival’s bier,—
And blend with drops of glory there.”

REMONSTRANCE OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES TO THE 19TH CONGRESS.

GENTLEMEN,

It is now only thirty-eight years since I was called into existence by wise and enlightened minds, and brave and patriotic spirits, to secure the blessings of peace and union to these confederated States, and to preserve the glorious liberties which they had achieved side by side in battle. My parents did not wish nor expect me to bear any of the features of the Constitutions, written or unwritten, that then governed the world, and aware as they were of the uniform fall of the ancient Republics, they sought not to model me after those of antiquity. They had to produce something of its own kind. As the life of the parent is frequently involved in the birth of

the offspring, they trembled lest the country might in this untried peril mourn and suffer, rather than rejoice—and that the world might behold in me a monster, rather than a blessing. Long, anxious, and full of labour were the hours that preceded my existence. Wisdom, honour, and patriotism, were present at my birth—and the brotherly band of statesmen convened at Philadelphia, with Washington at their head, christened me as the fond child of the convention, and then sent me in the cradle to greet the household families of the States. They all at different intervals recognized and embraced me, and up to this period we have all lived together in the utmost harmony. My birth, indeed, was the cause of universal joy among reflecting people. I was the offspring of mutual concession, for the great purpose of mutual strength, union and security. It was an era in the history of the States, when the weak threw away their fears—and the strong relinquished their ambition, and equality of right, and equality of protection were thrown as a mantle over this happy country

Coming, as I think I may say, without vanity, and without metaphor, like Minerva, from the brain of intellectual wisdom, it has been my good fortune to make friends and admirers all over the globe. Blessings and success have attended me since my connection with this Union. Leaving alone the untold and inexpressible joys of a government felt only in the happiness it bestows—my name has operated as a talisman both in war and in peace. The country and myself have been alike honoured—and it was

said in the late war with Great Britain, that while the President and the Congress had done nothing, the *Constitution* and the *United States* had done wonders. I think I have realized the hopes, and surpassed the expectations of the authors of my existence. I do not believe that one of them, if alive, would find fault with, and beset and worry me as I am at present in your honourable body—and yet other Congresses do not treat me so—my portrait hangs in every Legislative Hall of emancipated South America, and delivered Mexico—and the Greeks are fighting to possess it up to their knees in blood. I do not believe, indeed, that any of you are unfriendly to me—when you dine with your constituents, I am always toasted, and when your maiden feet tread for the first time the hall of legislation, you swear to preserve and protect me. I am not, however, exactly within your power. There are guardians around me visible and invisible. I was not, it is true, dipped into a river to render me invulnerable, as was the son of Thetis, but I was bound with the ligaments of every American heart—steeped in the affections of every American bosom—prayed for in the aspirations of every American tongue. Time, it was expected, would make some change in my features, but even these are not always for the worse—as one of your own members said, in a letter to his constituents on the day he took his seat, blessing his stars that he had got to Congress, and promising, that the longer he staid there the better he would grow—and yet, if the truth was known, I suspect I am a great deal younger than that member,

and many others, who as Horace says, are prone to discover spots and freckles on a beautiful skin.

You may imagine that I have seen (as who in this newspaper reading country has not?) the various attempts to mutilate me, which have been made in both houses of your honourable body. It is true, no one has yet said, "off with his head, so much for Buckingham"—but many of you would very kindly, and with a view to improve my appearance, help yourselves to a finger-joint, or a piece of an ear, or some important part of my system. I am treated not like a household god, in the temple of liberty, but like a hacknied picture, that every one paws with his fingers, and analyses with his walking cane, and blesses with his rebuke. I am aware you are all my friends, and that all is to be for my good. What a pity you were not in the convention, or do you desire one now? You promise to renew and repair every thing that you remove—but how, when, where? But once start a ship from her ways, and who will arrest her progress? Do you think the same spirit of compromise exists now that did forty years ago? Would you shake that which is secure, to remove a single metaphysical grievance, when entire ruin might, and would, in all probability ensue? Would you, were a lion in the lobby, open the door and "let him in, to try if you could get him out again;" or would you, by shutting it, avoid his annoyance?

Do not tamper with me. Do not mix me with the herd of applicants that sue for your bounty. You are yourselves, the creatures of my beneficence.

Do not trifle with the sacred original character of freedom—pursue your own legislative duties, and spare the Constitution.

SUFFERINGS OF IRELAND.

How awfully wretched is he to whom the earth denies sustenance, and society cannot yield succour; and who lives, only that he may starve and perish. If you are a man, and have studied and imbibed the spirit of the ancient philosophy, you may suffer without repining. Self-endurance is the noblest effort of nature. But to see your mother, whose bosom was your earliest banquet—your sister, nursed in the same cradle with yourself—your daughter, whom you have brought into this vale of tears and misery—to see these wasting away with hunger, pining and emaciated—to witness the terrible anxiety of nature to escape from inevitable suffering, reposing gradually in exhaustion and in death—to see these, without delirium of nerve and agony of spirit, would bespeak you to be more than mortal.

Such is the wretched situation of a portion of Ireland, a country wedded to misfortune. Persecution, famine, disease, death! Melancholy lot of a brave people! Awful occasion of universal sympathy! The earth itself appears to have taken up arms against Ireland, and closes her bosom against the starving sufferer. Oh! how happy, how grateful ought we to be in this country, who enjoy an abun-

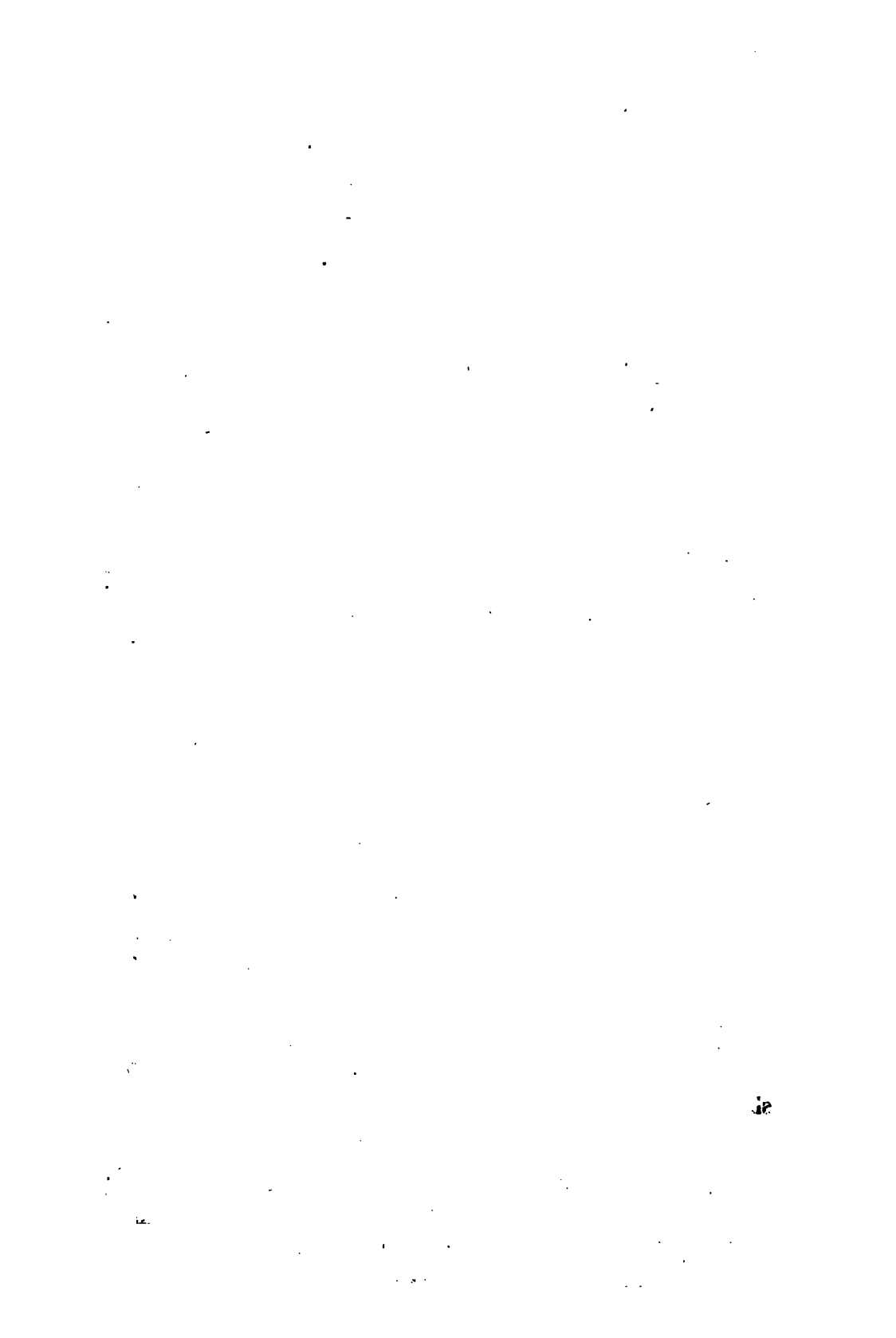
dance which no prodigality can exhaust; who are always in the smiles and in the sun-shine of Heaven; and whose sufferings, (for we must suffer in our turn, nor have we any prescriptive right to happiness) whose days of suffering we repeat, are placed far beyond us in the vale of futurity.

We deserve what we enjoy, only in proportion as we sympathise with those who suffer. Is there then one among us whose heart bleeds not at the recital of the calamities of the distressed peasants of Ireland? peeling with their teeth, in the agony of despair, the bark from the trees, and subsisting on the leaves of blooming flowers, that smile on their distress?

We are too distant to relieve the sufferers. But there is a common source of relief which is near to all mankind. It is the beneficent Creator, to whom in humility, and in penitence, let the prayers of the pious and the innocent fervently ascend, that he would restore to the earth its fertility, to labour its reward, to the living sustenance, and happiness, and rescue from physical distress and ruin, the unhappy and the oppressed people of Ireland.

And peradventure, a regenerating dawn may succeed this, the darkest period of their affliction—as the warning stars leave the earth in a deeper gloom just when the sun is to gladden it, with his splendor and beauty.

MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL
ESSAYS.



ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE NEW-ENGLAND SOCIETY OF SOUTH-CAROLINA, ON THE 22D DECEMBER, 1820—BEING THE TWO HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE LANDING AT PLYMOUTH OF THE ANCESTORS OF NEW-ENGLAND.

[The following Address, by some inadvertence, was omitted to be inserted among the orations at the beginning of the volume. Yet it will be found not unappropriate, as a leading article, for the present division of Mr. Crafts' writings.]

ON this day, two hundred years ago, a handful of individuals landed at an inclement season, on an unknown and barren coast; in the land of pestilence, on the territory of the savage. Fraud or accident had diverted the course of their voyage, and they were placed beyond the protection, weak as it was, of European charters. Neither the Church nor the State accorded them the privilege of monopoly or of participation, and they landed with no better plea than their necessities, and no protector but their God.

Providence was not unmindful of them. That they might with scrupulous honesty occupy the soil, its former inhabitants had perished by disease, or wandered into exile—that they might in infancy be secure from Indian warfare, the natives had been withdrawn from the sea shore—and lest famine should involve them in early ruin, the scanty grana-

ries of the savage became the treasure trove of the stranger. The soil was rugged and mountainous, indicating the labour and perseverance which its culture required. It had not the baneful reputation of gold and silver mines, the cheap ruin of adventurers and nations. It was primitive and virginal, like the snows that invested it. Scarce a path on its surface but the track of the hunter and his game—scarce a sound in its forests but the rude chorus of the winds.

Well may we ask what worldly inducement impelled this little band of men, women and children, away from their friends and their home, in a little barque, across the perilous ocean, to an ice-bound rocky shore? Was it ambition—that master passion of the human breast, that knows not difficulties in the pursuit of power? To charge them with ambition were to accuse them of lunacy. Was it avarice—that Cameleon curse of our nature, which assimilates us to all climates and all suffering in pursuit of gain? They had no means to traffic, and no arms to plunder. Were they convicts, doomed to expiate among the savage, their sins among the civilized? They had been sinned against, not sinned themselves. It was that sense of wrong, which he who feels it at all, feels most acutely, and forgives never. It was that species of oppression, which he who endures all else never will endure, that gave birth to this desperate and heroic enterprise. You may invade a man's opinions, one by one, and dispossess him of them all, until you interfere with his religious sentiments, and his rights of conscience.

You then strike a spring, whose elasticity increases with its pressure, rallying every other power in the system and quickening the motion of them all. You provoke his love of truth—his regard for early impressions—his sense of duty—his hopes of happiness—his pride—his zeal—his obstinacy—his chagrin and his resentment. He who would willingly encounter these, knows nothing of the lessons of history. It appears to be the decree of God, that religious persecution shall avail its authors only shame and remorse, while it endows its victims with extraordinary courage, ensures them the Divine protection, and fits them for heroic suffering and achievement.

It matters not whether Princes regard faith as connected with loyalty. If they look upon a sectary as a traitor, they will soon find in him a rebel. The fire that assails the temple will soon find its way to the palace, "*Proximus ardet.*"

To the world, enlightened as it is, with regard to the terrible effects of religious dissension, it cannot but appear surprising, how at a moment when the infallibility of the Catholic Church was so generally denied and deprecated in Europe—at such a moment, when the mind was on the stretch of inquiry to supply the chasm thus created in its faith—even then a new church discipline among the Protestants, should be regarded as perfect, and enforced by the terrors of the secular arm. Nor can we look without pain upon the humiliating fact, that questions such as these, whether a ring should be given in marriage—whether a surplice should be worn in

preaching—whether in saying the Lord's prayer we should say, "Father Our," or "Our Father," have stained in civilized countries the scaffold with innocent blood, and enlisted murder in the cause of bigotry.

Yet out of events apparently insignificant, and by humble and simple means, does the Almighty mould the destinies of the earth, defying and defeating human sagacity in the march of omnipotent wisdom. Had Hooper been allowed to dispense with his gown, the Puritans might have been retained in the body of the Church; and had Cromwell been allowed to embark for America, the world had not witnessed the crimes and the triumphs of that marvellous hypocrite.

The Ancestors of New-England, driven from their home by the persecution of Laud, after a short residence in Holland, where religious and political discussions prevailed with much force and freedom, embarked for America, in the hope of enjoying religious liberty, if not at home, yet under the authority of their Monarch. They asked his license to live in an uncomfortable wilderness, crowded with dangers, but so obnoxious were their doctrines, and so slighted their loyalty, that they were refused protection, and only promised indifference. They came however, and the treachery of the Dutch, who had furnished them a refuge, caused them to be landed far north of their original destination.

Houseless, frozen, miserable outcasts! why not forsake your hopeless enterprise, and leave to the great men of the earth the costly office of planting

colonies, enlightening the heathen, and taming the savage?

“It was not,” to use their own language, “with them as with common men, whom small things could discourage or small discontents cause to wish to be again at home.” They formed on board of their ship a plan of civil and political government, a strict and “sacred bond to take care of the good of each other, and the whole,” and disembarked with a fearless intrepidity, inspired by conscience and justified by Heaven.

If the Indian was friendly for a while, the climate made war upon them, and ere they could plant the earth with seed for the living, they opened it to find graves for the dead. They were sorrowful but not disheartened, adhering to their purpose with an intense steadiness of soul, which almost excites the belief, that an Angel had revealed to them the glories of their destiny. They endured neglect and oppression, the awards which the world in its charity and its discernment decrees to merit and to genius. Unthinking world! how often thy wrongs are sources of triumph, and thy honours themes of ridicule. A strong affection among themselves—an unbending reliance on Providence—patience in suffering—perseverance in toil—strict honesty, and benevolent regard towards the Indians were their characteristics. By the aid of these, and the rigid purity of their manners, although peaceable, they conquered a country—although unambitious, they founded an empire—although obscure, they shall be held in honoured remembrance.

The Colonies planted in various parts of the continent may be regarded as adjective, leaning for support on a religious or a political power. The Pilgrims of Plymouth stood by themselves. Other settlements, having royal copartners and ecclesiastical license, faded away and withered. These were refused a charter from the State—the Church regarded them as heretics, but their rights were embraced in the line of Virgil, "*Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.*"

Soon after the discovery of this Continent, if discovery be a proper term, the Pope, with a generosity that cost him nothing, gave one half of its territory to the King of Spain, and the other to him of Portugal. The amiable monarch of France, who could not, as he said, discover these legacies in Adam's will, found a clause in his own favour, entitling him to a share, and Henry VIII., who coveted every thing, was alive to the charms of foreign empire and the honour of extending the true church.—The Dutch claimed dominion over a part, but their authority soon melted into allegiance to their neighbours, and their claims disappeared. These conflicting titles all agreed in this particular, that they were or pretended to be under royal and religious grants. Let us examine the rights which they conferred.—The Pope as the head of the church, gave away the territory to the Spanish and Portuguese as the earliest christian discoverers. The gift was invalid and the reason was untrue. The Pope had no right in the premises, and all the discoverers of this country were Italians. It was destined for another Rome, and, if there had not been a misnomer in our christening, we should

all have been Romans. The right of discovery appertains to that only which has been lost, or which is new. An inhabited country can never be the subject of such a conveyance. Every grant accorded in Europe was consequently void and worthless for any right, that is conveyed. The unchartered Pilgrims of Plymouth therefore, had as ample and as just a title to this country as any body in the world, not excepting the savages themselves. For it can be easily shown that the territorial rights of the Savage were limited in their extent, and inferiour in their order to those, which the Pilgrims derived from God and nature.

It is not true as a general position, that the soil of this continent ever belonged to the savage. He had merely the right to hunt in its forests, with this addition, that in the parts of the soil cultivated and improved by him, or occupied with that design, he had an absolute estate.

It is a rule that the capacity to improve gives the best right to enjoy. It is also a rule, that when the exercise of one right becomes incompatible with the due use of another, that which is least important shall be discontinued. Now, what are we to believe was the design of the Almighty in placing man upon the earth? That he might draw forth its latent resources—enlighten its hidden recesses—cover it with smiling harvests—increase its capacities of production—analyse its substance, and adorn its surface with mansions of comfort and happiness, asylums for misfortune, nurseries for literature, and temples for piety. And wherefore did he give to him the mag-

nificent Ocean? That he might traverse it for health, for pleasure, for riches, for learning, for liberty, for conquest and for glory.

The culture of the earth is that toil for bread, which the Scriptures ordain. Shall the hunter stand at the mouth of the forest and oppose the entrance of civilized man? Shall the Savage lift his tomahawk against the decree of the Almighty, and forbid the gospel to enlighten the heathen, or the wilderness to blossom like the rose? Shall territories, fitted to sustain thousands in polished life, be the exclusive domain of a few indolent stragglers? As well may the fisherman stand up in his canoe, and call the Ocean his! The escape of a deer disappoints the hunter at once of his prize and his empire; and if the fish elude his line, where is the sovereignty of the angler? The agriculturist is entitled to as much of the forest as he needs. The chace must yield to the plough. If the Indian will not change his habits, he must alter his abode. When the fox becomes tame he may abide in the city, and when the Indian condescends to be civilized he may abandon the woods. We take without ceremony the possessions of a lunatic, holding them in trust for his reviving reason.

These sentiments may be perceived to indicate the extinction of the Indian race. And why should not that happen? nations are not immortal. Greece—beloved Greece, whose language is the nomenclature of nearly all that we know—whose institutions were the models of nearly all that we enjoy—whose heroes the portraits of nearly all that we admire—Greece

is no more—her land is prostituted by the foot of the Turk and the song of Lord Byron.

Rome, after all her noble lessons and examples of public spirit—after the production of her immortal Code—after blessing the world with Cicero, enough of himself to embalm a world—after her magnificent achievements in the beautiful arts, did not the Barbarians destroy her?

And shall ignorance alone stalk in triumph on the earth, and shall not the Savage yield in his turn to the tide of civilization? What is there to redeem these from the mortality of nations? In the long lapse of ages what have they done for the improvement of mankind? Nothing. What for the cultivation or adornment of the earth? Nothing. What for their own amelioration or happiness? Nothing. What is their occupation? The chase. What their delight? Indolence. What their warfare? Stratagem. What their faith? Duplicity. What are they? What they were. What will they be? What they are. Will they never improve? No, never. The Sun and the Stars, the sentinels of Heaven, watching human improvements on earth have scarcely detected them in a solitary effort. To assign to the Indians an indefinite longevity would be to arrest the motion and mutability of Earth and its empires. Yet in their history there will remain redeeming virtues. Many a monarch might covet the noble constancy of Montezuma, and the pure fame of Massasoit—and many a maiden emulate the sweet acts of Pocahontas.

The Pilgrims of Plymouth formed the nucleus around which ulterior accessions grew, and expand-

ing, became the Colonies of New-England. They purchased from the Indians their rights, real or imaginary, and James I. came with tardy reluctance into the confirmation of a settlement, whose birth had been obnoxious to him. Their religious independence soon led them to political inquiries. How difficult it is to stay the hand, that lifts but half a veil. Curiosity is like light, once give it admission and it penetrates every where. Charles I. called the Plymouth Colony a factious set. They began it is true with denying hereditary right unless it were accompanied by hereditary talents and hereditary virtue; and whether we look to Virginia or New-England, we find the same spirit and the same declaration of the right of self-government in the Colonists themselves.

It required little sagacity to discover, that the British yoke would be borne no longer than it was comfortable, being regarded as an ornament, and never suspected to be a chain. It was accordingly broken into atoms, and the lightning that destroyed it, while it revealed the Independence of America, awoke the sleeping lions of liberty throughout the globe.

If, on this day, after the lapse of two centuries, one of the Fathers of New-England, released from the sleep of death, could re-appear on earth, what would be his emotions of joy and wonder! In lieu of a wilderness, here and there interspersed with solitary cabins, where life was scarcely worth the danger of preserving it, he would behold joyful harvests, a population crowded even to satiety---villages, towns,

cities, states, swarming with industrious inhabitants, hills graced with temples of devotion, and vallies vocal with the early lessons of virtue. Casting his eye on the ocean, which he past in fear and trembling, he would see it covered with enterprising fleets returning with the whale as their captive, and the wealth of the Indies for their cargo. He would behold the little colony which he planted, grown into gigantic stature, and forming an honourable part of a glorious confederacy, the pride of the earth and the favourite of Heaven. He would witness with exultation the general prevalence of correct principles of government and virtuous habits of action; how gladly would he gaze upon the long stream of light and renown from Harvard's classic fount, and the kindred springs of Yale, of Providence, of Dartmouth and of Brunswick. Would you fill his bosom with honest pride, tell him of Franklin, who made the thunder sweet music, and the lightning innocent fire-works—of Adams, the venerable sage reserved by heaven, himself a blessing, to witness its blessings on our nation—of Ames, whose tongue became, and has become an Angel's—of Perry,

“Blest by his God with one illustrious day,
A Blaze of Glory, ere he passed away.”

And tell him, Pilgrim of Plymouth, these are thy descendants. Show him the stately structures, the splendid benevolence, the masculine intellect, and the sweet hospitality of the metropolis of New-England. Show him that immortal vessel, whose name is sy-

nonymous with triumph, and each of her masts a sceptre. Show him the glorious fruits of his humble enterprise, and ask him if this, all this be not an atonement for his sufferings, a recompense for his toils, a blessing on his efforts, and a heart-expanding triumph for the Pilgrim adventurer. And if he be proud of his offspring, well may they boast of their parentage.

The descendants of New-England, wherever situated, must regard with sympathy the land of their Ancestors, and look back with pride upon their common origin. The statesman can find no brighter example of union, strength and harmony than that, under which these early associates grew into celebrity and power. They knew not sectional divisions—they were *one*—the strong supporting the weak, the weak confiding in the strong. They were *wise*—but alas, wisdom belongs to poverty and danger, and not to pride or prosperity.

In the happy days of our Republic we seem to be losing sight of the cardinal points of happiness. Local jealousies darken the political horizon, and fill it with dismay. The startling question of Missouri, teeming with unknown and unimagined issues—whence did it arise, and where will it eventuate? It did not arise in New-England. The North and the South, like physical extremes, have the same tendency and resemble each other.

This evil spirit, for so we may call that which has grown so suddenly and darkly over us, blending in new combinations all the elements of discord, originated it is believed, in the intermediate States.—→

Speaking of it as men unacquainted with its views, but having every thing to dread in its progress, may we not say, that to question or to assail the early and sacred compromise of our confederacy seems to be no more honest, than to assail or invalidate lawful rights—no more generous, than to taunt the unfortunate with their condition—no more patriotic, than to deny one's allegiance, and no more humane, than to provoke the worst of civil wars. If these inquiries grow out of a love of power, it is that species of power which, as Pythagoras remarks of gold improperly acquired, had better not be acquired at all. If it be humanity, it is the humanity of fratricide; there is too much darkness in the colour of their charity, and too much distance in the scope of its relief. Let us hope, that we have mistaken the motives and object of these painful discussions. Let us hope, that our Statesmen, on all subjects of national concern, will look to the interests of the whole and of *each other*. The warrior disdains domestic weapons---the Statesman should despise local prejudices; and it is a triumph unworthy of honourable ambition to crow over Achilles by pointing at his heel.

Gentlemen of the New-England Society—Unconnected with New-England by birth, I yet owe to it my name, and in justice to its inhabitants have penned this imperfect sketch. It is the record of active and persevering virtues, such as filled up and adorned, and endeared the long life of your late worthy President and benefactor.* I miss from among you

* Nathaniel Russell, Esq. deceased.

his venerable form—He rests from his benevolent labours. The useful only have a right to live, and sweet is repose after honourable toil.

What is life? But a pilgrimage under an uncertain sky, through dangerous paths, over obstacles fearful to encounter, and difficult to remove. What is life but a pilgrimage? which is happy only, when it is over.

ORPHAN ADDRESS.

[The following Address was delivered by William Duke, an inmate of the Charleston Orphan House, before an assembly, in the city. The object was to obtain a sufficient sum for his future education—and the appeal was highly successful.]

I KNOW not why little children like myself, found in the abyss of poverty and wretchedness, should attract so much benevolence and sympathy, unless it be that the Almighty pleads for us in the bosom of the virtuous. It is He, the guardian of the weak---the protector of the humble—the father of Orphans, and the God of the innocent, who inspires the affluent and humane with tenderness to the poor and the desolate. In his mercy he gave us parents—in his wisdom he took them away; in his compassion he restores them.

We are your children, children of your virtues, children of your liberality.

Charity is the child of heaven, and bears its errands to earth on the beams of the sun. The cold

it warms; the blind it enlightens; the lost it discovers and reclaims; the desponding it inspires with hope, and the timid with confidence and joy.

Where should *I* have been? Where *you*, my little smiling associates, but for the blessings of this divine institution—this asylum of the wrecked—this nest of forsaken birds, where our infant hearts are happy, and our infant tongues are grateful? Can we picture the sufferings we have escaped, and the untried perils from which we have been saved? Some of us would have been shivering with cold, others crying with hunger; some immersed in sin, and all involved in wretchedness. Some of us might ask for charity, and be requited with scorn; some be doomed to a premature death, and others to weep in the bitterness of anguish, over the grass-grown graves of our parents—

Where fathers and mothers “are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.”

We were early wretched. Grief met us at the threshold of life, and warned us of its miseries. Our spirits drooped, our little hearts fainted within us, for the tomb seemed to be only a step from the cradle. We were made familiar with death almost as soon as we were born, and when we would kiss our mothers’ cheeks, we found them cold and inanimate as marble.

Ah! how shall a poor orphan child interest a stranger? There is no meaning in its language, there is no music in its cries; it cannot reward affection; it is

every day necessitous, and every instant a beggar. It is the Almighty who pleads for us, who paints our cheeks with health, lights our eyes with gratitude, fills our bosoms with content, and in this smiling picture of infant happiness, exhibits the lovely attractions and the blessed rewards of charity. I have heard of palaces in which monarchs dwell; of mines where the earth is gold and silver; of lands fruitful in the vine and the olive; but where does happiness grow and flourish more than in this house of the Orphans? The earth is fruitful as it is soft, and our sorrows have yielded us joy.

Father of heaven! grant me in thy mercy this blessing—that I may not die before I shall have extended to some poor little desolate being like myself, some of that liberality which has been so plentifully showered upon me.

I said that we were early wretched, but the arrow had scarcely reached our breast, when it was withdrawn, and we were healed. As the morning awoke, we were like rose buds, steeped in tears; but the beams of charity came quickly and shone upon them, and the tears glittered and vanished—and we grew warm and began to expand, and to bloom, until this garden teemed with our neglected sweets.

For we are of those who grew on the heath and the high way, without art or cultivation—not as the more fortunate, planted in a rich soil, and reared by fostering care, with just enough of sunshine and of shade. Yet, in the darkest depth of the forest, there may blow a wild flower, which the traveller would pause to contemplate, and the modest and the beau-

tiful would not disdain to wear. Even among rocks, proverbially waste and barren, a gem may sparkle which the curious would value, and the avaricious covet. The river side would seem to promise at best, a shell or a fish, yet there may be found floating near its banks, the cradle of a mighty prophet and an immortal legislator.

Who would not bring that flower into light? Who would not draw that gem from obscurity? Who would not rescue that babe from destruction?

I know not why angels are painted like infants, except it be that infants are innocent. There is no insect in the bud of a flower, it is only when it is open that flies rush into its bosom and rifle its sweets. All that we can boast of is our innocence. Placed by your benevolence beyond the reach of want, reared in the school of piety and the virtues, living in a community of grateful orphans; our afflictions and our enjoyments teach us to wish well to all mankind—to glow with affection to our generous benefactors, and above all—with filial reverence to the Almighty, who interposed them between us and ruin.

We would aspire to be useful; we would, if we could repay (if our humility reprove not our ambition,) the blessings we have received; although it be in small quantities, in a humble coin, and at a remote period.

We have no father nor mother to cherish and obey; the grave released us from the obligations of children; our country adopted us and they are renewed. The care of a parent deserves the affection of a child; yours has been the toil, yours shall be the

reward. We love the City of Charleston, and the State of South-Carolina, and hope to live for their service, their safety, and their honour. When war assailed them, and danger threatened, and the invader hovered on our coast,

Each little hand was raised in prayer,
That God would bless you, and would spare.

When the ringing of the bells and the blazing windows told us of our country's triumphs, how did our little hearts swell with exultation; you had wept with us, and we loved to rejoice with you.

Who knows but that even out of humble creatures like ourselves, the Almighty may form some instruments of good to society; some who shall aid in reforming and enlightening man, some inspired bard, some profound statesman, some successful warrior, some revered divine?

Perhaps some future Perry may trace to this spot, the kindling of those fires of glory which blaze alike over his country and his name. Another Jackson may make his first essays at victory in our boyish sports, and the earliest lessons of piety may here be instilled into the bosom of a future Dehon.

These are lofty aspirations, perhaps, too remote to be realised. Yet, when I consider that "a manger was the King of Glory's bed," and that the poor are blessed of heaven, I cannot but hope that some signal favour of this sort, is in store for this Asylum. And, if it be not, still there are many subordinate spheres in which we may be useful, if not conspicuous—and

may redeem our early pledge to this institution, to justify its kindness, and so to act our part as to become respected citizens.

In affording us these means and opportunities, the eager benevolence of our patrons has provided for the particular improvement of some of our number. One of those thus specially favoured, is he who addresses you. The good and fatherly guardians of the Orphan House, regarding me with more than merited kindness, and mistaking my love of learning for my ability to learn, have devised this opportunity of discovering how far *your* sympathies agree with *their* opinion, and *my* hopes.

It does not become me, the overloaded object of your bounty, to ask it further of you, my munificent guardians; nor can my little mind discover what remains to be asked for.

But I have been told that learning will make me (if I do not abuse it,) better, happier, more useful and more worthy of you; that it brings with it wealth and honour and is highly prized of men—and therefore will I earnestly endeavour to obtain it, being in this as in all things, the grateful instrument of your desires, Fathers and Mothers of the desolate Orphan.

But I tremble lest my little shoulders should not be strong enough for the honourable labour which your goodness may assign me. How often does the flower put forth and there is no fruit to follow it; and the labourer weeps over his toil.

I cannot find it in my heart to ask of you, my parents, any more than I enjoy—for already the cup

of your charity is full, while that of my gratitude never can be full.

OBITUARY OF WILLIAM CRAFTS, SEN.

DEPARTED this life on the 9th September, 1820, in the 57th year of his age, WILLIAM CRAFTS, Esquire.

The public labours and services, no less than the private virtues of this meritorious citizen, claim gratitude for his example, and praise for his memory.

He was a native of Massachusetts, and arrived in Charleston in 1783, where he conducted an extensive mercantile concern, before he was of age. The correctness of his deportment, the enlargement of his views, his intelligence and industry, rendered him the endeared associate of gentlemen who were much his seniors; and he enjoyed among them, a singular respect and confidence.

His zeal and enterprise, portrayed in every scene of his useful and active life, were early conspicuous.

His were the first improvements below the curtain line of East Bay, and commerce is indebted to his example, for the comforts and conveniences which it now enjoys. Actuated by the purest benevolence, he sought opportunities of serving mankind. And when he accepted a seat in the City Council, and in the Legislature, it was to gratify no false ambition, but to improve the happiness and prosperity of his constituents. He was never content, unless em-

ployed in some effort of usefulness; and pleased with the idea of benefiting others, he discarded from his bosom every selfish consideration.

He was a member of the City Council soon after its incorporation, and was a member of the State Legislature, until appointed Agent for the Navy and War departments, in the season of French hostility.

While in the Legislature, he suggested certain financial operations, by which great advantage ensued to the State; and he was one of a committee which sat during the recess, with authority to supply the funds of the treasury to the furtherance of that object. The office of Comptroller General grew out of the discussions of that period; and the policy of purchasing the funded debt of the State, then adopted, has always since been persevered in.

He was one of the Committee of citizens who superintended the building of the U. S. frigate *John Adams*. The first ship that ever sailed from Charleston to the East Indies, was owned by him; and in that voyage, the late Captain Smith, commander of the Franklin 74, learned the rudiments of his nautical skill.

When Mr. Adams lost the Presidency, he resigned his post as Agent of the Navy and War Departments, and was requested by his successor to retain them.

He resided a few years after this in Massachusetts; and when he returned to South-Carolina, he brought with him in the fruits of his observation and experience, the means of more extensive usefulness.

Called again to administer the municipal concerns of the city, his attention was drawn to the situation of East Bay-street continued. Thirty thousand dollars had been expended by the city in building it with palmetto, and the whole of that sum had been wasted; but a vestige of the street remained; the property of the inhabitants was depreciated in value, and was altogether insecure; their lives were also in jeopardy in our autumnal seasons. He devised, superintended, and completed that permanent wall of stone, which now affords so much security and so much comfort, such an effective barrier, and such a beautiful parade for the citizens of Charleston; and it took from the treasury of the city little more than \$3000.

There be his monument! the tears of ocean wash it—and when the storm retires defeated from its base, it acknowledges the triumph of patriotic virtue.

Genius, like Egypt's monarchs, timely wise,
Erects its own memorial ere it dies.

He studied the means of securing the health of the city, and the wise regulations which he introduced with that view, were generally successful.

Alive to every impulse which promised to advance public prosperity, he suggested and matured the plan of erecting a Bridge over Ashley river, near Charleston. This was unquestionably the greatest undertaking in the Southern States; and it was accomplished with singular rapidity. Unfortunately the Bridge was destroyed by the storm of 1813; but although the individuals suffered greatly who were

concerned in it, the State reaped and still enjoys the benefit of a communication between its different parts, infinitely more rapid and facile than previously, and the loss of the Bridge itself, has been greatly atoned for by its substitute, the Team-Boat.

If, as Dr. Johnson observes, he who makes two blades of grass grow where one formerly grew, is a public benefactor, what shall be thought of the laborious, the disinterested, and the munificent exertions of the deceased?

Prompt to discover the tendency of public measures, he was as able in exposing them; and the plan of Reciprocal Insurance, some time since proposed in our city, while it found in him an enlightened opponent, served in another instance to exhibit his interest in the public welfare. His Essays on that subject, removed much of the fascination which at first accompanied it.

Having spoken of his conduct, we would speak of his character. He acted uniformly under the belief, that idleness was a sin; and that every thing lay within the reach of an informed understanding, and a well directed pursuit. He carried with him, therefore, into every undertaking, an enthusiasm and an energy which scarcely looked at an obstacle, until it was overcome.

Scrupulously devoted to honour and to truth, he cherished and avowed his opinions, with constancy and courage; and when party feeling, improperly excited, produced an occasion to him of danger, he required it an occasion of triumph.

Ardently devoted to his country, it mattered not with him who administered its government, provided their measures were beneficial; and with regard to those measures, he lived to see all his opinions adopted and confirmed, and universally approved.

Blest with a quick perception of right and wrong, and a fastidious delicacy of feeling, he gained from observation, what few derive from books—an enlightened sense of the duties and decencies of life, which fitted him for all classes of society, and endeared him to the affections of the finest spirits, and most polished men in the Union.

During his absence from the State, his estates suffered a great deal, and if he had consulted his ease, he might have surrendered his property, and secured the free exercise of his talents and labour. But these he deemed pledged in honour, to those who had confided in him; and striving to do justice, eventually, to all, without the prospect of advantage to his family, he toiled with noble ardour, for the benefit of his creditors. He enjoyed, in the unfailing resources of an upright conscience, a shield against all the calamities of life.

He regarded Death as a Christian should do, fearlessly; and was studious of life, only for the sake of those who depended on him.

The mind fatigued with the toils and cares of the world, seeks refuge and repose among the productions of nature. In the verdure of the fields there is hope; in the hues of the flower there is beauty; and under the arms of the oak there is shelter and shade. The woods are vocal with joy, and if you are attuned to

melancholy, you may hear the murmuring foliage of the forest, chanting the dirge of departed spirits. The strong sympathy between man and nature, which is felt by all at some period of their lives, drew the deceased, latterly, into rural pursuits. His fondness for these, was fatally identified with the close of his life; and a fever produced by his visiting the country, terminated a career filled with useful and benevolent actions, illustrated by great public spirit, adorned with much intelligence, enlivened with cheerfulness and wit, graced by moral rectitude, and dignified and sustained throughout by courage and constancy.

Many are the topics of consolation, that such a retrospect inspires. Many are the hopes of eternal happiness, which grow out of such a life. Sweet and welcome is the rest from honourable labour. Bright and lasting the memory of those, who, like the deceased, meet death with cheerful composure, asking, "*Why should I fear death, who never made an enemy intentionally, and have endeavoured to do all the good in my power?*"



THE LATE REV. DR. FURMAN.

It has been the painful duty of the writer of this article, to pay frequent, but very imperfect tributes, to the memory of departed worth. Entrusted, at some times, by the too partial confidence of friendship, with the final memorial of its affection for the pious, the brave, and the virtuous, his own sorrows

have been increased, by a sense of his incompetency to express those of others. His only consolation is, that his feeble pen can do no harm—that truth is immortal, and will reveal itself—that the tenants of the grave neither ask our eulogy nor deprecate our censure—and that God regards in their true estimate the tribute of erring mortals.

Notwithstanding, therefore, the restraints which a consciousness of his own deficiency would impose upon him, he cannot but devote a few passing paragraphs (as the humblest may strew branches of rosemary on his grave) to the memory of the late Dr. FURMAN; and if they shall serve only to endear to the writer the leaves of his humble port-folio, they will be grateful in his sight.

Dr. Furman was a man whom society could not lose without missing him. A form of great dignity, a countenance of peculiar kindness, a deportment of conscious uprightness and pious humility, an expression of goodness, characteristic of all that he did and said, pointed him out to the observation of men. They naturally asked his history, and were told, that this venerable man was in his early youth an ardent advocate of American liberties—that he was during his manhood, and to the period of his decease, an exemplary minister of the Christian Gospel—that he practised every virtue, and as far, perhaps, as human nature will permit, was guiltless of sin—that he encouraged by his precepts, and enforced by his example, the true hopes of the present and the future world—in which respects, he faithfully served his God and his fellow creatures; and

all wished, therefore, that his useful life might be prolonged, and his years lengthened out by the mercies of Providence.

But it has been otherwise decreed. With every assurance of strong and confirmed health, and enduring old age, he has been taken away from us. And we have to substitute his example in his place; to think that we still see him, and that he is among the living columns of our society—and if truth shall obtrude upon our unwilling memory the painful sense, that he is no more, let us cherish his fame with the tenderness which is due to the recollection of a good man, an ardent patriot, and a pious minister at the altar of his God.



DEATH OF MR. PINCKNEY, OF MARYLAND.

WHEN complaining that 'the soul of oratory had departed from among us,' we did not dream that the grave had closed on Mr. PINCKNEY, the distinguished American Orator of these days. Having never had the good fortune to see or hear him, we can convey no outline of the manner or materials of his eloquence. Yet no one is ignorant that he was a great and profound Lawyer, an accomplished and successful Statesman, and as a Speaker, the wonder and delight of all who heard him. He twined living laurels around his brow, and they shall be green and verdant upon his grave. He died soon after a great

professional display in the national forum, to which he imparted such attractions, that it seemed the temple of the Muses and the Graces. Surely eloquence is a beautiful prelude of death, and the glorious effort to elucidate justice on earth, will not prove an unregarded appeal to the mercy of Heaven.

Perhaps a distinguished Orator could not choose a better moment to die, than just after achieving the security of innocence—just after vindicating the empire of right—just after elucidating the boundaries of truth—just after the noble exercise of the noblest powers which God in his mercy has entrusted to man—at such a moment, when his spirit passing through the atmosphere, mingles with the breath of sympathy and applause, and he expires in the midst of his fame. The city of Washington is in tears for the death of this distinguished individual, whose forensic and senatorial efforts warmed with pride and exultation every American bosom, and elicited the applause of all enlightened strangers. His grave is where his triumphs were—the councils of the nation award him the cypress, to whom they had awarded the laurel. Justice bemoans her great bereavement, and eloquence is silent and in tears.

What a valuable portion of intellect is lost to our country! Where shall such a sweet variety of splendid attributes, be comprised again in one fortunate individual! Who shall aspire to the mingled trophies of law, and of letters—to the innumerable graces of elocution, blended with the oracular authority of wisdom?

Every man who has honoured his country, should live for ever in her memory. His example—his attainments—his celebrity—his life—and above all, his funeral should be held forth for the emulation of ingenuous youth.

To be mourned by a nation is the privilege of greatness. Death disturbs not the sceptre of eloquence, which rallies around its grave all the virtues, and the affections, enchaining them in mute amaze and melancholy.

It is for other men to have posthumous memorials erected to their honour—

Genius, like Egypt's monarchs timely wise,
Erects its own memorial ere it dies;
Proclaims aloud the empire of the mind,
And makes a *Mausoleum* of mankind.



LIEUTENANT NEWCOMB.

PERHAPS no association of gentlemen, so small in number, has within a short period suffered more by death than the gallant officers of the American navy. When engaged in legitimate war, the shafts of death flew harmless by them, and, with few exceptions, they returned triumphant to their country. But in the necessary though inglorious strife with pirates, how many have fallen! beneath the scourge of the pestilence, the sons of glory have perished. Even peace seems fatal to their security, and the elements destroy

them when no enemy is near. The storm intercepts them in their delighted progress to their homes, and their spirits murmur with the blast for their inglorious death. Thus fell Shubrick, thus perished Tillinghast, both sons of Carolina, blest alike with treble victories—thus recently fled one of our precious hopes, the youthful Grimke, and even now the fate of Newcomb, (of Massachusetts,) who perished at sea, returning to his family from the Mediterranean, fills the bosom of the brave with sorrow.

This gentleman was a graduate of Harvard University, and his fellow students have hailed with delight, the martial success of their associates, while they have mourned with melancholy pleasure their manly sufferings by the flood and field. A scholar has the highest inducements to bravery. He lives in the atmosphere of honour. The immortal dead are ever present to him. It is not the tumultuous huzzas of a mob—it is not the cheap bought flattery of a dinner—it is not the "*digito monstrarier et dicier, hic est*,"—no, it is the voice of glory, from the sacred heights of Olympus—from the bloody Straits of Thermopylæ—that perpetually sounds in his enamoured ear, the lessons of patriotism—and he obeys them—and he goes forth to prove his allegiance to the muses, that bind chaplets for his victorious brow, and strew cypress on his honoured grave. Such wast thou, Newcomb—fortunate in battle—gracing peace by thy courtesy—beautiful to look upon, worthy of all confidence, friendship, and praise.—Fallen, not as thou hadst wished in the blaze of battle—but as a feeble, unresisting flower that drops its withered

sweets and dies beneath the storm, that it cannot propitiate—so did'st thou—and yet

“Thou shalt not float upon thy watery bier,
And parch and welter to the scorching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear!”

●

Thy widow shall gather consolation from the sorrows of thy friends—and thy memory shall be dear alike among the sons of letters, and the fraternity of the brave.

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CHRISTMAS DAY.

WELCOME, auspicious Morn! when upon an erring and bewildered world, there dawned the light of truth, and hope, and mercy, and salvation, which in its glorious progress, consuming the altars of the Pagan, and the temples of superstition—penetrating alike the forest and the abyss—o’erpassing the mountains and the seas—has brought the whole human family within the blessed and consoling influence of a pure religion—and vanquished, and dispersed, and exiled the clouds of darkness, which so long afflicted, but never more shall revisit earth. Welcome, auspicious Morn! when the Son of God put on the form, that he might endure the sufferings of mortality, and entered at the very threshold of earthly existence, a poor helpless babe, with no strength but its innocence, and no advocate but its tears, to pass with us through the pains, anxieties and disgraces of this life, that we,

loving his example, and treading in his footsteps, and confiding in his astonishing merits, might arrive with him at the goal of a blessed eternity.

Welcome, auspicious Morn! fruitful in immortal lessons of peaceful resignation, and exulting hope. Well may the poor, refrain from repining, when from their own humble, obscure and unambitious ranks, the *Saviour of the world*, came forth, and with a few poor and illiterate followers, bore the triumphant majesty of truth, over the fallen thrones and sceptres of ancient error, and proud and rich idolatry. Ample cause indeed have we, to adopt the language of the Poet;

“Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure,
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short but simple annals of the *poor*.”

Well may the afflicted dry their tears—the grave no longer bounds the horizon of hope—the earth no longer retains the lost objects of affection—this world no longer dispenses, falsely, wickedly, dispenses the rewards of virtue.

Where the Pagan ended his dreams—where the Sceptic mingled reluctantly with his kindred atoms—where Antiquity paused as in despair—Christianity hath planted and her seed is spread over the earth, and its fruit is humility, and good-will, and resignation and faith, even unto *Death*, who shuts the gates of this life, only to open those of a better, and a happier one.

"To die is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break, nor tempests roar,
E'er yet we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er."

Welcome, auspicious Morn! affording a perpetual monitor of the proud, lest they indulge their vanity—to the rich lest they misuse their wealth—to the learned, lest they pervert their talents—and to the strong, lest they encounter temptation.

And shall we not rejoice in the glorious revelation, which has civilized barbarous, and elevated sensual, and amended corrupt mankind, which has strewed roses in the path of suffering virtue, and cheered the benighted wanderer onward through his pilgrimage on earth, by disclosing upon his despairing vision, the unutterable splendours of Heaven?

Salve Dies jucunda, felicissima! Salve,

THE SAME SUBJECT.

THIS day is the annual Jubilee of the Christian world. It approximates and unites the distant and discordant inhabitants of the globe, and overcoming the conflicting interests, passions, feelings, and customs of men, forms a triumphant rallying point for the believers in the Christian Revelation and Faith. It is more than the exultation of a sect, as it embraces in the feelings which it inspires, the faith, the hope, and the consolation of millions of worshippers,

whose religion has penetrated like the dews of mercy, the rocks and the deserts; and brought forth fruit alike in the garden of civilization, and in the savage wilderness.

The festival of Christmas, in conformity with the doctrines of our Saviour, is the season of kindness and good will. It imparts gladness and cheerfulness around, as the tidings of the Gospel are glad and cheerful. It is the season of repose to the labourer—of joy to the philanthropist, and of devout gratitude and prayer among those who recognize the blessings, and anticipate the promises of a faith at once inspired and rational—full of happiness here—full of hope hereafter.

The anniversary of our Saviour's birth, calculated to make us rejoice with those who rejoice, tends to make us weep with those who weep. We cannot but be reminded at this time, that a cruel and ferocious war is waged against the Cross—that the ancient and venerable Church of God, is struggling with the infuriate Barbarian for the existence of its faith, and for the very lives of those who minister at the same altars where we worship—that Greece, worthy as she is of our sympathies from her civilization—her enterprise—her love of liberty—her devotion to republicanism—holds a higher claim upon our affections than all these, from her uniform, and ardent, and persevering devotion to a religion, the scoff and the scorn of persecuting infidels.

May we not hope from the glowing philanthropy which is every where bursting forth spontaneously, in behalf of afflicted Greece, that a generous effort

will be made to aid her emancipation, and that before this anniversary shall return, the Cross shall be seen on the dome of St. Sophia?



THANKSGIVING.

It is a wise and venerable custom, in New-England, to set apart one day in the year for the voluntary commemoration of the divine favour and goodness, and it is pleasing to see so correct a custom gaining ground in our country. Not that in New-England, or any where else, it requires a year to roll over our heads to convince us of the everlasting mercies of Heaven. The sublime structure of the universe; this beautiful landscape, the earth; the magnificent ocean, now assailing the clouds with its foam, and then nestling the little birds on its billows; the glorious sun, and those sweet sentinels of light, the stars; the voice of thunder, and the song of the linnet; who knows any thing of these, and can for a moment, doubt the supreme benevolence of the Almighty! Yet, although every instant be fruitful in blessings, we are inattentive and do not regard; we are ignorant and do not appreciate; we are ungrateful, and do not consider; we are selfish and will not understand them. The best require to be reminded of their duty, and the thoughtless must be told of it always. It is wise, therefore, to select the season of gladness, and point to the source of good. When

the husbandman rejoices that the harvest is ripe, and
the poor go into the field to glean

The sheafs, which God ordains to bless,
The widow and the fatherless,

it becomes man to acknowledge the reward of his labours, the blessing of his hopes, and the goodness of the giver of all things. Then, especially, should he pour forth the grateful incense of his praise, and his devotion.

The Almighty deserves the praise of his creatures. The flower pays its worship in fragrant exhalation, and the lark when it carols at the gate of heaven, in praise of their glorious Maker. The sun burns incense daily, and the virgin stars keep nightly vigils: the mysterious anthem of the forest proclaims its devotion, and the sea declares its obedience as it murmurs into repose. Every moment of time bears an errand of mercy, and should not be allowed to pass without an acknowledgement of gratitude.

"Ye, chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
Crown the great hymn."

THE SAME SUBJECT.

LIFE is the subject of thankfulness, even when unaccompanied by reason. The shining stars—the carolling birds—the fragrant plants—the breathing zephyrs—the deer bounding through the forest—the

fish revelling in the sea--the squirrel on the pine top—and the cattle reposing under the shadow of the oak—these speak the happiness and the gratitude of nature. Yet may we not presume that there is, from their structure, and their limited faculties, something of selfishness in the sensibilities of these? For reason is the source of benevolence, and we are happy only as we sympathize with others.

Life adorned by reason, is the subject of thankfulness, as it enlarges our means of happiness, and identifies us, if we please, with all that is beautiful and all that is happy around us. But reason is the means of happiness only as it is the means of truth—for the truth stands at the portals of all that is valuable on earth or in heaven. It is well for us that the great and cardinal truth important to be known, and felt, and persevered in, is hidden in no mysterious darkness—is involved in no metaphysical subtlety—but shines on the opening eye of the infant in its cradle—and cheers with lustre the closing vision of extreme old age. It is the sense of human weakness, and the mercies of the Almighty. God allowed us to look at the heavens, to multiply our sources of knowledge, and of devotion. The wholesome influence of this delightful truth, guards us from suffering, as far as mortals are permitted to be exempt from error and from pain. For we are, at best, infinitely removed from the enjoyment of those aspirations which enthusiasts in virtue may easily conceive—and not a little removed, it is feared, even from that severity of discipline which moralists, without excessive rigour, might impose and require.

There are evils, nevertheless, which human means cannot avert; that belong to the Divine economy, of which it is not permitted us to complain. When, however, the wonted period of their occurrence passes over, and we have escaped them—when the tornado sleeps in silence, and the pestilence stays his destroying arm—when health arrays the countenance in smiles, and buoys up the heart on the current of joy—then is it beautiful to bow at the altar of heaven, and pour forth the overflowing of a grateful soul. Nor can it be displeasing to the Divine Giver of all things, that in the midst of our unworthiness, and in the abundance of our frailties, we turn aside to thank and to bless Him that He has spared and saved us, and to vow that we will not for ever regard His favours “*with brute unconscious gaze.*”



THE NEW YEAR.

THE beautiful process of the seasons, recurring as they revolve, brings the natural world to an imaginary pause; when we fancy that it recommences its career—*Winter*, chaste and pensive, like Innocence—*Spring*, her bosom full of joy, like Hope—*Summer*, teeming with ardeney, like Love—and *Autumn*, rich and mellow, like Beauty. These form the graceful circle in whose society Time dwells in sweet constancy and harmonious intercourse. Aware that all things young are fair, and nothing is fair that is not young, he is found each successive

year in a new cradle, where he is welcomed like a new-born babe, with fresh smiles, and kisses, and caresses. And if Time be so studious of appearances, that he attempts to palm off upon us each lingering fragment as an entire novelty, shall we blame those of either sex who would conceal the ravages of age? It is a mistake to call Time old—he is not older than the earth—and the earth is fresh and virginal now, as when it sprung from the will of the Almighty. Its seeds immortal—its resources exhaustless—its fabric perfect—its progress unimpeded—it preserves its glorious path, heedless and independent of the creatures, rational and irrational, who dwell upon its surface.

Time cannot affect the globe which we inhabit—for that cannot be old which is unimpaired.

But with regard to man, that consequential little being; and with regard to woman, who civilizes and saves him, it does not so happen. Nor is it desirable that it should. It would be dreadful if there was in the atmosphere any principle which should preserve the miserable passions of human nature; which should embalm a miser, or keep alive a demagogue; or prolong the term of existence of the frivolous flies, who buzz about the parlours of this world. Powers of mischief deserve only to be tolerated for a while—beauty and goodness ought to live everlastingly. And so they will, if not in the shape, and feature, and endearing softness with which they charm us on earth, yet in some more worthy of themselves, and more permanently glorious. For beauty and goodness must be immortal. If thy conscience be clear, and

thou happy, every day is a new day, every year is a new year—new in the facilities it affords of usefulness—new in the blessings it bestows—new in the means of happiness—new in the hopes of salvation. But if thy conscience smite thee, thou canst not be happy; it is in vain for thee that the earth is young, and the seasons are joyful, and the years meet and embrace each other; it is in vain that the music resounds in the hall, and the beautiful join in the dance; it is in vain that gladness and joy beam around thee. Thou hast, it is true, new opportunities of wrong—remember that thou hast new opportunities of repentance.

SPRING.

It is pleasing to turn aside from the jarrings of party and political strife, to the welcome and auspicious harmony of nature. Now, when the zephyrs are fanning with their wings the fragrant air—when the birds are caroling their songs of gladness—when the green earth is putting forth its flowery perfume, and its vegetable harvest—when the painted insects of the atmosphere revel in their wonted sweets, and a smiling and a gracious sky looks down as if to bless this beautiful developement of the Creator's goodness, what an opportunity of calm contemplation, and of peaceful repose, is afforded to him, who, loving as he may, with the purest philanthropy, the institutions of men, perceives with melancholy, their inevitable im-

perfections, and resorts for truth, and beauty, and order, to the harmonious design of the Universe. Here is, indeed, a constitution that requires no amendment. Here is a theme that admits of no party dissensions. The universe, without exception, is loyal to its maker. It obeys his mandates without murmuring—it produces and reproduces as he has ordered—it exults in the glorious livery of Heaven. And all these beautiful results, why were they designed, except for the happiness of man? All the productions of earth have been placed gratuitously within his reach, and, invested with rich and radiant forms and colours, to allure his pursuit and to gladden his enjoyment. In these doth *Spring* abound. Welcome then, thou season of the Heart, so full of the sources and the suggestions of gratitude to the Almighty, and of gratulation among mankind.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

THE asperities of *Winter* cease, and *Spring* opens upon us in its bloom and its beauty. The pensive snow-drop, the early herald of warmth and of verdure—the tuneful lays of the rejoicing bird—the smiling aspect of the exulting belle—the fragrant embroidery of the awakened earth—the genial atmosphere, and the illumined sky—these are among the beautiful attractions of nature.

Why is not man cheerful and innocent like the bird? Why does not society flourish like a garden?

Because the powers which mankind possess afford facilities of wrong and of misery, as well as of happiness and of virtue. It would be well, if with our boasted reason, we could attain the same conformity to the designs of our creation as is exemplified by those whom instinct governs. The rose is always fragrant—the lamb is always gentle—and the sensitive plant is uniformly tender. But of man you can predicate nothing with certainty, except that having the liberty to act, he will probably abuse that liberty; and having facilities of happiness, he will assuredly neglect or disregard them.

Yet one cannot be blind to the exquisite drapery of groves of flowers, vocal with melody—nor insensible to the reviving sun—releasing the mind and the feelings from the contemplation and the effects of a freezing winter. Cheerless as may be your situation—and discordant as you may be with the wishes of those around you—cherishing as you may have done of a cold night, by a nearly extinguished fire, sentiments bitter and unsocial, you have no excuse in such weather as we now enjoy, if there be not a smile on your countenance, and good will in your heart.

THE MARINER'S CHURCH.

A "*Mariner's Church*" is about to be established in Boston, where, although divine service has been occasionally devoted to the benefit of this meritori-

ous class of people, yet hitherto, no particular edifice has been specially appropriated for the purpose. We in Charleston have, for a few years past, afforded these facilities to the wanderers of the ocean, and have witnessed their excellent effects in the amelioration of their moral conduct and behaviour. Riots of sailors, formerly the occasion of cruel and arbitrary city laws, are now unknown in our streets. It is but a few years since they were degraded below the level of slaves, and could not walk the streets after seven o'clock at night. Riots now a days are confined to the "*Tom and Jerry*" class of the community—those who aim to be gentlemen and dare to be blackguards.

The deportment of sailors on the contrary, whether at sea or on shore, is so much improved, as to cover with praise, and to encourage with pride, the exertions of those pious individuals who have sought to feed them with the bread of immortal life.

The chief attributes of the Deity, are power and goodness; and it has seemed to us that while the former is strikingly exemplified in the grand and tempestuous ocean—the latter remained to be illustrated on the firm and staple earth. Love is never the offspring of fear, and there is too much to dread in the tumults of the sea.

The ocean is bleak and destitute of fire, which is essential to life—it is fickle and tempestuous, and affords no habitation for man—its bosom is barren, and it yields no harvest—its paths are devious and obscure, and it confounds the traveller—when agitated by storms, it exhibits the Almighty in his anger, and

man in the depth of humility and insignificance—when calm and serene it images to the mariner the short lived repose of a sleeping Lion, who may at any moment awake and destroy him—it is lonely and desolate, without the joys or the protection of civilized society. If, therefore, we suppose a being endued with reason, to have been conversant with the ocean only, we may well imagine him impressed with humility and awe, at the visible majesty of the divine power. And a belief of this is one of the elements of Religion.

The land is the theatre of the *mercies* of God, and forms an amiable counterpart. Its bosom yields us sustenance—its fields afford us fruit—its forests provide us shelter—its fleeces supply us with clothing—its cities civilize—its schools instruct—its institutions guard—and its religious temples enlighten us in the duties of this and of another life. Here is learned the science which designates the paths of the sea, and conducts the mariner in safety to distant parts of the same world; and here are instilled the doctrines, which fit us alike, for this world and the future. And if it be hospitable to throw out to the distressed mariner, the signal of welcome as he approaches the borders of repose, is it not amiable and praiseworthy to hold out to his wandering spirit the signal of salvation? And if we teach him the knowledge of the stars, that he may pass the waters in safety, shall we not instruct him in the knowledge and love of Him who created the stars, and before whom they are dim?

THE CHURCH YARD.

You have wandered, perhaps, on a moonlight evening, out of the precincts of the living, moving world, to linger and contemplate among the grass-grown memorials of those who are gone—

“The body to its place, and the soul to Heaven’s grace,
And the rest in God’s own time.”

An appalling chill shoots through the current of life at the undisturbed, and universal silence of the scene—the stars tranquilly shining on the white marble, and feebly illuminating the name which friendship had carved for the slumberer beneath—here the grass waving in rank luxuriance, as if to hide the triumphs and the trophies of death—and there a human bone unearthed from its time worn sepulchre, a ghastly visiter to the realms of day—a wooden tablet, marking the repose of the humble—a cross, the emblem of the sleeping believer—and lofty and magnificent memorials over the mortal relics of the wealthy and the great.

Ah! who in such an assemblage as this can be accounted great? what gold survives the crucible of Death! We can learn nothing from the living, which the dead do not teach us. Would Beauty be modest and unpretending, let her quit the hall and the festival for a moment, and carry her toilet to the tomb. Would the proud learn humility—the resent-

ful, good nature—the penurious, charity—the frivolous, seriousness—the bigoted, philanthropy—would the scholar ascertain the true objects of knowledge; the man of the world the true means of happiness, here and hereafter; and the ambitious the true sources of greatness; let him retire awhile from the living; and commune with the dead. We must all come to the mournful, silent level of the grave. Our loves must mingle in one common mass. Our affections should travel in the same path—for they must terminate in one fearful issue. Life is full of facilities of virtue and of happiness; and when you would neglect or abuse them, go and purify your affections, and humble your pride, and elevate your hopes, at the tomb of a friend, when the stars are shining upon it, like the glorious beams of religion on the mansion of Death.

CHEERFULNESS.

CHEERFULNESS, is of much more easy attainment than is generally imagined. It merely implies mental control, which every man with a little study may acquire. Now it is a very pleasing study, because it pursues happiness—and happiness not in one sphere, or for one occasion, or of one kind, or in one spot only—but happiness every where---happiness always, and happiness alone. Men err in this way, that they will not be happy, except on their own terms. One determines to be rich; one sets his heart

upon being learned; the poet must have celebrity; the despotic must have power: the coquette must have admirers; and the military must have renown. Now what is happiness? It is not wealth, nor wisdom, nor fame, nor power, nor admiration, nor applause. And if it be neither of these, but something differing from them all, why it follows, that all the classes here enumerated must fail of their object, which they will all tell you is happiness. Happiness is the buoyancy of the heart. When the heart is languid we droop, when it is corroded we suffer, when it is torpid we die.

To preserve the charming elasticity of the affections, requires only a good memory—not, as it is generally understood, a memory, which, like a porter, carries indiscriminately enormous burdens: but like a milliner, who selects with the taste of a fairy, and arranges with the grace of a zephyr—a memory, which shall bring pleasure out of oblivion, and carry pain into it—a memory which shall cull and preserve roses, without condescending to look at a thorn or a nettle—a memory that shall look at beauty always, never at its shadow, and shine like the sun, only in the day, because it has nothing to do with darkness. Memory, may easily be trained to this, or to any thing, for it is entirely artificial. It is not possible in our physical organization, to see what is behind us—nor is it necessary that we should see what is before us—having a convenient ability to see only what we please, by shutting our eyes. And it is just as right, and ought to be as easy, to shut up our memory, or not allow it to assail us in the exploded tactics of Par-

thian warfare from behind. As life is but a series of successive events, reflections, and emotions, and as we use the phrase, 'passing in our mind,' to denote the constancy of these changes, any emotion of pain, the moment after it is past, depends on the memory to bring it back. Now one has only to choose to forget it, and it is gone for ever.

And if we consult happiness, we cannot but choose to forget pain, which is an unwelcome guest, always coming without invitation, never clad in a wedding garment, and entitled to no ceremony, but an immediate dismissal. A lady finds no difficulty in denying that she is at home, nor a porter in locking a gate to exclude unwished-for visitors. Now why should sorrow have better claim to admission into the residence of the affections? It is not therefore to be tolerated, but kept in the portico, and as soon as possible discarded and forgotten, and if there be any difficulties, rally all the household of joy and mirth, and hours with rosy fingers and scarlet lips, and banish the intruder, and be happy.

WEALTH, AND ITS USES.

A RICH man is an object of envy; not for the number of his domestics, the luxuries of his table, or the splendour of his equipage; not for the caresses of the venal, the applause of sycophants, or the numerous facilities which he enjoys of suiting this world to himself; but for the ability to make others happy,

and by acts of beneficence and patriotism, to connect himself with the fame of his country, and make his name memorable in after times.

Wealth of itself is adventitious, and signifies nothing. When acquired by honest labour, it is a proof of virtuous industry, and gladdens all who behold it. When derived from our ancestors, it shows them to have been frugal and meritorious. Thus in both these instances wealth is honourable, and belongs to the family of the virtues. On the other hand, when it comes to crown the toil of the miser, wet and dim with the tears of the poor, it looks like the vices which procured it, and both are covered with shame.

Now he who having honourably attained, would usefully dispense his riches; as well as he who would redeem by the grace of their distribution, the ugliness of their acquirement, has ample means afforded him in the structure of society. Society, let it be remembered, protects him in his multiplied enjoyments, and guarantees to him his superfluous pleasures. The virtue of the poor is the security of the rich. The health and vigour of the social feeling, so essential to the welfare of all classes, is the peculiar interest and care of those who are blest with large possessions. It is their duty to justify the gifts of Providence, in the sight of Heaven, and to vindicate their inequality by demonstrating their wisdom. It is for them to flow and to fertilize, like a magnificent stream—and not to deaden and evaporate like a stagnant reservoir.

When it is considered how covetous men are of Fame; how they seek it under the scorching sun, and through the sunless cold; how they toil after worldly praise in the closet, the cabinet, and the field—in how many thousand ways they jeopardise life to obtain it—their pursuit, too, how reckless and unrelenting—we are surprised to discover, that a large portion of mankind, apparently unconscious of it, have always at their side, and within their power, this sweet desideratum, which they may win and wear with the smiles and exultations of innocence and virtue.

Almanzor, an humble youth, was passing near the Temple of Fame, on a levee day, when the Goddess gave immortal passports to eager and expecting mortals. Curiosity detained him that he might behold the candidates, and the distribution of the prizes, and he lingered to see the ceremonies of glory, on the living and the dead. A shrill blast of the trumpet spoke the coming of the warrior, his frame covered with scars, his sword dripping with blood; he hid his conscience and his memory with his shield; and bared his feverish temples for the laurel crown. Take it, my son, said the Goddess; how many deaths hast thou experienced to escape from oblivion! Thou shalt be remembered; but take thy drum with thee, to drown the cries of widows and of orphans. The soldier bowed, and passed into a crimson apartment, the abode of the warriors.

A laborious statesman came toiling up the winding stairs of the temple, and exhibiting a long string of successful treaties, and a large port folio of diplo-

matic intercourse, put in his claim for immortality. Ah! said the Goddess, through how much darkness hast thou waded to emerge from obscurity! Take what thou desirest; and while thy works remain in the world to furnish perplexing thoughts, thy name shall twinkle among the uncertain lights which guide the wavering honesty of nations. The Statesman entered, and joined Puffendorf, Vattel, and Burlamaqui. Their apartments were opposite to those of the soldiers; who indeed treated them with all manner of affronts; now setting fire to their apartments, and then cutting them up with the sword; a proper treatment, they observed, for those old women, who, with cobwebs aspired to harness a war-horse. A crowd soon entered the various apartments of the temple, all of whom were welcomed by the Goddess as worthy of her favour, from some distinguished quality or achievement; and when they had all convened, the temple shone forth to Almanzor like that glorious canopy, which is studded with stars. He gazed with eagerness; despair quenched the hope which began to kindle in his bosom, and he was retiring.

Presently he observed a plain, well dressed man passing by. He appeared to be intent on some benevolent purpose, and paid no attention whatever to the dazzling objects around him. As soon as he was seen from the temple, an exclamation of joy was heard, and the Goddess beckoned to him to stop and enter. The good man found himself unwillingly near the temple of Fame. "What have I to do here," he exclaimed, "who never sought after praise,

nor dreamed of celebrity?" "True," said the Goddess, "but they have discovered you. Heaven gave you wealth; you used it to gladden the heart of the poor; to promote literature; to encourage the arts; to beautify and adorn your country; to improve its taste; to advance and to enlarge its reputation. You have rescued intellect, when it has been floating among the bulrushes, and fed it when it has been starving in the desert. There is no current so deep and so strong, as the gratitude of genius. Its brightest invention is to devise rewards, and its greatest delight to bestow them. You will find in this temple many whom your fostering care elicited from obscurity, and supplied with resources. For the gold which you gave them, they return you immortality. Enter and dwell with them;" and the rich man entered the Temple of Fame; and the classic shades of renown bowed to him as their benefactor. Music poured into his ear all the raptures of melody; his eye was refreshed with beauty's fadeless forms; the Arts and the Graces strove to honour him, while the Virtues looked on and were pleased. There was a delightful glow in his bosom, and on his cheek an ingenuous blush, when the Goddess proclaimed, Behold the TRIUMPH of ENLIGHTENED BENEVOLENCE!



THE RACE WEEK.

THIS week has been, time immemorial, devoted to festivities in Charleston. The sports of the turf

stand us instead of those of the *cestus* and the *discus*, in which the heroes of Greece were wont frequently to engage for the palm of victory. Racing was also one of the sports of Greece, and such was the perfection of horsemanship in the time of Homer, that one man would ride four horses simultaneously.

“Safe in his art, as side by side they run,
He shifts his seat, and vaults from one to one;
And now to this, and now to that he flies,
Admiring numbers follow with their eyes.”

It is not a little remarkable that, as after the war of Troy, the generals of Greece sought amusement in those various sports, which keep alive the idea of contest, without involving the injuries of war; so many distinguished revolutionary soldiers of Carolina have been found among the ardent patrons of the sports of the turf, when freed from their perilous, but victorious toils.

We cannot estimate the improvement, which, in consequence of these annual trials of speed has accrued to the race of horses among us—there can be no doubt, however, that they have tended generally to increase their strength, speed, and symmetry.

We would speak of these amusements in another point of view. They rally the society of the State in one mutually accessible spot—they attract the curiosity of strangers, and impart to all, a cheerful hilarity. They bring money into our city, which most people deem the circulating medium of happiness—and they drive care from it, which all people are willing to dispense with.

They cause a gay assemblage of wealth, taste, and beauty—introduce the belles and fashions of rural, to those of a city life—and make the gentlemen of the fresh water acquainted with those of the salt. Thus they produce good feeling, kindness, courtesy, union. They remove erroneous prejudices, and strengthen the bonds of our common society.

They are not without a moral tendency—they illustrate the race of life—where labour is so important, and zeal is so necessary; and where unforeseen accidents may defeat them both. In briefness of career, and in the common goal which arrests at once the victor and the vanquished, the moralist may discover an analogy to our mortal state, and while sighing, perhaps, at the follies and frivolities of the season, may improve himself by reflecting on the following sentiment of Gray—

“To contemplation’s sober eye,
Such is the race of man;
And they that creep—and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.”



THE PARTING.

THE parting of friends is death in miniature. You have not, it is true, the glazed eye; the closed lip; the damp flesh; the marble countenance; the ghastly form; and the horrible repose of death; but you feel that which chiefly embitters death, the agony of separation. Yet we part with our friends daily, and

there is somewhat of cheerfulness mingled with the reluctance with which we take leave of each other. A slight glow on the cheek, a tremulous grasp of the hand, and a few sighs, soon dissipated in the surrounding atmosphere, are the fleeting memorial of the severance of the living.

The hope that we may meet again, and the belief that we shall meet again, and the confidence that Heaven will continue to us its merciful protection; these are the consoling stamina of happiness. How wretched then must he be, who in death, hath not hope because he hath not faith. Religion would, therefore, be a blessing, even if its promises fail of reality.

A belief in the superintending goodness of the Deity, is a safe and delightful substitute, when the wisdom of this world fails, as it must, and its promises die, and its beauty fades, and its hopes are wrecked and desolate.



INSRUCTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

To enter this world without a welcome—to leave it without an adieu—to suffer and to be unable to communicate your suffering—to stand a sad and silent monument, amid the joys of others, which you cannot understand or conceive of—to be shut out of life—to carry within your bosom, the buried seeds of happiness which is never to grow—of intellect which is never to burst forth—of usefulness which is never to germinate—to find even your presence afflictive,

and not to know whether you excite compassion, or horror—a whole existence without one cheering sound—without one welcome accent—without one exhilarating thought—without one idea of the present—without one recollection of the past—without one hope of the future—Oh! what a cloud of wretchedness covers, surrounds, and overwhelms such a deplorable victim of sorrow! Now to throw over such a benighted being the sweet rays of intelligence; to open the intellect, and let it gush forth in streams of light and joy; to rouse the affections, that they may know and love God, the giver of all things, merciful even in his chastisements; to enlighten the soul, that it may see its origin and destiny; to cause the lips to smile, although they cannot speak; the eye to glisten with other emotions than those of sorrow; and the mind to understand, although it cannot hear—Oh! what a beautiful supplement to the benevolence of Heaven.



HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

It will not do to disparage in the columns of southern papers, the venerable and honoured University at Cambridge. Next to the affections which surround the cradle of infancy—next to the cherished distillation of life, from the bosom of his mother, does every son of that mother of learning, in this country, hallow and revere the early, and fresh, and bountiful effusions of literature, which with ardent

and unsated lips, he imbibed from the delightful fountain, planted in the desert, by the illustrious and virtuous pilgrims of New-England.

It will not do to depreciate the only University which this country enjoys—to revile the school of the venerable Adams, of the patriotic Hancock, of the learned Parsons, of the eloquent Ames, and Dexter, and Otis, and of all those noble spirits who lit the fire, guarded the flame, and preserved the lustre of American liberty. It will not do in Charleston to accuse Harvard University of being deficient in oratory—and that too for the purpose of awarding the laurel to Yale College. Every institution should rest on its own merits. There is no religion in scandal—the muses are friendly, and so are those who love them.

The courtesy of letters is a beautiful relief from the wretched strife of this world. It is to be hoped, therefore, that no further occasion for the remonstrance of one who loves both institutions, and has received the honours of both, will be required in defence of either.



THE STARS.

WHILE we are daily familiarising ourselves with a knowledge of this earth on which we tread, but to which we do not exclusively belong, it would not be amiss, occasionally, to look at the skies, our native home; and to justify the purpose which the poet has

ascribed to our formation, that God made us to walk erect, that we might gaze upon his wonders in the heavens.

There is a marvellous contrast between the celestial and the terrestrial spheres—and the politician and the bigot had better remain where they are. They cannot say this is a Protestant star, and that is a Catholic—and this is given to idolatry—nor of one, that it has been conquered—nor of another that it was ceded by treaty—nor of a third that it was stolen from the innocent aborigines. They may look, but they cannot discover *Crete*, where they lied, nor *Rhodes*, where they stole, nor *Poland*, plundered of sovereignty, nor *Ireland*, loyal and oppressed. They will not find in the starry firmament, states in insurrection, nor here a principality, nor there a dukedom, nor even a republic. *There* are no *Greeks* struggling to regain what has been lost—there are no *Creeks* studious only to retain their own; there are no *Turks* to molest either.

And why this dissimilarity? but that the heavens are the kingdom of the Almighty, and the blessed stars live in his light, and exult in his presence, and resound with his praises; and they shine as he bids them, upon this earth, with sweet and consoling splendour, except when its own noxious exhalations rise in clouds and intervene between man and his Creator.

Study the Stars! they are the land of promise to mortals. They are the rallying points of love, and faith, and hope; the shining volume of immortality, for ever open in the skies.

CREDULITY.

CREDULITY is an affliction. It is the sign of ignorance—the source of alarm—the prelude of danger. Such is the contagion of speech—so easy of coin and of utterance are words—that the air is always full of counterfeit rumours, poisoning the wholesome condition of society. If men would tell only what they know—if women would not listen except to the truth—if bridles were put on the tongues of triflers, and seals on the ears of the easily alarmed, much more of happiness and tranquillity would prevail in populous cities.

As it is, however, the tongue, the sign of perspicuity which elevates man, as he thinks, and will boastingly tell you, above the brute creation, is as often the source of mischief, as it is of good. There is in human nature a melancholy, but an unreflecting propensity to communicate marvellous stories; to excite surprise, and wonder, and alarm; there is also in human nature a melancholy, but an unreflecting propensity to believe in what is strange, and sorrowful, and ominous and destructive. So do we play upon each other; and so do we make ourselves unhappy. Let the rule be to listen to nothing but what is true, to mention nothing but what is known, and truth and knowledge will circulate instead of error. What a pity that there is not a peculiar rule of moral gravitation which would cause a lie to drop dead from the speaker, while the fleetness of the

wind should be employed in the dissemination of truth.



LORD BYRON.

DON JUAN, Cantos 3, 4, 5.

[Written before the Poet's decease.]

IF ever Lord Byron, in a serious, not a misanthropic mood, shall reflect on the high mental gifts and graces, with which he was favoured by Heaven, the power to discern, feel, and portray in the glowing and animated colours of song, the outward mould of nature, and the more mysterious and hidden shapes of thought and passion, imprinted on the innermost heart of man—if with the conscious possession of the moral influence which great genius exercises over mankind, and a sphere of exertion the most alluring and popular, enhanced by the further auxiliaries of birth, and rank, and fortune—if aware of all these rare endowments, and high responsibilities—aware too of the favour, applause, and admiration which followed his efforts, and bore him at once to the throne of modern poetry, amid the innocent chorus of youths and virgins—if Lord Byron, called now to account to his conscience and God for the use of these peculiar and honoured privileges, should search his life for an answer, what could he reply? How shall genius which is the heaven-sent light of truth,

to guide and to save, excuse itself for the voluntary extinction of its purity and its fire, in the chilling and loathsome damps of error, which allow it to re-appear only for mischief and ruin? How shall Poetry, the refined companion of the Graces and Virtues, with Honour on her brow, Inspiration in her bosom, and Immortality in her right hand—palliate her abandonment of her high destiny, and polluting intercourse with sin and infamy! That the chaste lyre should echo the song of sensuality—and the harp that was wont to inspire the patriot and the hero, should become the gratuitous pander of base licentiousness! That great ability, should be evinced only in mischief—great fruitfulness, in the growth of poison—and the clear and beautiful expanse of intellect, become a nauseous, slanderous pool of corruption and pestilence! These are the achievements, and triumphs, of Lord Byron, patronized by Heaven, only that he might abuse its favours—exalted by genius only that he might degrade it—admired by the innocent, only that he might insult them,—and blest with reputation, that he might throw it away and trample it under foot.



APOTHEOSIS OF MURDERERS.

THE body of Hutton, a convict, robber, and assassin, was honoured with public religious ceremonies, at its interment in Baltimore. The congregations of several churches attended his funeral, in pur-

suance of resolves to that effect, and the coffin of the malefactor was strewed with rosemary, by those who should have reserved their tributes for the innocent and the deserving. In what state of society do we exist, when those, whom the eternal God has doomed to death, and the justice of this world consigns to ignominy, shall be lifted, festering with their sins, and placed among the pure and the spotless? Who will value the consolations of piety, if they are thus indiscriminately and shamefully profuse? What kind of sensibility is that which feels for the murderer, and forgets his victim? What kind of religion is that which seeks proselytes among culprits, and instead of soothing the sorrows of the innocent, trains the sinner to die with fortitude, and strives to crown his death with glory? What is the tendency of public punishment, if the shame, and the justice, and the example, are to be obliterated in public sympathy, and effaced in the tears of religious devotees?

A public execution in the United States has latterly become an individual triumph. As soon as a villain has been reluctantly pronounced by the laws of his country, unfit to live, he is put in training to die. Already he has the firmness of health, and the hardiness of sin, and the ministers of religion proffer to him the consoling props of faith and penitence. If he be not grossly deficient in courage, he must exhibit such firmness as shall in the opinion of the spectators, excite sympathy in his behalf. Some will call him a martyr; and all will say, how like a hero he died! Even at the gallows he shall exult in the anticipation of the rewards of innocence; and when



his life has been yielded for his crimes, his body shall receive the same sepulchral rites as the virgin in the bloom of her purity, and the hero in the blaze of his fame.

Let us suppose the widow of the unfortunate mail carrier, who had been murdered by Hutton, standing with her orphan children near this funeral cavalcade, and to be asked by one of the little innocents, "Mother, whose funeral is that—whose body do they bear into the church, and over whose grave do those clergymen pray?" "That, my child, is the body of him who murdered your father in cold blood, though he was invoked to spare him in your name!" "And are those murderers who follow and mourn him? I think none but a murderer would do so!" "No, my child, those are misled people, who honour the remains of him whom they would have shunned when living." "And when you die, mother, will so many people follow you?" "Not unless I too am a Pirate, or a Murderer!"

Really, this evil example in the city of Baltimore, is so dreadfully pernicious, that I cannot discover the slightest motive or excuse for it. If any forms ought to be sacred, they are those of religion. Her holy rites should minister at the tomb of the virtuous and the renowned—of the pious and the brave—of the sage and the patriot. In the name of Heaven, let them not be degraded and polluted by mingling them with that act, which hides from the world he has outraged, the coward, the thief, and the murderer.

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1825.

IN the midst of a festive season, when the heart and the house of every Carolinian are open to the cheerful rites and duties of hospitality, a melancholy and distressing fire has afflicted our city. Enveloped in the burning and the blazing air, the weak structures of mortals have withered and vanished. Industry looks in vain for the fruit of her labours; wealth sighs for the precariousness of its possessions; and poverty wrings her hands in agony over her desolate hearth. The hand of the Almighty is in these things. These are only stern lessons of pious virtue; to the rich, that they bow in humility to the dispensations of that blessed Providence which has permitted them to appropriate to themselves so much of its own property; to the poor, that they be not disheartened by suffering, but remember, that at this same cold and inclement season, the Son of the Almighty had no habitation but a manger; to the community at large, that they prove their common origin and mutual fidelity by rushing eagerly to the assistance of the distressed and forlorn. These are the uses of calamity. And yet what calamity can afflict virtue? Is it not the grace of the earth, and has it not the promise of the skies? Is it not content with *that* glorious terrace, with *this* magnificent canopy? What would a virtuous man take for the consolations of his own bosom, in the belief, that he was performing on earth the duties enjoined by his father in Hea-

ven? Nothing. The splendour of wealth can neither dazzle nor betray the purity of virtue. The essence of virtue is religion, and the rewards of religion are content, resignation, tranquillity and hope.

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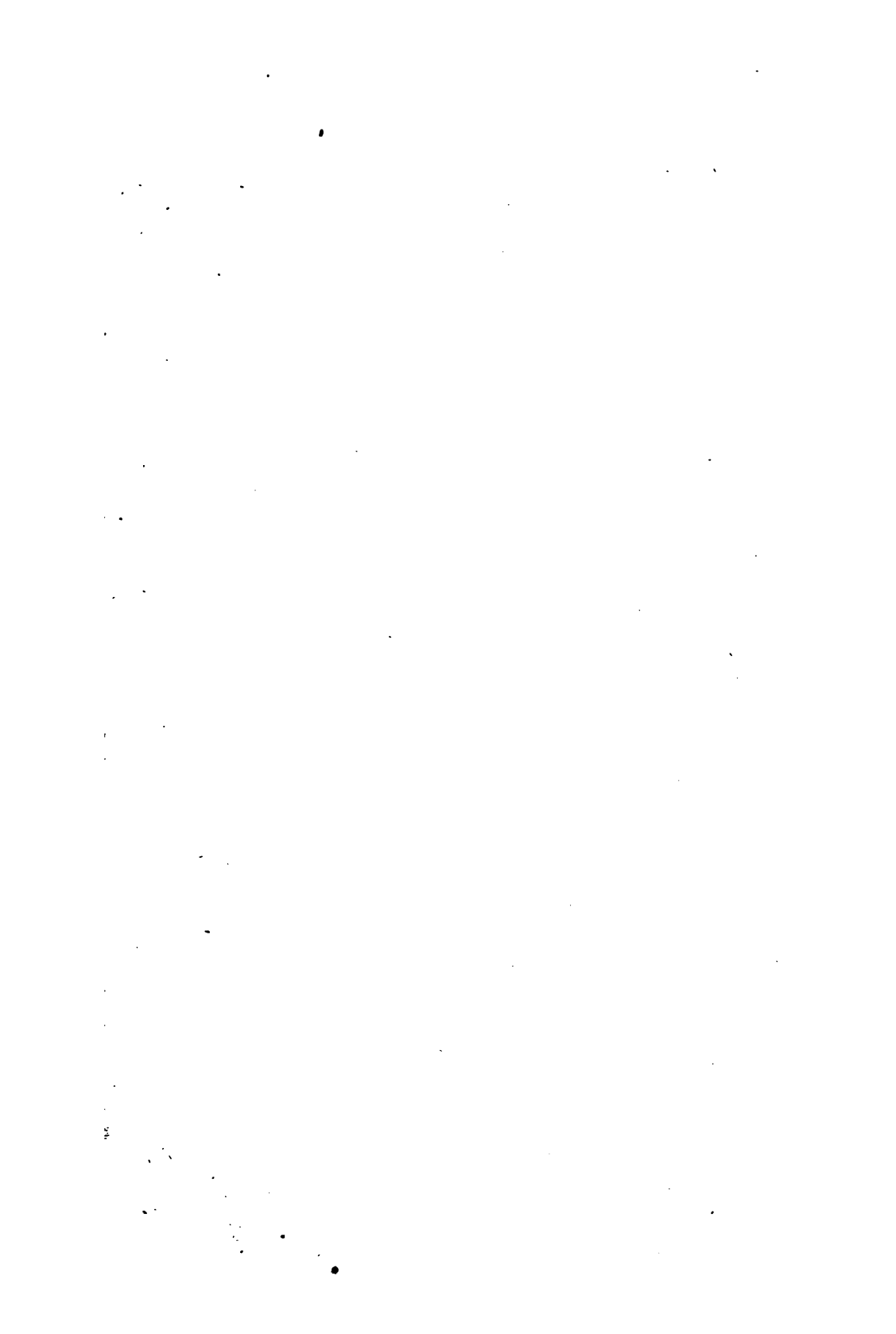
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LITERARY AND HUMOROUS
ESSAYS.



LITERARY SPARRING. 1821.

THE war between the United States and Great Britain, attested by the fierce collision of arms and copious effusion of blood, has given way to a more harmless but equally obstinate warfare, in which ink furnishes the ammunition, and the artillery are feathers. There can be no flag of truce among these gentry, for whenever they fall in with any thing white, they proceed straightway to soil it with sable inscriptions. The victory will belong only to him who shall have the largest paper-mill and the greatest quantity of ink powder.

The subject of dispute is the North American continent, large enough, God knows, for a myriad of such combatants. The question is, whether so many square miles, and such a quantity of atmosphere, on this side of the Atlantic, can produce and exhibit the same intellectual vigour, as a fiftieth part of the same space produces on the other side of the Atlantic! so that each side of the question takes one side of the ocean; and the contending parties, when nearest each other, have only three thousand miles of salt water between them.

European writers began by over-rating and under-rating us. They gave the soil too much credit for what was below, and too little for what was above it. Underneath, it was all gold—and above, it was all

barrenness. It was a country of mines and precious stones—but the inhabitants were timid, and the animals were dwarfs.

The progress of time and civilization caused America to get more into favour, and when colonies from Europe grew and flourished upon it, they of course formed exceptions to the general rule of depreciating the country. Still it was regarded as a fit asylum for broken adventurers, and a *locus penitentiae* for the convicts of Britain. Visitors who came not *sua sponte* of their own accord, were not likely to fall in love with the place of their imprisonment: while those who remained at home, seeing the use which was made of this country, took it for granted that it was no better than it should be.

The melancholy errand of Sir Walter Raleigh, quenched the ardour of the hunters after gold; and subsequent adventurers were content to speculate in rice and tobacco, at the expense of growing blind by eating the one, and being royally cursed for using the other. America was known only in the Custom-house, and her name found only in a bill of lading. Nobody felt any interest in the country but merchants and manufacturers—as Gray says, ‘bending o’er the accursed loom.’ As to literature, it was out of the question; and when as late as 1761, Harvard University sent forth in Greek, Latin and English, its congratulations on George the III.’s accession to the throne, it was called in England a curiosity.

A colony bears the same relation to the mother country, that a gentleman’s kitchen does to his mansion-house. It is the abode and the resort of ser-

vants; living under protection, and without authority. During our colonial state, trade furnished the only inducement of intercourse. The Plantations in America were superintended by agents, and the revenue spent by their owners abroad. It is obvious that the narrow views of these, were not required to extend, and certainly could not embrace the character of this country and its inhabitants.—With partial means of information, the Europeans misunderstood and misrepresented America.

While Great Britain was thus inattentive to our progress, and ignorant of our capacity and resources, opulent men among us sent their sons to England for education.—These studied the British Government in the heart of the British Empire—learned the boundaries of right in her courts of justice—caught the spirit of freedom from her parliamentary orators—the fever of renown from her glorious monuments—and returned to their native land with the weapons of truth—with the lights of learning—and the daring enterprise of genius to vindicate, to defend and to save it—guiding and guarding it through the perils of civil war—until passing the Ultima Thule of British liberty, it took the place of Greece on the map of modern times.

Down to the period of our Revolution, the people of this country excited little interest in England. In the wars, it is true, with France and the savages, they were of essential service, and their donations to the mother country were always welcome. But beyond these no question was made; and it is observable that, in the numerous titles of the British monarch,

his dominion in North America was altogether unnoticed.

The Revolution, however, produced a new state of things; and while it entitled us to the applause of Europe for our political wisdom and popular energy, left us in every weak, defective, or vulnerable part, liable to severe observation and scrutiny. It was, indeed, a startling phenomenon in politics, to behold the rapid change of a remote and diminutive colony into a free and great republic, guarding its liberties with wise precaution, and refreshing enslaved nations with the light and beauty of its example.

The most that envy could suggest, or patriotism fear, was that our institutions would be short-lived, and that broken up by dissensions, like the Grecian states, we should be severed into fragments. The extent of our territory was alleged to be incompatible with our republican form of government. And yet a compact population affords the strongest temptation and the easiest scope to mutiny. The number of the states, it was said, would endanger the union of the whole—and yet it is obvious that every new state becomes an additional security to the bond of alliance, and that ambitious men will find in state honours enough to restrain them from the *unhallowed* pursuit of the great offices of the nation.

As perfect at least in our form of government, and as pure in its administration, as any of our contemporaries, we listened with perfect composure to the invective and the panegyric of foreigners on this part of our character. We knew that this, at least, was not the heel of Achilles. We had been told,

too, what some of us appear to have forgotten, that the city of London alone contained twelve hundred gentlemen, of such prompt resource, and accommodating talents, that they would write on any given side of any subject, and sometimes on both sides, on receiving a proper recompense. That we might not doubt this, we had ocular demonstration of it in *Cobbett*, a fellow who wore his conscience in his pocket, and wore them out together.

This historical fact asserted by Johnson, years ago, and never contradicted, should be always kept in view by an American, when he may feel inclined to notice the calumnies of the British press.

Passing over our political system, as a fly traverses a piece of ice, too pure for him to defile, and not safe for him to dwell on, the European traveller lights upon the more accommodating topics of our manners, our morals, and our literature.

Now it is but fair, at the outset, to require of these self-constituted critics and observers, some credential of merit; some evidence of aptitude for the task which they voluntarily assume. No man takes a cook without a character. Literature is more refined in its feasts, and should be as delicate in its selections.

Supposing the traveller to be perfectly competent to his office, the next preliminary would be, why do you visit America? What is the inducement for publishing your travels? What time have you resided among us? What have been your opportunities of observation? In what society have you mingled? To what class of politicians do you belong in your

own country? Have you no prejudices, political or otherwise?

Now we venture to say, that these few questions being put and answered, would rid us at once of every English book of American travels, written since our Independence. They would disappear like cobwebs; and before this fair and dispassionate inquiry, would flee like culprits from the jury-box of criticism.

Satisfied that the English travel-writers in this country were almost wholly unqualified for the task, which personal interest, or political prejudice may have induced them to assume—that not one enlightened scholar, nor perhaps one impartial observer, was to be found among them—that the office of an author was with them secondary and subservient to some mercenary or political view—we should regard it as misplaced time to notice, and thereby to appear to feel, the calumnies of such men. Perhaps in their candour, they would themselves allow, that their productions were intended to affect us only where we were unknown—to check the spirit of emigration to our country—to reconcile the people of England to the loss of our territory, and the comforts of their own—to assuage wounded pride, and gratify national vanity. The books themselves contained internal evidence of these facts, enough to destroy any claim to authority.

Nor were the topics of their censure such as should render us uneasy or provoke our animadversion.

Without giving us time to learn to dance, they accused us of want of grace; ere we had cleared away

the forest, they called for our palaces; in our young population, struggling with the savages for life, and the soil for maintenance, they asked for the courtesy and polish of a court. In our appetites vulgar! in our manners licentious! in our language barbarous! and in our literature beneath contempt! Such were the anathemas against our new-born nation. Such were the weeds that strove to check and destroy our infant growth. It was required of our whole country to be in bloom in half the time that is allowed to an aloe!

In the spirit of *Herod*, they made war upon our childhood. We suffered with mild and unresisting benevolence, nor imagined that the enlightened men of Great Britain either believed or connived at the scandals on our name. So far as the conduct of our government to disprove the truth and prevent the circulation of these calumnies, could avail any thing, it was illustrated by the talents, dignity, and fair fame of those who represented us abroad, and might be regarded as pledges for their countrymen at home.

Even this would not do; and at length, in an evil hour, the great literary journals of Scotland and of England, to bring us in contempt with the learned and powerful, adopted, recognized, and sanctioned the hireling abuse of the travellers in America; while the first scholars in the British house of peers subscribed to the caricature of the American people.

Error is a misfortune. Ignorance is pitiable. And when we saw the literary and political guides of Great Britain yielding with the credulity of girls, to the deceitful stories of our calumniators, we felt

compassion for that weakness from which the wise are not exempt.

If, indeed, we had anticipated the hostilities which were to ensue, and had discovered in these literary anathemas the signals and provocatives of 'purple war,' however reluctant the contest might be on our part, it would not have been painful to discover how much the enemy misunderstood us, his errors being inevitably destined to recoil upon himself. If either the Edinburgh or the Quarterly Review, by their publications on America, fanned, excited, or for a moment kept alive the fires of contention between this country and Great Britain, the Muses will offer them neither sympathy nor consolation.

Now it so happens that the British Reviews enjoy great favour among us. We still repair to the fount, although it conveys wormwood to our lips. It is said of those who live near Mount Etna, that, subject as they are to occasional deluges of fire,

"Though floods of lava desolate the plain,
They turn, enchanted, to the spot again."

So with us easy Americans. We covet and cling to the society of scholars—all whose jests are at our expense, and whose very compliments are sarcastic.

It was at this time, when great names and authority were identified with the vulgar abuse of nameless scribblers, that Mr. WALSH, with the zeal of a patriot, the research of a scholar, and the grace of a rhetorician, published our vindication—wherein, having defended us from attack on all sides, he advan-

ced, by the right of war, into the enemy's territory, dismounted his weapons, and made them recoil upon himself.—Here the affair ought to have rested.

That it is profitable and praise-worthy in Great Britain to deride and ridicule us, can admit no longer of a doubt. Whether it be worth our while to reply and retaliate, is quite another question. The severest rebuke is silence. The most painful commentary, neglect. "Speak," said a termagant, to one on whom she had discharged a whole vocabulary of oaths, "speak, you devil, or I shall burst!" The wiser opponent maintained her composure, and carried off the victory.

The etiquette of society requires something like equality in the combatants, and something like the same stake in the issue. But what responsibility can attach to an individual who writes of a country which he has never seen, from a distance of three thousand miles? None in the world, and, therefore, is he entitled to no respect. It is sheer impudence to lampoon a whole continent, and but too successful when noticed at all.

It was, therefore, with regret, after the masterly *coup-de-main* of Mr. Walsh, that we have seen in the "North-American Review," and in the "Western Review," in Kentucky, defences of this country from European calumnies. They grow professedly out of Campbell's Magazine; and the strictures in the latter arose (as he says) out of American strictures—so that the contest which we thought had been buried in the tomb of the Capulets, is likely to be continued *ad infinitum*. The misfortune is, and

we are sorry for it, they do not like us in England. The guilt of the Revolution is upon our heads; and we imagine very often, that we hear the reproof of the Queen, in Shakspeare, "Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended." The nation has not the magnanimity of the late King, so visible in his reception of Mr. Adams, our earliest ambassador at the court of St. James. Another reason of their dislike exists, we think, in their not knowing us; and when can they expect to know us, if they look only to the venal and prejudiced travellers, whom chance brings to our shores, for the lineaments of our character and country? Certainly they ought not to depreciate us, who are destined to survive them to carry their language and their literature through the undefinable brilliancy of a new career, into the forests and recesses of a new world—extending their empire, not by the bloody weapons of war and carnage, but by the peaceful and laudable influence of mind.

Reviews are the paper-money of literature—with this abatement in value, that they issue on the capital of others, and never their own—with this common attribute, that they have no intrinsic value at all. Convenience brought them into existence—speculation keeps them alive; but multiplied abuses must lead to their suppression. Like paper-money, they never give you the exact value of the article they represent; for reviewers are brokers in literature, and their trade is artifice. Like paper-money, they may cease to exist without the slightest diminution of specie capital. Where they abound, they indicate the scarcity of the precious metals—

being artificial means of credit borrowed of a friend, or bought of an usurer.

This little episode, into which we wandered without thinking of it, will apprise our readers, perhaps, that we hold Reviews in no high estimation. We prefer beauty itself to the most beautiful picture, and deformity gains nothing with us from being caricatured. It would be a puzzling question, and therefore we will not ask it, what good these Reviews have done? as to invention, they do not pretend to it, being embroiderers on other men's labours—guagers of genius—and measurers of learning. They will give you the height of a pyramid by the shade which it throws on them—and judge of gold by its malleability, proceeding to hammer it out, until it bears no marks of its original owner, and may safely be claimed by the Reviewer as his own.

On the other hand, we had rather read a sprightly review than a dull poem—have no objection to see a good essay (as it very often does) grow out of a bad one—and consult the British Reviewers, if not for authority, certainly for interest and intelligence.

But it is a very different thing to tolerate, much less to admire, and acquiesce in, the very comprehensive literary *coup d'œil* with which these arrogant authors on the other side of the Atlantic embrace our whole nation. What impudent boldness of outline, to sketch in a paragraph, twenty-four sovereign states, and the appurtenant territories! What a mighty rhetorical grasp, to hold up a whole continent with the watch-string of a Reviewer, and dangle our Republics about like a parcel of copper trinkets. The

object is ludicrous enough, indeed, and among well-disposed minds can produce only laughter.

It is really amusing, in the tranquil march of this great and growing country, up the verdant steeps of Fame, to find the little European wasps buzzing discordantly in her ear, and striving to implant their miserable stings in the muscles of her strength, and to deface the mantle of her beauty. For a foreign description of our country, we select with pleasure the following extract from a French poem, written in 1783, entitled *L'Amerique Delivrée*.

“Pour un peuple aussi grand, la naissance n'est rien;
La richesse encore moins: son plus précieux bien
C'est un mérite, rare, un courage invincible,
Le respect pour le Dieu, un cœur juste et sensible,
Le plus tendre retour aux soins des parens,
L'amour de son pays, la haine des Tyrans,
L'obeissance aux loix, le mépris de la vie,
Un ame inaccessible à l'orgueil, à l'envie,
Un esprit tolerant, et de l'humanité,
Respectant les devoirs avec sincérité:
Ce tableau si frappant, n'est point un chimère,
Je pretendrais en vain tromper toute la terre.”



OUR LITERATURE.

It is amusing to see the English prints endeavouring to separate us in this country from any share in the literary reputation of England—in the fame of her bards, heroes, and scholars.

With what justice this is done, let us examine. At the commencement of the revolution, these colonies formed an integral part of the English empire. We were English subjects: English history was our history—English arts and letters were our letters and arts—English arms, fortune, and fame, all were ours.

Whatever was once ours must remain so, unless we voluntarily surrender it, or it has been taken away.

How did the revolution affect our relative situation with the other side of the Atlantic? Our connexion was social, civil, literary, scientific, and political. One of these, and only one of these ties ever was, ever has been, ever can be dissolved. Our political connexion with England ceased. We protested against it, and it was severed. But did we ever protest against the muses? Did we ever complain of the yoke of Letters? Did we ever abjure allegiance to Genius? Did we ever declare our independence of Intellect?—We protested against the Monarch, not against the Sage; against the Palace and the Tower, not against Oxford and Westminster-Abbey; against Standing Armies, not against Flourishing Arts.

Milton is ours. Shakspeare is ours. Every thing English is and shall be ours—except their political government and their agricultural distresses.

The English language is ours, and all that is in it, and we are not to be cozened out of it. We will not talk American, nor Scotch, nor Welch, but we will talk in our own English language; and, enjoying the whole of the language, is it not absurd to de-

ny us a part? Which of our letters is not English— which of our authors is not an English author? Then which English letter and which English author is not ours?

One peculiarity, indeed, we acknowledge, but it is not our fault. We cannot leave out the *h* in the word horse—nor can we perceive it in the word *off*. Yet politeness may bring us to that, rather than be barred of our inheritance. We certainly might learn it of a beautiful lady—and such, by the way, are the best instructors.

Our rights in the English literature and English arts cannot be taken from us, unless you cut out our tongues. It is not a voyage across the Atlantic that is to disinherit us.

Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.

It is unfair and cruel to shut us out from all the glories of antiquity, and give us only forty years out of oblivion—and it shall not be done.

We will cling to the ancient fame of England as Achilles did to the dead body of Patroclus. We will not cavil, it is true, for Byron, who stains his soul with sin, and mingles blasphemy with genius—nor for Campbell, lowly in his loftiest flights—nor for Bloomfield, whose muse was as humble as his occupation—nor Phillips, the rhetorical milliner of artificial flowers—nor Southey, who makes verses to all measures and to none—nor Wordsworth, the poet of the nursery—nor Crabbe, of the kitchen—nor Lady Morgan—nor Sir John Carr; nor will it kill us in

this country, to be denied the Waverley novels, which are kept alive by continual multiplication, and no doubt will last as long as they are multiplied. These we care not for; and, although we have a right, yet will we not complain of the licentiousness of Byron—the bombast of Phillips—the milk and water of Wordsworth—the interstices of Italian in Lady Morgan's *English*, or the interstices of Scotch in the Waverley Novels, which, by the way, is very much as if a gentleman should cut ditches in his garden walk to try the agility of his company.

But in all the literary productions, in all the triumphs and trophies of art—in all the scientific discoveries—in all the glorious institutions of England, antierior to the American Revolution, the people of this country have a right, so far as any or all of them confer national praise and honour, in common and in equality with the natives of London, who never walked out of its smoke.



THE LATE MR. OGILVIE, THE ORATOR.

WHEN a man's life comes to be cancelled—and his breath passes into the undistinguished air, we can conceive of him, only, as of a line drawn on the surface of Time, always short—sometimes indistinct and obscure—sometimes luminous and beautiful—straight and elevated, where it denotes integrity and honour; and downward and oblique when it designates sin.

The majority of mankind, when they die, leave scarcely a pencil-line on the memory of their survivors, and these, perhaps, are the happiest. Since life is a connexion which must be dissolved, the fewer its ligaments, the less painful their separation. Every ability which we exercise, becomes a source of pain when we are removed—and every interest which we excite, is but the remote harbinger of sorrow.

And yet there is an ardour for distinction growing at some time or other, in every bosom—now faint and unfrequent, like a spark—then steady and consuming, like a blaze.

Much of this warmth, (and in a manner novel and peculiar,) was exhibited by the late Mr. OGILVIE; redeeming his life from the cold shade of indifference and obscurity. We do not purpose to give an analysis of his character and acquirements, such as shall be recognised by his bosom friends, or frequent companions—but merely such a sketch as shall bring him in rude and imperfect outline, back again into this world.

Mr. Ogilvie was a native of Scotland, an enthusiast in literature and rhetoric. Enthusiasm, if it do not attain, is the only means of approaching success; and dreams, though unreal themselves, tend to bring reality within our reach. We know not what model of excellence he proposed to himself, or what high aspirations after fame he indulged. But whatever they were, he sought them in no common channel, but struck out into a rare and novel path, such as we can assimilate only to the wanderings of the ancient Bards in their generous distribution of Song

and Prophecy. Engaged for awhile in the instruction of youth, he abandoned that pursuit for the purpose of becoming a popular declaimer—uninspired by the ambition of the Senate—unaided by the authority of the Pulpit, unexcited by the litigation of the Bar. If he succeeded, he had no competitor over whom he could boast; if he failed, he had no society to console him, for his profession was unique, and his efforts were solitary.

He composed and delivered set harangues on moral, philosophical, and literary topics, trusting as well to their intrinsic interest, as to his own elocution and manner, and in some degree, perhaps, to a rhetorical exteriour, which induced him to appear in the classic costume of the Roman forum. It cannot be denied that his performances, accompanied with recitations from the best poets, obtained for him much praise and encouragement in the chief cities of the Union.

His tall, slender figure—his diffidence, which was awkward, because it was embarrassed—his sepulchral voice, with its unusual cadences, bring him forcibly to the imagination of all who have seen him. Exhausted by the preparation and delivery of long memorized discourses, he sought a temporary refuge in the use of opium, which, from an auxiliary, became a master, and rendered him at intervals either wretched or lethargic.

His compositions being original and not very numerous, were soon exhausted in delivery; and he retired for some months to the Western States, to fill his mind with new topics and images, and his leisure with fresh productions. During this period, his ma-

terials for conversation were improved by observation and study; and his literary remarks on his return were listened to with eagerness, by those who relish such intercourse at all. We give him credit for an ardent and contagious enthusiasm, if we may so call it, which lighted with its own fire the bosoms of the young within his reach, warming them into the love of virtue, and literature, and fame. He was a zealous advocate for female instruction. Knowledge is beautiful, when combined with innocence. He deserves our thanks for his exertions in promoting the culture of Oratory in the South-Carolina College; while his charitable appropriation of his earnings ought to commend him to the liberal every where.

He was regardful chiefly of praise. This he received so habitually, that it became necessary to his existence: and as he derived it in smaller quantities from others, he looked for the sources of life, like the pelican, to his own bosom. He has been justly charged with egotism. But when a man has no means afforded him of forming a just estimate of his powers, he can only be blamed, for placing himself in a situation, whereby this error is produced. Alone in his occupation, he had no chance for comparison or contrast with others. He was at liberty, therefore, to graduate his own merits by a scale of his own; and whether the thermometer was high or low, the result would be the same. When successful, self would be the topic of praise, when mortified, self would be the theme of despair. Now the fault was, that he did not sufficiently anticipate

failure from the nature of his vocation. Powers and accomplishments which the world in its necessity requires—the world *in its liberality* will support.

Mr. Ogilvie did not bring his talents to bear on any of these obviously useful and familiar departments. Essays on general subjects with difficulty command individual interest, nor could he hope to impart to them by his own power such a relish, as should render them every where and universally attractive. Whatever is universally true, every man believes that he knows already, and derives no pleasure in hearing; but whatever is true only of individuals, carries with it the stamp of novelty, and passes current among mankind. A picture of a man for instance, would not detain us a second, while a portrait of Washington would cause us to linger for hours.

Mr. Ogilvie's declamations came, therefore, in competition with the usual impulse of thought, and feeling, and these he could not counteract. Seeing that his scheme was novel, and claimed interest with no particular class of society, it should have occurred to him that *mankind, prone as they are to praise and promote the luxuries of the senses, look with self-consoling indifference on the luxuries of the mind.*

THE FINE ARTS.

PAINTING is the most interesting of the beautiful arts. It is not fleeting like Music—nor cold like

Statuary—nor perishable and evanescent like Eloquence. A solitary effort may prove the ornament of an age—and Genius may choose his immortality of his most favourite colours.

Painting is an affectionate art. It ministers to the sympathies of friendship and of love, preserves the bloom of life on the cheek of the dead, and strives to continue the union of those whom death has severed.

Painting is a moral art. Its charming delineations afford the most striking and the most forcible lessons of the great virtues which man should emulate, and the sufferings which become graceful in the cause of virtue.

Painting is a national art. It is History personified. For the cold narrative of the historian, it gives you the warm, living, palpable presence of the scene; and to refer to Horace, is only to refer to nature, which has ordained the eye to be the most faithful, and the most retentive of the organs of sense.

Thus permanent in its nature, kind in its offices, beneficial in its effects, and beautiful in its efforts, nations, as they become civilized, cultivate the art of Painting—which approximates the distant, restores the past, refreshes the heart with virtuous lessons, and the imagination with pictures of beauty.

Barbarous countries exhibit rude efforts at imitation, and the savage is content with painting himself.

Society, indeed, in its early settlement, has prescribed an order of pursuits and events, by which necessary arts have the advantage of the ornamental—comfort is preferred to luxury, and sense precedes sen-

timent. Nor would the Fine Arts themselves desire to live, before their time, among rustics, who roam regardless through the beauties of nature. Wealth must produce leisure—and, leisure study, and refinement, and taste, before men will look above, and beyond the common, sordid objects of life; but when the time arrives to lift the curtain, and show the world of imagination fragrant with flowers, and full of beauty, how does the heart expand; and the disposition soften, as drinking from new sources of delight, we feel that the perfection of art is only the pure and virginal intercourse of nature.

Although the rapid growth and encouragement of the Fine Arts may more fairly be expected in opulent monarchies, where the monopoly of wealth by privileged orders creates great facilities of taste and luxury, yet is there nothing in a republican form of government, hostile to these elegant occupations. They must advance gradually, it is true, but they should advance steadily; and a republic should always, at least, have artists sufficient to illustrate its natural scenery, its physical appearances, its political history, and its warlike achievements. These should be the earliest efforts of the artists in a young country, because they are most likely to be successful. Patriotism warms many a bosom which is impervious to taste—and the mind expands insensibly at the mention of one's country.

America is fruitful in the materials of Painting, in her mountains, lakes, valleys, torrents, and all the magnificent exterior of nature; and although young, her history can furnish moral and patriotic scenes,

which would grace the gallery of honour and of virtue.

The nation appears sensible of its advantages, and of its duties, and in all parts of the Union we find a modest, and a grateful altar to the Arts.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

THERE is, as Cicero observes, a common bond of union between the Arts and Sciences; and among those Arts, particularly, which designate advanced civilization, there is a close and intimate analogy.

What is poetry but articulate music? What is music but inarticulate poetry? Painting is mute eloquence, and eloquence is painting that speaks.

They grow and flourish together; born of sensibility, nursed by taste, impelled by enthusiasm, and gazing on immortal heights, they brighten the path of nations up the ascents of Fame. In mere physical strength, man is surpassed by the brute. In physical duration, a grain of dust survives him. In material beauty, he cannot vie with the lowliest flower. In happiness even, unelevated by sympathy, and unrefined by intelligence, he does not surpass an oyster.

It is mind that achieves for him all that he can rationally desire, and innocently enjoy. Literature and the Arts, worship and minister on the altar of Truth, where Genius lights his everlasting flame. The growing progress of the Arts in this country, indi-

cates an increased sense of the proper objects of national pursuit. What is wealth, if the rays of intellect beam not upon it, and melt it into generosity? What is beauty, if mind light it not with expression, and elevate it with dignity? What is life, if unilluminated by imagination and unadorned by taste, but a tiresome, monotonous repetition of blank and profitless occurrences?

The elegant employment of leisure, is the best security of virtue. When the mind is full of beautiful forms, the heart will teem with honourable emotions. Pictures are moral lessons—they reprove in silence, and therefore we attend to them—their instruction is sweet, and therefore we receive it cheerfully.

The paintings of Mr. Trumbull, authorized by Congress, embracing the grandest events in modern history, prove the just sensibility of the nation on this subject. The *Court of Death*, is another successful appeal by an American artist, to the good taste and feelings of his countrymen. And to these there will soon be added from the pencil of Mr. Morse, a view by candle-light of the interior of the *American Representative Hall*, including resemblances of one or more of the Members from each of the States. The paintings of Allston, Vanderlyn, and Sully, grace already the galleries of the rich and tasteful, and it is hoped that talents of every kind may be welcomed and rewarded in the country which produced them.

CLOSE OF THE EXHIBITION AT THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

"Come like shadows, so depart."

A HALL recently filled with pleasing pictures, tastefully arranged—after the removal of the pictures, and the walls have become bare, resembles a ball-room, when the music has ceased, the lights are extinguished, and the belles have retired. Yet you leave the one with cheerfulness, for there pleasure suffers at once exhaustion and satiety; the most sparkling eye becomes heavy—the lightest foot is weary—and an enervating languor, while it steals the rose from the cheek, insinuates itself into the soul of Beauty.

And so it must be in all the grosser occupations and illusions of sense. Whatever is not purely intellectual, is necessarily short-lived; for the body cannot stand any comparison with the intellect, which mourns, but can never relieve the degeneracy of its associate. Still, however, they are linked together for the wisest purposes, though perhaps neither, if consulted, would change place with the other, nor would they always remain in company. In the vocabulary of sentiment, and of intellect, there is no such word as *satiety*. Fatigue cannot be predicated of the soul, which is elastic and universal—it is only the miserable and sluggish body which annoys and embarrasses it, and like the prison of Napoleon, de-

tains in villainous custody the immortal spirit, which despises it first, deserts it afterwards, and leaves it to the food of worms like itself.

In the contemplation of the beauties of art and nature, the mind may revel without exhaustion or languor. There is something tranquillizing in the scene which soothes, and cheers the affections, withdrawing them from the miserable bustle of life, where they are so sure to be entangled, and torn, and lacerated, and assimilating them to the repose and simplicity of nature.

"Happy the man who breathes his tuneful lyre
Where woods, and brooks, and breathing fields inspire."

Next to the inimitable beauties of nature, revealing from the majestic orb, to the slightest fibre of the smallest plant, the benevolence and wisdom of the great Creator, is the representation at a distance, however humble and remote, of the fair works of creation. Thus the religion of Nature gives rise to the religion of Art.

Nations that would have honour and immortality, must cherish the Arts, and the talents that give them. Mere wealth of itself achieves nothing; for let it be remembered that poverty is illustrious. Socrates was maintained by contributions received in a box, and Plato died possessed of as much gold as would purchase toys for a child. The Apostles, the Heroes, the Sages, the Legislators, the Bards, the Scholars of antiquity, all were poor! Wealth then cannot purchase immortality. Yet, may it be, and it of-

ten is, wisely and beneficially employed, in the patronage of the civilizing arts, which elevate and adorn, and keep alive for ages, the character of individuals and of nations. And whenever, in how slight a degree soever, such a disposition to employ the gifts of Providence appears and becomes popular, so far does it exhibit the ground-work, and the prospect of praise, and of renown.

Let then Academies of the Arts spread themselves over our Republic. There is a contention in which these States may laudably indulge. There is a rivalry in which they may honourably contend. Let it be to struggle which of these associated Republics shall, by the purity of its institutions—by the disinterestedness of its sacrifices—by the liberality of its views—by its susceptibility of chaste, and beautiful impressions—by its acquisition of useful knowledge—by its respect for genius—by its culture of science and of the arts—do most to build up, and to perfect the growing celebrity and happiness of this beloved Union.



LEARNING AND MANNERS.

HORACE, who was not less a scholar, because he was a gentleman, observed in his day, that the study of literature, and the liberal arts, tended to soften the manners, and disarm their ferocity.

Pythagoras had previously enjoined music as essential to the discipline and government of a state,

because of its harmonious combinations and results. Shakspeare, who knew as much of human nature as either Horace or Pythagoras, and who moulded into fascinating forms, and adorned with new life, the antique casts of genius, taste, and virtue—Shakspeare identifies harmony with patriotism.

One would imagine, therefore, that the scholar, at least, would appreciate the advantages of concord,—peace and tranquillity being essential to the Muses. The beauty of life is its harmony—the bane of life is discord—letters, which improve the fine sensibilities, and exalt the noble passions of our nature—letters, which free us from the grossness of matter, should free us also from its collisions. How many souls could abide harmoniously, where very few bodies indeed would be elbowing each other? Now the uneducated, whose mind has not been opened, and whose heart, glowing with the ardour of nature, has never yielded to the restraints of intellect, will, and perhaps with some excuse, violate the courtesy of life, and be guilty of occasional rudeness—unless, indeed, he has imbibed from the living fount of inspiration, the most beautiful lessons of politeness. For, if the Holy Scriptures were valuable for no other reason, they would be inestimable as a code of christian manners; which no mortal ever previously conceived and which none can copy, except at a very remote interval. The humility—the self-distrust, the mutual good-will, forgiveness, and respect—the patience under the sense of wrong, when unintentional, the self-regard which forbears to retaliate, and the christian spirit, which abhors and disdains revenge—what

a beautiful epitome of a good man! We are born for each other's happiness—we are born for our own. Selfishness, as it is at war with courtesy, is in the degree in which it prevails, odious—the selfishness (that is) which prompts you to disregard the feelings, the wants, and the comforts of others, and to aim at a monopoly of perishable things, riches, &c. But there is a beautiful selfishness which strives, if possible, to be better, and wiser, and happier, and more useful, than your neighbour, and if all mankind would join in this honourable strife, how happy should we be in this world.

As no man can often be rude, and long be happy, and as learning can plead no excuse for mistaking the road to happiness, it would seem to follow, that no learned man could be rude; and thus thought Horace, the Chesterfield of the Augustan age; a wit among gentlemen, and a gentleman among wits. The letters of Cicero the immortal, in point of refinement and decorum, and the proprieties of life, are in delightful accordance with the high destiny of genius, which aims at universal conquest and celebrity. There is not a human being so humble, that he deserves not your service, and the feeblest voice, serves to swell the chorus of praise.

In modern times, unfortunately, you cannot predicate politeness of literature. The profession most remarkable for courtesy, is that which in Greece was deemed irreclaimable.

Menander, the comic poet, doubted whether the Deity himself, could make a polite soldier. We would not have alluded to this ancient scandal, if we

thought that any man of the present day could ever have imagined it.

REVIEWS.

WHAT would be thought of a man, who, walking into a court of justice, should, without authority, seat himself upon the bench, and proceed to adjudge and award decrees? His proceedings would inevitably produce a revolt in the court, nor would his authority be recognized, except he should succeed in conciliating the majority, and brow-beating the minority of those, who might be concerned in his decisions. Now, wherein does such a self-constituted judge differ from a voluntary, self-prompted and appointed Reviewer, except that the former decides on lands and property *in præsenti*—and the latter on reputation and fame *in futuro*? The same means of maintaining their authority must be resorted to by both—the same arts of conciliation, and of terror—of courtesy on the one hand, and of opprobrium on the other. For Reviewers themselves live upon that public opinion which they pretend to dictate—but *which they in reality follow*. So that if you ascertain the prevailing popular sentiment of a community, you will find the opinion of the Reviewers, chiming in with it in harmonious accordance, and ready to change its note, as that sentiment shall alter either for the better or the worse. *Reviewers are consequently partizans.* Now the most innocent of these, and the most pure,

are those whose affections are chiefly tenacious of the character of the country, which gave them birth, and the nation to which they belong. But, when you become a partizan of any party or sect, political or religious, in that country, you unfit yourself, in such degree, either for this world or the next. *For truth has but one side, and cannot change.* But Reviewers, although they profess to be the heralds of truth, abuse their errand, by lending their voice to party purposes. And this they do for a while with impunity, until the reaction of the public mind, when it is enlightened, brings these consistent gentlemen into a sense of their errors; and then, why then they retract them with as good a grace as they can; as if truth was not the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

It would seem that criticism, without sufficient learning and talent to understand that which it endeavours to characterize—criticism that has a *locus penitentiae* for its errors, voluntary and involuntary, is, to say the least of it, of little value, and ought to obtain no authority.

And yet, how common among the literary censors of our day, are the retractions by the same individual, of all which on a previous occasion he had uttered with scholastic and judicial solemnity. Is it any atonement for the dissemination of errors, when those errors may involve national prejudices, and revenge, and hostility—is it any excuse for the wanton profanation of truth, that a year or two after the poison has been uttered, the Reviewer shall come forward and say that he is sorry; that he doubted whether

it was true when he published it, that it was piquant, and therefore interesting, and he could not resist, and although he did publish it, and it is not true, yet America is a great country—and she has had one orator, and three generals—and she has one essayist, and one painter—and therefore this impartial Reviewer hopes that America may not suffer by his Review, and that the Americans will purchase his book?

MASTER SMITH.

“There is a tide in the affairs of *Boys*, which taken at the flood leads on to greatness.”

WE do think, that if ever little people are to aim at accomplishing wonders, now is their time. The sun shines on the diminutive, and they start into early and beautiful ripeness. It is certainly worthy of record, that on the same evening in this city the Lilliputian Songsters, Master and Miss CLARK—the children of Mr. LEWIS, the infant performers on the piano, the harp, and the violin—and Master SMITH, who has mastered in childhood the rarest of arts, and wrapt the wise in pleasing wonder—that on one and the same evening, the exhibitions of these gentlemen and ladies in miniature, took place, to the scandal and rebuke of overgrown people, and in spite of that barbarous maxim of the lawyers, “*De minimis non curat lex.*” They all deserve our thanks for the sweet

surprise they produced—but of Master Smith in particular, it would be unjust not to say more. The aloe that should bloom the year after it was planted, would not be a source of more rational wonder, than the early memory, grace, self-possession, dignity, understanding, and elocution of this marvellous child. God has showered blessings on his little head; may his infant heart appreciate them, and the fruit be as fair, as the blossom is beautiful.

“That which is little,” said Johnson, in a dogmatical humour, “can at most be pretty, and by claiming dignity, becomes ridiculous.” A convenient satire for an unwieldy man, to level at diminutive beings and things. A proposition, however, true in so limited a sense, as to leave him who should succeed in establishing it, little to boast of. For if we except the degree of importance which belongs to physical size, and which exists chiefly among the uncivilized, we shall perceive that dignity is not divisible into parts, nor can it have any concern with measurement. Even the use of the term “elevated,” in the definition of dignity, is figurative, and does not mean physical height. A tall man for instance, is generally undignified—*quoad hoc*. We give up, therefore, to Johnson, the dignity of bulk, if any there be, and shall put in our claim, without regard to size, to the remaining more commendable and rational species.

We find the dignity of wisdom in the youthful Elihu—the dignity of valour in the diminutive David—and when Milton would strike even the lions with awe, he shows them a pure maid in the dignity

of innocence. It is not the outward definition of the form or the features—it is not the gross weight of the animal—but the inward configuration of the soul, the expansion of the heart, and the adornment of the mind, that confer real dignity. “Great men are not *always* wise, neither do the aged understand judgment.”

There are other dignities, indeed, entirely artificial—such as the dignities of office. These prove nothing, and effect nothing, but to give one man a gown, and another a sword—and there are mock dignities of daily use and occurrence, such as the dignity of reserve, that one may appear to be wise; and the dignity of silence, that you may get credit for reflection. But we wander. As to Johnson’s remark just quoted, we are aware that he did not like children; he saw in them, perhaps, too much of his own peevishness; he never gave a child credit, except for the ability to write the “Poems of Ossian;” and when the fondness of a mother would have her children read before him, that he might compare their acquirements, with a rudeness which literature disdains to excuse, he proposed that all the children should read together, and at once! And yet, perhaps, even Johnson would not have beheld, without glad emotions, the early development of mind, feeling, and character, which exists so remarkably in the child to whom we allude. His unwillingness to be surprised, might yield to his relish for beautiful novelties. A nectarine is not unwelcome in June, though it belong fairly to August; and green pease are as dear at Christmas, as if produced *secundem*

artem, in May. The common course of events teaches us to expect that "days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom;" and we forget that "there is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding." And shall we prejudge the period, the manner, and the shape in which the gifts of Heaven shall be dispensed, so as to accommodate them to our own hopes and progress?

Let us acknowledge, wherever they appear, the power and the goodness of Providence. Our own experience affords a miserable clue to the mysteries of nature.

If, at the early period of nine years of age, to have so improved the memory, the chief and almost the only faculty of childhood, as to retain, with great precision and accuracy, very long and difficult passages—if, at a time scarcely beyond the season for spelling, to be able to enunciate clearly, with appropriate tone, emphasis, and gesture, the noblest composition in the English language—if, when the passions have scarcely ruffled a wave upon his own bosom, to be able to exhibit them in the fierceness of their commotion, and the agony of their conflicts—if, in the unfinished form, to display a graceful symmetry and ease—and in the trembling hour of childhood, a manly but a modest confidence—if, in the morning twilight of the mind, to see and to understand clearly subjects not always revealed at its meridian—if, without converse with the world, to have acquired such an ability to express feelings and to portray characters as would indicate long experience and frequent opportunities—

if, at a period which the world, in its wisdom, has designated as imbecile and helpless, to excel in the noble art of elocution, so rare among the wise—and honourably to earn a handsome competence, so difficult among the full grown—if any and all of these qualities be subjects of interest, curiosity and wonder, we say certainly without partiality, and we believe without exaggeration, that they are possessed by Master Smith. We consider him as a delightful specimen of the triumph of intellect over matter, and over time. We would call him a phenomenon, if any thing upon this glorious earth can be considered otherwise. From the noiseless flutter of the humming bird, to the loud peals of the thunder, what is there given to man to understand?

SULLIVAN'S ISLAND.

THE little city of Moultrieville, the *Sybaris* of the South, rapidly renews its luxurious population, and is the general resort of the indolent, and refuge of the invalid.

As a body politic, it enjoys the most perfect leisure for experiments in government.

It is a state subsisting without a revenue—because taxes are unnecessary; without labour, for the soil can produce, and the inhabitants will do nothing. It is a city asleep for all the uses and purposes of life, except ease. It has no shops—no public library—no museum—no court house—no jail—and only recent-

ly a church. You can neither buy nor sell there—so there is no Bank. There is no traffic except of cake, which gets hard, and ice, which melts in its voyage from Charleston. There are no town meetings there, except a medley of carriages, chairs, cavalry, and pedestrians, collected in the evening at the cove, to witness the departure of the sun, and of the steam boat. There is no Custom House—there being nothing to collect but sand, which the wind gathers and disperses. They have no press, wherein they do suffer much imposition, being compelled to swallow the absurd crudities of the Charleston prints. They have a fort where they all resort, on the approach of a storm. Quere; would they do so on the approach of a battle? They have no fee-simple of the soil, their tenure being at the will of the State, and by courtesy of the air and the water. It is famous for crabs that are not aquatic, and fiddlers* that make no music. They have no bell to “fright the Isle from its propriety,” no watchman to disturb their slumbers, and no militia duty to annoy their leisure. There is a great scarcity of trees, so they enjoy the full benefit of the sun, and they can at any moment be flooded, if they wish to make salt. It is a bad place for horses who cannot digest its sand—equally so for cows, salt marsh having a tendency to produce salt milk. Pigs used to thrive there, it is said, until they were deprived of the freedom of the city.

An hour’s idleness may obtain you a curlew, and having blistered your fingers, you may catch a sheep-

* A small animal of the Crab kind.

head. The Island air rusts metals, destroys shoe-leather, and inspires verse-making. It is not the ocean air, nor the land air, but a mixture of both, and not so good as either. It is of doubtful benefit to the lungs, but has a good effect upon the appetite, and is an excellent specific against the yellow fever. The Island itself is known in History, and will long remain so. Moultrieville can give a reason for its name, which is generally not an easy matter. It was derived from the intrepid valour of Moultrie and his associates, who, in the morning of the revolution on that spot, defeated the British invading squadron, thinking that barren as it was, it was too good for the enemy.

THE PROFESSIONS.

CARE is very unequally distributed in this world. Some people skate over life with beautiful rapidity, and find no pause in pleasure. The path of others is irksome, rough, rugged, and precipitous. Now, although it is a part of our creed, that every man may be happy who chooses to be so, yet are there certainly greater facilities of happiness in some tracks, than in others—something more genial in the moral climate, to the growth of joy.

It is well, however, that this is not generally understood; otherwise we would behold a monopoly of pursuit, and all mankind, instead of being physicians, lawyers, &c. would inevitably be—*clergymen*.

The clergy have the easiest time of any people on this earth—perhaps it is because they deserve it. A clergyman enjoys a prescriptive respect and esteem, being ranked by common consent, as high as a lady, and above a man. He has the charge of souls, which are not tangible, and have no rough edges, nor corners, nor acute angles, to annoy and afflict sensibility. The comforts of this world are accorded to him with cheerfulness. The merchant presents him a quarter-cask of Madeira—the planter a barrel of rice—the ladies send him sweetmeats, and all the baby clothes of his children are made in advance, by the courteous labour of his youthful parishioners. A few hours' toil produces his weekly discourse, which he delivers to hearers who believe all that he says, and never think of denying it if they do not. He is associated with happiness by those whom he marries, with wisdom by those whom he instructs, with hope, by those whom he consoles, and with blessings by them all. Now can there be a more envied situation, a more smooth and unembarrassed journey than this? Compared with the poor unfortunate lawyer, the clergyman travels on a railway, and the lawyer in a crazy waggon, struggling through mud and water, over a road abounding with ditches.

The Lawyer incurs a prescriptive distrust. His gown is associated in the mind, not with the idea of purity and innocence, but of cunning and concealment. His client regrets that he has occasion to employ him, and struggles to get rid of him as early as possible. He is not like a clergyman, who, acting by himself, cannot well differ from himself—nor like

physicians who meet only to consult and to agree—but like a gladiator, or rather like a gamecock, trained for perpetual war, and brought out of obscurity, only for a public contest. Much as he may love music, he must be always in discord—much as he may covet peace, he must never cease disputing. If there be only one side, he must make two out of it; and whether it be the right or the wrong, he must contend it is the right. He may be perfectly conscious of the superiority of another, but that won't do.—He must oppose him in open court, and if he lose the victory stands an excellent chance of losing his livelihood. People will take a clergyman or a physician, on trust; but with regard to a lawyer, they are as fastidious as OTHELLO, in requiring evidence.

So much for the general and pervading embarrassments of a lawyer's professional life. But if, unfortunately, he has a great deal of business—and Courts will sit at the same time, requiring him in all, then is there an additional distress, arising from the impossibility of being in more than one place at any one time. Then it is harassing, indeed, to hear him called in the City Court, and in the Admiralty, and in the Equity, and in the Common Law, and peradventure at Chambers. "*Mungo here, Mungo there, and Mungo everywhere.*"

There is another additional misery, which is too true to make a joke of. If, by any misfortune, people think that you are disinterested and humane, they imagine themselves entitled on all occasions to your gratuitous labour, and to the wear and tear of

your mind and affections. Thus comfortable is the Profession of the Law.

BOOKS.

THE twin arts of Printing and Book Binding appear to have passed the chrysalis state, and glitter, and are as gay as butterflies. There is upon the back of many a volume more gold, than its author ever had in his pocket; and many works exhibit magnificent covers, the writers of which were invested with a paraphernalia of rags. Next to pretty women and pretty flowers, there is something pleasant and refreshing in pretty books—especially when the milky purity of the exterior images forth the innocence of the thoughts within, and the gay decorations of the artist reflect the beautiful fancy of the author.

In the growing taste for ornamental books, we perceive the *propriety* of Learning, which adapts itself to the society in which it lives, and arrays its person in fashionable robes. When, as unfortunately too long, Learning was compelled to associate with monks and lawyers, who kidnapped her on earth, and thought they could conceal her from heaven, she was dull, gloomy, and morose—she wore black, spoke mysteriously, and looked like the devil—she was often chained, lest she should make her escape—and locked up, that she might not be discovered. At last she set fire to the cloisters, and aban-

doned them like light. For light is the beautiful personification of Learning, being the intelligence of the Almighty revealing his works. In her wanderings over the world she was maltreated and abused. Priests involved her in polemics—Lawyers embarrassed and confused her—Physicians clipped her wings, that they might astonish the ignorant—and Critics, miserable caitiffs, pared her nails and cut her hair. She saw through, and held in contempt, her would-be masters, while she reluctantly submitted to their pedantic forms, their morose zeal, and mock solemnity; for Learning is cheerful, being the intercourse of the soul. And those are pretenders only, who think that to look demure is to be thought wise, and to be grave and taciturn, is to be accounted deep. Of all tricks that were ever devised, the tricks of gravity are most abortive and ludicrous.

Learning being innocent and cheerful, for she is the lovely messenger of Truth, sought repose and society among the young and the fair. She left the professions to their jargon, and their ceremonies, who began to deprecate her influence, it being deemed derogatory in a professional man to be a man of letters, and customary to rebuke Genius for its gratuitous splendour. The graces of Literature soon won the esteem of Beauty, and they strove mutually to adorn each other. Poetry proclaimed the praise, ere it asked the applause of Innocence, and hallowed and purified the thoughts, which were to repose on the pillow of virgins. The innocent maid, drawn into contemplation, like Narcissus, by her own picture, fell in love with Literature for the sake of Inno-

cence. She rejected the gaudy decorations of the body for the glorious furniture of the mind, and became the purest worshipper at the altar of Truth. The arts, the channels of beauty, mingled their streams to replenish the fount, and cups white as marble, and glittering with gold, conveyed the waters of Literature to the lips of Loveliness.

Letters are in favour with the gay, and the polite, and dress accordingly in holiday garments. May their society last and improve, till every good book be beautiful, and every beautiful girl be learned.

The above remarks grew insensibly out of a short visit to the elegant miniature editions in Mr. Mill's bookstore.



THE FLYING MAN.

ALTHOUGH few would acquiesce in the proposition of Lord Bolingbroke, that it would be better to be a brute, having four legs, and a long tail, and to be guided and governed by unerring instinct, than to have two legs, and no tail, and to be called a man, and liable to error, yet there are none, perhaps, who have not at some time or other, coveted the wings of a bird; of such a bird, that is, as no militia man should dare to shoot on a holiday, nor fat scullion decapitate on the eve of a festival.

To fly from the crimes, the follies, the cares, the grossness, and the frivolities of this world; to escape from its humid and noxious vapours; to fly to the

objects of our love; to ascend into the atmosphere of Heaven; to mingle with the stars in the Zodiac, and track immortal spirits to their homes! What beautiful facilities of happiness might we thus enjoy. But men do not deserve wings. Poor, sordid, grovelling creatures, they come out of the earth, and their affections are bent on the earth—and they sink into the earth—and one half of them dream not of the beautiful canopy which is over their heads, and the unseen spirits which observe them from above. It is related of a miser that he made an essay to fly, but as his gold was happiness with him, and he was nothing without his gold, his pockets were too ponderous for his flight, and he fell amid the shouts of contempt into the mire, to which he belonged. So fare it always with avarice, whose machinations are odious—whose acquisitions base—and whose triumphs contemptible.

Intellect and Innocence are the wings of life; Love is the breeze which impels them; Joy is the atmosphere through which they pass, and Happiness is the haven to which they fly. The quenchless happiness of the soul, is the sweet society of perfect and beautiful forms, in the radiant realms of light, on the chrystal floors of Heaven.

Birds are the choristers of the skies, and are allowed to approach them to make music for the angels; for birds are innocent. But man, whose privilege it is to look above, must remain below, and aspires not above it. You may attribute to physical causes, if you please, the inability of men to fly; but much of it may be inferred from debasement, and servility of

soul and of spirit. They would not fly if they could. To stand on the invisible air, is to have a light heart, and a buoyant spirit, and elastic feet. The experiment to fly, could not perhaps be made with fairer chances of success, than by a young, pure maid, with the plumes of innocence on the unruffled pinions of hope—and of joy in the balmy morning of life—the zephyrs flowing through her ringlets, and sweetly kissing her cheeks; her glowing heart exulting in the sunbeams, and her sorrowless eye fixed on Heaven. Warbling the notes of gladness, angels would gather her to the society of the blessed, but she would not return any more upon the earth.

DECAY OF ELOQUENCE.

WE are fallen upon puerile times. Condensation of thought, manly sentiment, vigorous and impassioned debate, and above all the godlike soul of oratory, have departed from among us. Instead of eloquence poured from the fountains of light, through the channels of beauty, we have vapid, frothy, shallow declamation. Instead of reason flashing instant conviction around it, we have the twilight of weak minds, vainly groping after truth, and boasting, in advance, of their discoveries. Instead of the promptness of decision which characterizes the enlightened, and the relation which men in earnest always keep in view between a debate and its result, we have in one of our great national councils, a slothlike pro-

cess of discussion, which begins at the top of the tree, and does not reach the root until it has stripped of their leaves all the collateral branches. They keep the object to which they must eventually arrive, as studiously out of view, as if it grew more obscure as they approach it. And so in truth it does. The days of masculine intellect are gone—the poplars have supplanted the oaks. All now is timid, and showy, and conceited, and frivolous. Our statesmen are punsters, and our punsters are statesmen. Where has the mantle of Ames fallen? Where does the spirit of Henry slumber? We have, it is true, if you take their word for it, *Orators* in abundance, and like other articles which abound, of indifferent quality, and little value.

Oh! godlike and glorious power of eloquence, which the Almighty praised and blessed in his servant Aaron. Soul of Cicero! the saviour of Letters, how is thy name taken in vain, and thy beautiful image profaned on this earth. Eloquence indeed, the rapid, and beautiful, and immortal contagion of truth! Eloquence, the chief inspiration of the inspired, the credential of everlasting honour, to be spoken of in degrading combination with the nameless wasters of time, in the American House of Representatives. "*Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do.*"

But they are known; the mode of discussion pursued at Washington in the House of Representatives, is properly appreciated. It is an insult to the understanding of the American people. To meet to talk, and to adjourn; to meet to talk, and to adjourn; and

to meet to talk and adjourn—savours more of a parcel of children playing hide and seek, than the grave and serious legislation of the statesmen of a great empire. Truths which, after the close attention of one day at most, would present themselves to the grasp of ordinary minds, are kept dangling in the air, as if they were balls kept above the earth to which they are destined, by the successive ingenuity of boys.

The debates of Congress become thus tiresome and insipid, seeming to have in view any thing but the real design of debate.



CHARLESTON.

WE in Charleston are subject to many privations and inconveniences from our unfortunate position in the southern quarter of the Union. All foreign intelligence comes to us, like a squeezed lemon, through the hands of our northern brethren, who receive it fresh from the other side of the water. All the domestic events of great interest occur at the north—nothing marvellous happens in Charleston, and nobody of any consequence comes to see us. We cannot see the Steam-Frigate—nor the Sea-Serpent—nor the West-Point Cadets—nor be invited to a dance on board of a 74. We never saw Cooke, nor Kean, nor Joseph Bonaparte, nor Jerome, nor the Albiness, nor Miss Caraboo—nor Doctor Mitchell, nor Professor Everett—nor any of the porten-

tous prodigies of the age. We have no white mountains, nor green, nor blue. We have no falls of Niagara, nor of Passaic, nor Cahoes—no Springs of Ballstown, or Saratoga, of sulphur or of iron—no bridges natural or artificial—no rural villas of repose—no elegant rendezvous of the fashionable, the learned, or the fair. We have no lobsters, nor salmon, nor currants, nor gooseberries, nor wallfruit, so tempting to the eye of the fortunate Bostonians. If there is a procession, whether for the bones of Montgomery, or of Paine, or of André, we see nothing at all of it. In short, we are kept in the dark completely—as if we were nobody. Even the eclipse comes to us after it has been gazed upon by all, at the north, who choose to look at it. And yet, in spite of our deficiencies, we have to pay taxes, and support the public burdens as much as if we were more fortunate. What a pity the nation moves not on a pivot, so that the South might occasionally take the place of the North, and we come in for our share of the West-Point Cadets, the Sea-Serpents, and the other regalia of the Republic!

During the summer months, Charleston resembles a ship laid up in ordinary, noiseless and deserted—her masts struck—with no canvass but the awning to keep off the weather—dull, and lifeless, and inactive. But the autumnal breeze, like the boatswain's whistle, reclaims and rallies the wanderers; the crew, as by a common impulse, return to their quarters, and commerce and enterprise are once more in motion.

The Steam Ship may be expected to bring the first return cargo of itinerants home. From the cool

climate, and romantic scenery, and beautiful wonders of the North, they come to revive our desolate city.

Now as the object of travelling is improvement, and as the character and the eulogy of Ulysses were alike contained in the statement that he had travelled and seen a great deal, it is proposed that, on the arrival of the Steam Ship, and every succeeding packet, the passengers be summoned before the Intendant and Wardens, in Council assembled—and that the following or some similar proceeding be had on the occasion.

“Mr., Mrs. or Miss,” as the case may be, “you have absented yourself from Charleston for so many months. You have escaped the heat of our summer, and the miasmata of our drains. You have got rid of patrol duty, and the fire guard, and the other imperative obligations of our city. You have doubtless enjoyed yourself, without molestation from mosquitoes, sand flies, and the other fretful stimulants of the south.

“It is expected that in consideration of these benefits, you exhibit some proof of the proper use of your time and opportunities. Have you acquired any information since you departed? Have you brought any books for the Library, or any curiosities for the Museum? Can you impart any useful hint for the improvement of agriculture, or commerce, or literary taste? Have you seen any thing at the North which may beneficially be engrafted in our own system, either of City or State government? Can you advise us particularly on the subject of the City Square?

Can you furnish any additional evidence of the existence of the Sea. Serpent? Have you seen Dr. Mitchell, and Juno's head?" &c. and many more questions, which an ingenious mind would easily prepare.

It would not do to be too strict with the Ladies, especially the young and beautiful. Of these it might be enough to require a description of a Weathersfield bonnet, the relative merit of the fashions in Cornhill, Broadway, Chesnut-street, and King-street, and wherein a gown covered with tucks, differs from a clinker built house.

With the Gentlemen more severity might be used, nor should any escape without describing the best place for good eating and drinking, which he has seen in his travels, for the benefit of his successors.

In the event of any passenger being unable satisfactorily to account for the use of his time in some at least of these particulars, it is proposed to apply to the Master in Equity for a writ of *ne exeat*, to keep him at home for the future.

FUGITIVES FROM CHARLESTON.

THE periodical emigration to the North makes rapid progress; and the idle, the gay, and the luxurious fly before our scorching sun-beams, in quest of cool and fashionable leisure. Those who are compelled to remain through the melting process of our summer, look with something of envy on the others

who obtain such early reprieves from its oppressive heat. Not having access to the pure air and fresh breezes of the north, we must study to keep cool. Let fancy cover our fields with snow—let imagination impart to every substance an icy coolness—let the passions get rid of their heat, and the temper of its irritability—let the mind rise above misfortune, and a man may be as cool in a furnace, as he would be on the frosty Caucasus, Shakspeare to the contrary notwithstanding. Taking this view of the subject, it would be well, perhaps, if we could part only with the fretful, and the bad-tempered, each of whom should have a license to travel until he was cool. As it is, however, much of our Taste, Intelligence, Beauty, and Fashion, is lost to us from June to November.

We would recommend to the Wanderers, who have already left, and those, who are about to leave the shores of Carolina for a northern clime, the example of the Roman poet Horace, who when he journeyed to Brundusium under the wing of Mæcenas, penned the faithful and amusing narrative of his travels, which is contained in the fifth satire of his first book. He thus preserved for posterity the transitory incidents of a few days, and makes us as familiar with what he saw as if we had seen it ourselves. We sympathize with the poet, when he complains of water that was bad in this place, and water that was sold in that—and of the sharp winds of Apulia and the smothering flames of a village in its neighbourhood—and we rejoice as if we were present at his in-

terview with Virgil, and the sweet communion of their kindred souls.

Horace felt his obligations to society, and thought that he should account for his absence from Rome, which he has done with a freshness and spirit that have survived two thousand years.

Still the poet's journey was only three hundred and sixty miles, and consumed but fifteen days.

What facilities then are not enjoyed by our travellers in these days of migration (if not of chivalry,) who compass the seas and the mountains, the lakes and the valleys, the rocks and the springs, the salts and the freshes, which occur in a tour of thousands of miles, and more than a hundred of days. What would not Horace have made out of such golden opportunities? How many pleasant satires, how much delightful narrative would have grown out of his progress, making the thread of his journey become the thread of his discourse.

But the example of the poet is out of fashion. We send annually from Charleston a floating colony of wealth, wit, learning, and beauty; but they neither send nor bring us any golden fleece. We know that they are absent, and that is all that we know until they return. There are expectations, it is true. Sometimes genius condescends to portray one of the numerous incidents which have crowded upon its observation, and in one instance an ingenious and industrious traveller, taking the hint which we here repeat, presented the public with a minute journal of his tour. But, generally speaking, we are kept in the dark as to the beauties and wonders, physical and moral, which

gladden the contemplation of the traveller while at a distance from his home. He thinks of it only to rejoice that he is clear of the mosquitoes and out of the reach of the fever. Curiosity is contagious, and must not be content with self-gratification. He who has seen much, must be made to impart something, or submit in silence to the question,

"Et quæ TIBI tanta Romam visendi Cupido?"

THE SAME SUBJECT.

THE annual migration of our citizens to the North, has at this time attained its height; the great body of travellers are now winging their way over the purple waters, but numerous reinforcements remain to follow at intervals, more or less remote, their now eager predecessors. In the mean while, a species of desolation afflicts our city. Seek a belle in her drawing-room, and you will be told that she is adjusting her hair off Cape Hatteras; look for the beaux who adorned the vestibule of St. Michael's Church, and if one of them remain, he will tell you that his more fortunate associates are dissipating their ennui in the Gulf Stream, and indulging their gazing propensities off Cape Look Out. Go to a man who owes you money, and his clerk shall greet you from behind his counter with an arch smile; and inform you that his employer sailed yesterday (Sunday) for New-York, and has ere this got to the wind-

ward of Cape Fear, and at any rate beyond the Fry-
ing Pan Shoals.

What a fortunate day this Sunday is! The Sheriff, who does on every other day of the week whatever he pleases, becomes on every seventh day perfectly harmless. Not that we would have him arrest the invalid in quest of health—nor the loungeur in Broad-street, who wishes to lounge in Broadway—nor the student of nature, who should go to feast his senses at the scenes of Niagara—nor the patriot who repairs with honest enthusiasm to assist in the solemn ceremonies of the Bunker Hill Monument. To these we would cheerfully give a *carte blanche* to go whither they will; confident that the invalid will improve in health—that the Broad-street loungeur will bring home at least the new fashions—that the man of genius and taste will have had his spirit kindled, and his mind dilated by contemplating the magnificent scenes of nature—and that the patriot who shall have witnessed Lafayette laying the corner stone of a monument on the corner stone of our nation, will have gathered a delightful lesson for his children, and carry proud recollections to his grave.

Such as these leave us in the day-time, and take respectful adieus of those they leave, saying as much as that they feel for us in this season of oppressive annoyances, and would be glad of our company on their journey. Not so some few of the travelling gentry, who, having incurred debts which they deem it not convenient to pay, sneak on board of a packet on Saturday night, and on Sunday morning look upon the Sheriff with contemptuous scorn, with the

proud consciousness that dictated the ancient motto "*Noli me tangere*;" or with the pert flippancy, of a more modern version,

"Let him touch me if he dare."

And he dares not touch them, but makes his return, that a man whom he sees *is not to be found*; and those sagacious people, the lawyers, are satisfied, forsooth, because he only saw him on Sunday, which, although preferred by heaven over all other days, the law, in compliance with a monkish Latin couplet, pronounces to be *no day at all*. But as law assumes to itself all perfection, and has need of all the assumptions which its vanity may claim, we impeach not its decisions. We would suggest, however, that, (as in some of the West India Islands,) persons in debt should give a certain notice of their intention to depart, and the name of the vessel which is to take them—that their friends may have an opportunity of bidding them farewell, and they themselves be relieved from the "*ceaseless pain*," which Goldsmith expressed to his brother of dragging "at each remove *a lengthening chain*."

GOOD HUMOUR.

In a warm season, it cannot be inappropriate to recommend coolness of temper, and calmness of deportment. It is not the easterly breeze, fresh from

the pure surface of the Atlantic—it is not the sweet luxury of the ice-house—nor any nor all the safeguards against external heat, that can arrest the fever of passion, and suppress the blustering effervescence of anger.

Anger is weakness, and injures the strong. It is folly, and disgraces the wise. It is rashness, and defeats the skilful. It is deformity, and mars the lovely. It is excusable in children—but a man in a passion is still a child. If you must be angry, if the heat of your bosom must evaporate in exclamations and curses, and the harmony of your features be disturbed by frowns and distortions, shut yourself up in your chamber until the process is over. If you would go through this world with any thing of composure, take things as you find them. Yield your sympathies to the deserving, your compassion to the unfortunate, but your temper to no one. Conceal your mortification, the display of which serves only to gladden your enemy. The servant who excites your anger, is so far your master. The adversary who draws down your imprecations, has conquered you. You yield to him the control which God originally gave to yourself.

If you are an Author, above all things, keep cool and good natured. If you write in a passion, you cannot expect your readers to be also in a passion, and an angry writer is of all things the most ridiculous; for while words soon lose their heat, and die away of their own exhaustion, writings strive to continue their asperity in spite of time and better feelings.

If you are a Lawyer, and lose a cause, never be angry. The defeat of your client becomes your own, when your temper is thereby ruffled.

If you are young, be not angry—for you live in the benevolent bloom of the universe. If you are old, be not angry—cheerfulness is the charm of the desert.

If you look properly on this world, its misfortunes will become sources of pleasure. The greatest triumph is that of endurance. Study to be happy and you must be so.

EXTRAVAGANCE IN SPEECH.

How annoying it is to encounter one of that class of persons, who, having no measure in their minds, use none in their discourse—with whom nothing is indifferent, nor simply bad, nor purely good, but every thing is in the superlative degree, speaking after this fashion:—‘He is the best preacher I ever heard in the whole course of my life!’—‘This is the finest piece of mutton I ever sat down to!’—‘Well, such a hot day as this, I never saw since I was born!’—‘That is the prettiest girl I ever set my eyes on!’—‘Of all the speakers, I ever heard, he is the poorest,’ &c. It is in vain to suggest any exception or modification of these absolute propositions, or for a moment to question their entire truth. And yet they cannot possibly be true, unless the speaker can rally in his mind’s eye all the preachers, legs of mutton,

warm days, pretty girls, and poor speakers, which he has met with in the course of his life, compare them all at one glance, decide their merit, and declare the result. Now these people pretend to nothing like this. Instead of their memory embracing all the past, their mind is competent only to the present, and one object at a time fills it 'chock full.' Hence the disproportionate size which it assumes in their sight, and obtains in their descriptions. Associate with them only a day or two, and you will find they attach no importance whatever to their own gratuitous decrees; having for every preacher, every leg of mutton, and every pretty girl, the same commendation which you would suppose was confined to one of each.

The correct rule is to pay no attention to these *comprehensive* speakers, except, perhaps, when there is something of selfishness in their remarks. As when you hear one of them say, I have the best pointer in the state—my horse is the best horse, &c. and then you may venture to put him down, having on your side every other man in the state, who owns a horse or a pointer.

CATTLE SHOW.

WHEN Æneas visited the Elysian fields, and plucked a branch from the Gold Tree, which grew there, its place was immediately supplied by another; as, in the language of Virgil, "*Uno avulso non deficit alter.*" So it is with the amusements of Charleston, in

this carnival season of the South. The Cattle Show comes on the heels of the Races, and the animals without horns give way to the animals with them. We are glad that an effort is to be made to improve the growth of useful animals among us, and hope that a portion of the agriculture of our low country may be diverted from the monopoly of pursuit, which at present characterizes it. We have been all along devoting our whole resources to feed and pamper one huge, over-grown, enormous animal, named *John Bull*. If South-Carolina be called on for a competitor, of her own feeding, to the oxen of the North, let her point to the British animal, from the tip of whose tail in the East, to the tip of whose horn in the West, is a journey for the Sun. He it is who devours indiscriminately our Rice and our Cotton, while our own native cattle shrug up their shoulders, and decline and starve. We raise no corn because we raise no stock, and we raise no stock because we raise no corn. Thus the corn and the stock become alike scarce; and if you purchase a hog in Charleston, you must pay in addition to his value, his travelling expenses from Kentucky; or if you buy a pullet in the market, you must pay the freight from Baltimore, for the grain to feed it. The days are gone when you could buy a hen for seven pence, and when the Edisto boats teemed with life, and abounded with eggs. Our propensity is to turn every thing into Cotton: and when our objects shall have been attained, we shall find it as unpalatable as Midas did gold. There is something original, it is true, in the snowy garniture of our fields—but there is noth-

ing cheerful, where there is no grain for the birds, and no sheaves for the poor. We have heard, in romance, of the innocence of the shepherd's life, but not one of these is to be found among us. We get rid of crows, it is true, when we get rid of corn; but the sacrifice is too great for the object. It is to be hoped that our agricultural pursuits may tend more to the immediate and universal comforts and necessities of life, and less to pecuniary aggrandizement. We are literally dependent, for nearly all that we eat and drink, on the fields and pastures, the skill and industry, of the North and of the West.

Now, although a field of Cotton be more valuable than a field of Grain, yet should we remember, that whatever is scarce necessarily rises in value, and that whatever too much abounds must of course depreciate. Nor is it any consolation when you give a dollar for a pair of fowls, to be told that a gentleman of the fortunate island got forty cents for his Cotton.

The Cattle Show takes place on Monday, near the Race Course. The experiment augurs well, and we hope the design may prosper.

THE THEATRE.

"The Stage is the echo of the public voice." 1 *Brev. Dig.*

MR. EDITOR,

A WRITER in your paper of Saturday, has no objection to starve the players, and the numerous indi-

viduals whose support is connected with them, in order to raise charitable, literary, and religious funds for the benefit of others. He appears to be in the habit of loaning money at interest, and doubtless is not well pleased at the representation of Shylock. As I take a different view of the subject, and cannot consent that so many facetious and pleasant gentlemen as the comedians, should be deprived of their rations so uncourteously, I will endeavour to keep them at table in spite of Banquo's ghost, that would drive them from their seats.

Now, although with every friend of the exhibitions of passion and rhetoric, I should mourn even the temporary loss of Mr. Cooper's performance; although I could never consent to laugh again, if the humour of Hilson should be silenced, and cannot forego many a beautiful picture, which the Theatre discloses—yet it is not on these accounts, but for more weighty reasons, that I oppose the writer in your columns. In the first place the Theatre is the source of public revenue; the Manager pays annually to the city, a tax equal to that of the owner of 500 negroes, or of one hundred thousand dollars in real estate. Now let your calculator of interest ascertain the accumulative value of this sum, in the progress of time, and reflect how much the city would lose by surrendering this amount to charitable and literary funds, which yield no tax whatever. So that here is a deliberate design on the part of some enemy of our city, to close one of the sources of our revenue.

The Theatre supports a numerous corps of various classes of mankind, and the families dependent on them.

It produces, encourages, exhibits, and rewards the efforts of men of genius. It produced Shakspeare; upon whose relics myriads of authors, poets, moralists, paper-makers, printers, booksellers, and critics have been feeding, now subsist, and will feast to the end of time. Not to speak of the numerous tribe of imitators, who cling like forsaken birds to the shrouds of his mighty vessel, hoping to pass with him over the waters of oblivion.

It produced Aristophanes, who taught us how to laugh—enabled Otway to excite for ideal beings the compassion which was denied to himself, and illustrated, for the divine and the artist, images of unattainable virtue and beauty.

*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures
Quam quæ oculis subjecta fidelibus.*

It maintains a host of authors, the worst of whom at least deserves to be fed—of whom none are useless, many are beneficial, and some are ornaments and blessings of mankind. It called forth some of the sweetest strains of Milton's celestial harp; threw the warmth of spring over Thompson's winter; chased the hypochondria of Johnson; and charmed the innocent vanity of Goldsmith. Addison thought it an appropriate place for the lessons of patriotism; Young for those of virtue; Shakspeare made it the

school of history; and Sheridan lent it his genius and his wit.

It frowns dullness into humility; vice into shade; and paints in high and bold relief the pictures of enduring innocence, of achieving valour, of unbending integrity, and daring heroism. Such are some of its moral tendencies. It has others which are intellectual. It imparts information—it quickens thought—it corrects taste—tends to introduce a proper pronunciation—a distinct, forcible, and eloquent delivery—which are all-important at the forum, and in the Senate house—and while they illustrate the oratory, contribute to the literary character of nations.

It has physical advantages. It inculcates politeness, ease, and grace, and teaches society how to mingle together without jarring or collision.

It encourages Music—that earliest and latest charm of life—that inarticulate poetry, which all nations can read and understand—that delightful vehicle of communication which subsists between all the creatures of the earth and the air. When Ulysses found a bard among the Suitors, he spared him for his sacred art. Bards at that time were musicians; and I would ask the clemency of your Greek for the Charleston Orchestra. It would be cruel to close the mouths of those who tune the air with melody.

It patronizes Painting—affords geographical illustrations—assists architectural science, and teaches optic illusions. It exhibits all the variety of human manners, dress, and customs—and enables us at the same time to travel and to be at home—delights

the antiquary with helmets and vizors, and the effeminate bloods of the day with corsets and dandies.

The subject so grows under my hands, Mr. Editor, that it seems nearly as large as Mr. Guille's Balloon, and I must dismiss it. Yet cannot I do so without adverting to the benefit which the Theatre affords to the Shoemakers, who lay the foundation of society—the Barbers, who form its Corinthian ornaments—the Weavers, Milliners, Mantuamakers, Tailors, and Seamstresses, who cover and adorn its beautiful columns. I would not willingly excite rebellion, by producing famine among the gentlemen of the awl, and the bodkin, and the ladies of the needle, and whalebone.

But I proceed to another part of the subject vastly more important than these, and certainly calculated to throw light upon it. I consider the Theatre as accessary before the fact, to the triumphs of the American Navy in the late war. When we consider the quantity of oil and spermaceti candles which it consumes, it must be regarded as a munificent patron of the hardy seaman, when he conquers the whale in the freezing oceans of the north. Lessen the demand for oil, and you curtail the commerce of the country. This part of our commerce, in particular, is the great nursery of our Navy—which has enough of glory to spare, but not enough of men.

I have said nothing of the common and obvious uses of the Theatre—such as the pleasure of seeing and being seen—the enjoyment of innocent and rational recreation—but will conclude by stating, that in addition to all these, it has often liberally contri-

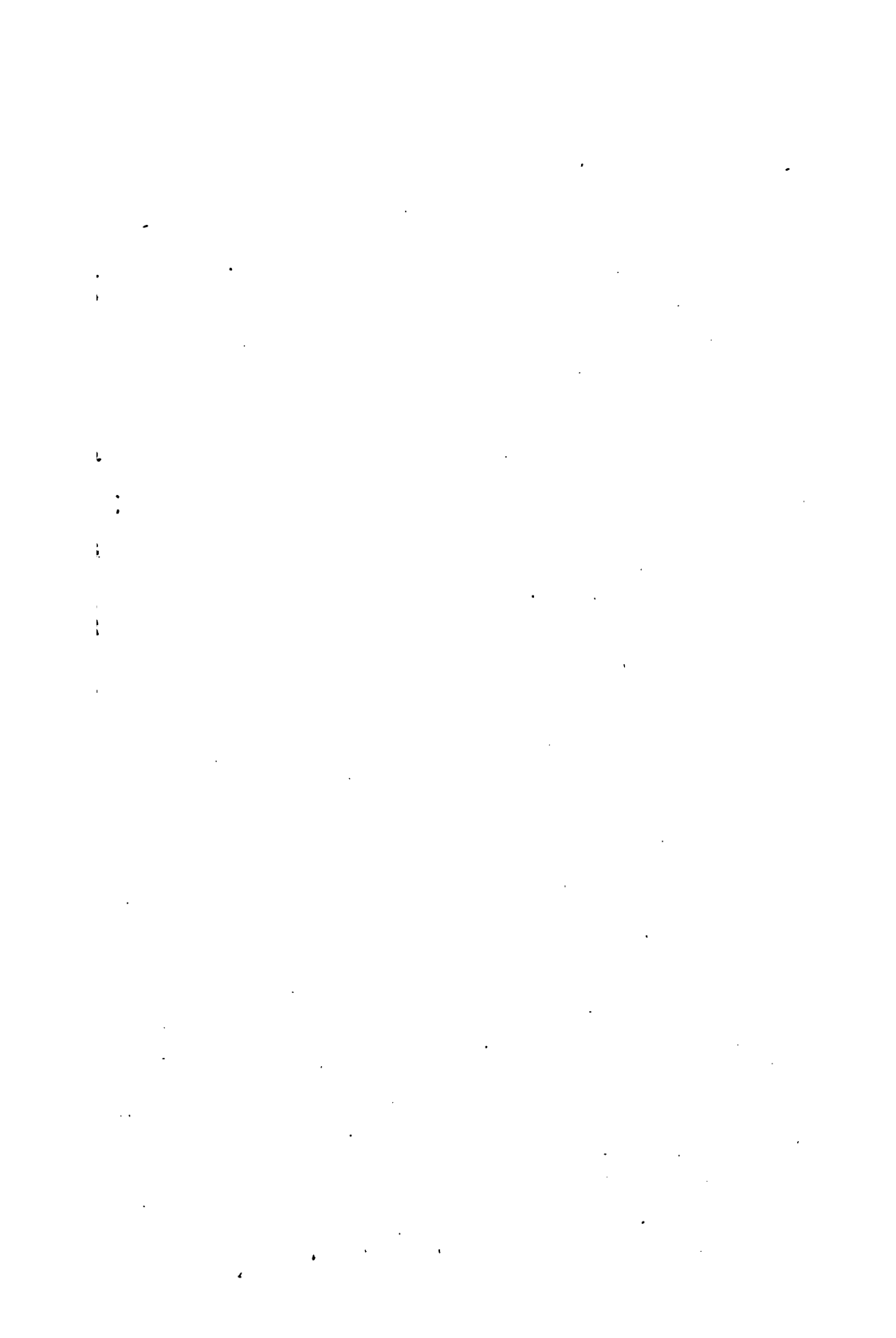
buted to the cause of beneficence, and lent the fervour of its appeals and the illusions of its scenery to the aid of unseen and silent misery.

COMPLAINTS AGAINST THE WEATHER.

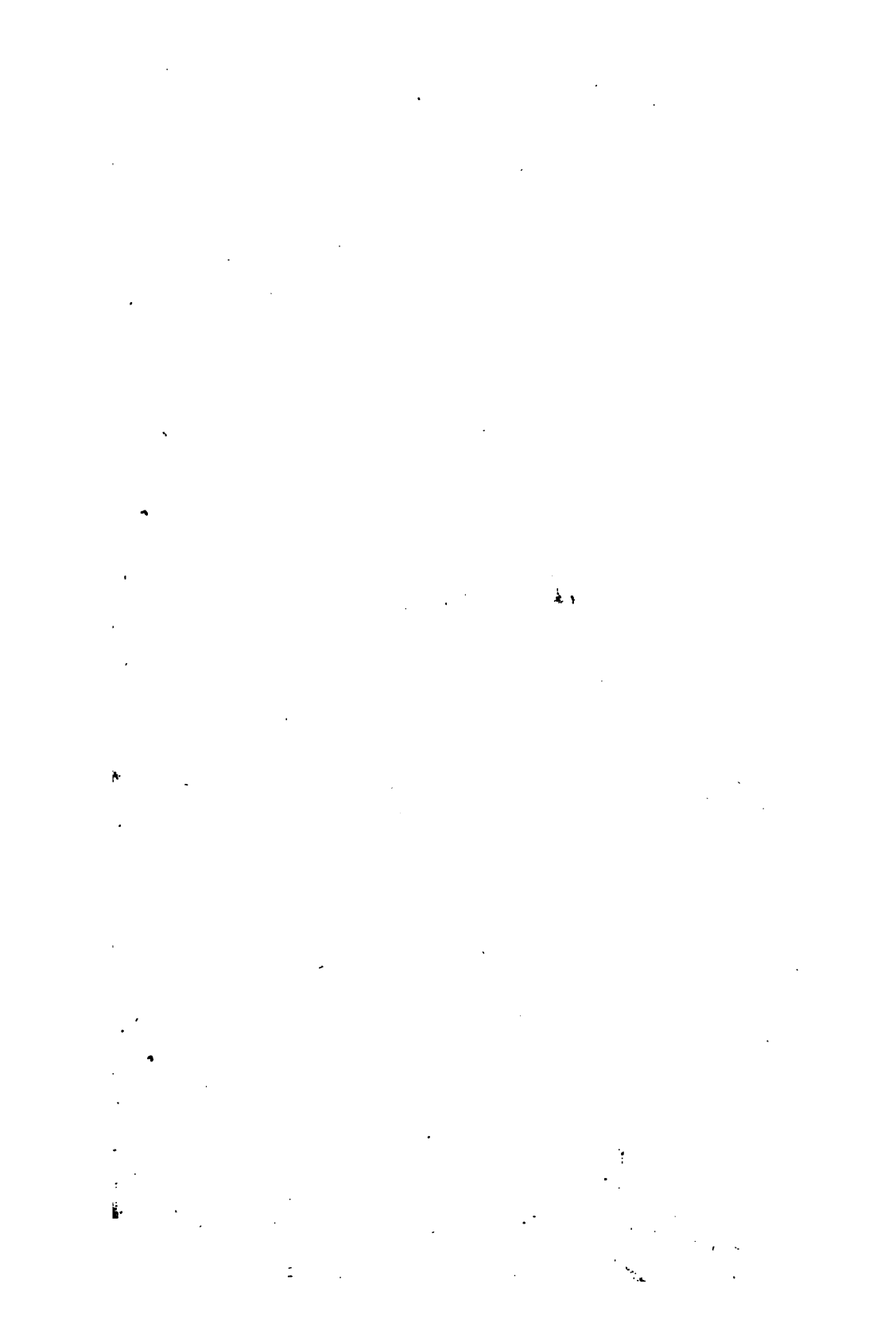
ONE may paraphrase Horace, and ask Mæcenas, (if he can find him) how it comes that no man, whatever be his situation, is content with hot weather? The lamentations about heat are as unanimous throughout the country as the acclamations about La Fayette. These complaints savour too much of effeminacy. The ability to endure the vicissitudes of the season is essential to practical virtue, as the inclination to sustain them is a part of practical piety. It is for our benefit that the sun pours forth his torrid beams, under whose influence we are so restless and uneasy. Inanimate life requires aliment. The vegetable kingdom must ripen into maturity, the flowers must blossom, and the harvest flourish, though it cost fair ladies a parasol, and delicate gentlemen an umbrella.

The laws of nature are equal. The aggregate of heat required for vegetation must be nearly uniform throughout the year in all parts of the world, though necessarily exhibited in longer or shorter periods. Cooks explain the difference by what is called a slow or a quick fire. Now the application of fire is not, it is true, agreeable at all times, though we apply it without remorse to all substances but ourselves. Nor

are we consistent in our sensitiveness on this subject. In pursuit of pleasure, we forget the atmosphere entirely. You who have so much leisure to con thermometers, do you ever carry one into a theatre or to a Fourth of July oration? The true thermometer exists in the affections. If these be true and sinless, they will grow and gladden in the sun of heaven, and recognize in his warmth *the benevolence of its* AUTHOR.



POETRY.



SULLIVAN'S ISLAND.

"Est moles nativa: loco res nomina fecit."

WHAT shall the child of Fancy gather here,
Where all is barren, desolate, and drear?
What flowers await us in this sterile soil,
At once inviting and reproving toil?
Where all of nature shows the need of art,
And all of culture nothing can impart;
A spot amphibious, neither sea nor land,
A dull unchanged satiety of sand.

The loves and graces fly the dismal scene,
Theirs is the shadow'd grove, their haunts are green.
War finds no laurel to adorn his brow:
No willow weeps the violated vow.
Petrarch in vain a single tree had sought,
To bear the impression of an amorous thought;
Condemned his love upon the beach to trace,
The winds would mar it, and the waves efface.
Sol here extends his golden beams in vain,
He reaps a harvest of those beams again;
Reflected lustre makes the desert shine,
And sparkling shells resemble gems divine.
Tho' here no produce bless the village swain,
Nor commerce hence derive a single grain;
Tho' no ripe fruit oppress the loaded bough,
Nor *Burns* had used, nor *Bloomfield* sung the plough;
Tho' no soft music waft the song of love,
Where youths and virgins coo like turtle dove:

War, mighty war hath solemnized the scene,
And graced its fleeting sands with glory's evergreen.

Hail, sacred Peace! the muse's parent thou!
Whose list'ning ear first caught the Poet's vow;
Nursed in whose lap awoke the pastoral lay,
When grateful shepherds sung thy genial sway.
Peace! tho' to all inestimably dear,
The muses most thy loveliness revere!
Sad, I forsake thy joy encircling bowers,
Thy rosy minstrels, and ambrosial flowers;
With tears relinquish thy delightful strain,
To sing the terrors of th' ensanguined plain.

Now, stern-eyed War, avenging fury, come,
Lend me thy clarion shrill, and "doubling drum."
Fill all my soul with glory's martial fire,
And let a new Tyrtæus strike the lyre.
With brow distained and scorpion twisted hair,
A mouth volcanic, and a meteor glare—
I see the monster rise from Ocean's bed,
Lift his red arm, his bloody banners spread.
Such as of old on Actium's dreadful day—
(The fatal close of Cleopatra's sway,)
Love fled before him, filled with wild affright,
And Egypt's tears imbrued th' unequal fight.
Close at his side the British Lion roars
Insatiate vengeance on our peaceful shores.
Whither! ah whither, Britain! dost thou fly?
This is thine own domain, and these thy progeny.
On other fields display the vengeful steel,
And let thy foes its rage indignant feel—
What direful madness fires the mother's breast,
That breaks the slumbers of its youthful nest,
Destroys the offspring it had nursed before,
And kills in hate, whom it in fondness bore?
Deluded Britain leads her long array,
And black destruction hovers o'er the day.

As when a storm hath rent a ship in twain,
 A single plank still floats upon the main,
 Two seamen grasp it with unwilling strife,
 And this must sink, if that would save his life,
 The sad survivor mourns imperious fate,
 And conquers thro' necessity, not hate.
 With such reluctance did our Sires oppose
 Their former friends, now marshalled as their foes;
 First wept, then vanquished, and the battle done,
 Bedewed with tears the laurels they had won.

Few are the mighty minds, to whom 'tis given
 To read on earth the destinies of heaven—
 To trace the birth of empires great and free
 In the small compass of a tax on tea.
 By heaven inspired, tho' doubtful of its aim,
 They fought for safety, but their prize was fame.
 Fame! tho' to thee each village rear the shrine,
 And all Columbia's conflicts then were thine;
 Tho' Trenton, Yorktown, Lexington, attest
 Thy kindling influence on the patriot breast,
 None didst thou greet with more auspicious smile
 Than the brave guardians of this sun-burnt *Isle*.
 When valour trembled for the dubious field,
 And Sages ponder'd or to fight or yield—
 Firm in resolve, above all mean control,
 The glorious daring of a gallant soul
 Rutledge displayed—inspired the wav'ring host,
 To meet the proud invader on the coast,
 Without the gates the city's fate decide,
 And stem the growing terrors of the tide.
 Approving wisdom blest the bold design,
 And both Minervas called the work divine.
 Still, to the eye of awe-struck wonder dear,
 The rival Chieftains of the fight appear,
 Again with blood is stained yon peaceful wave,
 And Neptune startled, hears the battle rave;

Again in haste the vanquished squadron flies,
With tatter'd sails it seeks the eastern skies;
While Victory, lighting on the glorious strand,
With new-born honours decks the gallant band.
"Moultrie, for thee," I hear the maid exclaim,
"We bind no wreath of antiquated fame.
The laurel-garland Rome's dread emperors graced,
And mark'd the nymph by great Apollo chased:
Inglorious trophy of a tyrant's crest,
And sad memorial of a maid oppress!
A native plant adorns these sea-girt fields,
This isle the conquest and the garland yields,
Sacred to thee henceforth by Victory's vow."
And straight the green Palmetto decked his brow,
For ever green! Exulting patriots guard
This tree of life, your Moultrie's bright reward.
Extend its spear to meet the coming foe,
And let its foilage shield the sons of woe,
Appropriate emblem of a people brave,
Who aim alike to conquer, and to save.

As many stars as hide their lessened heads
In the bright beams, the sun effulgent sheds,
So many warriors yield their honour'd claim,
Lost in the blaze of some superiour name.
These, could the muse the noble task pursue,
Rescued from darkness, should emerge to view—
With moral light the firmament adorn,
And point the spot where Liberty was born.

Forgive the tear, by patriot reverence shed,
And song that waits upon the mighty dead:
His loss you mourn, his services revere,
The name of Gadsden needs no mention here.
First on his eye did Independence gleam,
And warmed his bosom with the dazzling theme—
His sword and pen again Polybius wields,
Adorns his country's councils and her fields,

Then old in honour and in virtue grown,
 Resigns a life emblazoned with renown.
 Enough of war—to gentler duties true,
 We bid Bellona and her torch adieu.
 Light up your brows, my friends, no foe is near,
 Peace is our hostess now. Away with fear!
 Peace! what a crowd of insects fill thy train;
 Their tints how gaudy, their pursuits how vain.
 Insects of every shape, of every hue,
 And evanescent as the morning dew.
 The summer sun exhales them from the main,
 The winter solstice drives them back again;
 Meanwhile they flutter on these shifting sands,
 And stretch their wings at pleasure's soft commands,
 Heedless how soon the winds and waves in strife
 May prove, e'en here, the uncertainty of life.

What time from social man, and joys estranged,
 Here savage nature unrestricted ranged;
 When scarce a human voice had dared profane
 The murmuring melody of yonder main.
 Supreme among these sandy hills alone
 A *Hermit** kept a cottage and a throne,
 Sought and enjoyed what niggard nature gave,
 At once a monarch and at once a slave;
 With conscious pride his large domain he saw,
 Tho' none but goats obeyed his sovereign law;
 Heedless alike of censure and of praise,
 In awful solitude he passed his days;
 And tho' refinement soft around him smiled
 He rushed infatuate to the desert wild.
 There sleep his ashes, where his sceptre reigned,
 His frolic subjects riot unrestrained;
 Yet on his tomb, the plants he cultured wave,
 And goats refrain from gambols near his grave.

* Capt. Turrs, who was for a length of time the sole inhabitant of the Island, and who went by the familiar name of *Governour Tufts*.

When Cancer first the golden car receives,
By heat oppress the crowded city grieves,
All is relaxed 'neath summer's sultry ray,
And mind inert as is its brother, clay.
Men cannot think, and stranger to relate,
Still half his dinner warms the glutton's plate,
Who sighs to see his bulky frame decline,
And mourns, that water will not cool his wine.

The melting damsel gives up half her dress
To soothe the god, unsatisfied with less;
The other half the maid impatient wears,
Dissolved—like Niobe, tho' not in tears.
Where shall afflicted modesty repair,
Where shall the sick imbibe a purer air?
Where shall the mind its wonted strength regain,
Nor turtle tempt the epicure in vain;
How shall the stranger death's keen arrow fly
And shun the vengeance of a patriot sky,
That pours on aliens its destructive ray,
And sweeps them from the cheerful light of day?
Here, on this desert, unproductive isle,
Health, rosy goddess, answers with a smile—
Here, fanned by breezes, pure as mountain air,
The morn is lovely, and the evening fair;
No Scottish mists the rising sun immature,
No noxious dews the setting sun obscure.
Pleasure still boasts an undescending noon,
And joy's meridian lives beyond the moon.

Say, silver Cynthia! blush concealing queen,
What soft amours thy wakeful eyes have seen,
What vows, half drowned in ocean's ceaseless roar,
Have reached thine ear from this-night trodden shore.
Hushed in the silence, which they sought, remain
Love's ardent wishes and impassion'd strain,
These, like the stars that sable night reveals,
The morning sees not, and the day conceals.

All follow here their own peculiar aim,
 And every sportsman meets his favourite game.
 Still mid these sports, triumphant half the year,
 Devotion finds a half-filled temple here.

Forth from their purple coverts into day,
 The patient angler draws his finny prey;—
 The heedless wanderers of the mountain wave
 Attractive pleasure hurries to the grave.
 Stop here awhile, incautious man, and see
 Their hapless fate exemplified in thee;
 Like them attracted, and like them undone;
 Fly pleasure's hook, its hidden terrors shun.
 Scarce he escapes, who nibbles quick and flies,
 But all-insatiate avarice ever dies.

When cooler gales foretell departing day,
 The plaintive curlew homeward wings its way—
 Now stoops, then soars, and fearing danger nigh,
 To guardian heaven pours forth its piteous cry.
 Alas! in vain. The fowler's fond reply,
 Still deemed its own, but tells it where to die.

Far other sports the Muses' train enjoy,
 Their snow white hands far other toils employ;
 No heart have they to smile at others' woe,
 No blood-stained triumphs decorate their brow;
 Theirs are the classic scenes and studious hours,
 That faithful memory shall adorn with flowers,
 When all that pleasure and ambition yield,
 Are thorns and thistles on a barren field.
 For you, my friends, who science long have wooed,*
 And the coy nymph through all her haunts pursued,
 Who bring the verdure which yourselves diffuse;
 All scenes alike are welcome to the muse.
 Why on bleak Scotia's rock-clad hills arise
 Sages and poets to our wondering eyes?

* See the letter of John Gadsden Esq. near the close of the Memoir.

It is the mine of intellect that yields
 Immortal harvests on her desert fields,
 The dews of genius fertilize her sand,
 And artificial Niles enrich the land.
 Here, then, indulge the muses' friendly strife,
 The charm of social and of studious life.
 As waves uniting form yon mighty stream,
 Let thought meet thought, and genius swell the theme.
 With tranquil pleasures, innocently gay,
 Propitious letters grace this festal day!
 And universal knowledge deign to smile
 On truth and virtue, energy and toil.

Thus bath the muse, at friendship's fond desire,
 Trimmed her low wing, and struck her tuneless lyre.
 Its rustic notes, though void of skill or art,
 May please the ear, if friendship warm the heart.

THE RACIAD.

"To contemplation's sober eye
 Such is the race of man,
 And they that creep, and they that fly,
 Shall end where they began."

GRAY.

Why is the city desolate? We meet
 Nor friend, nor foe, in each deserted street.
 Wit, fashion, learning, sentiment and grace
 Have winged their flight from this abandoned place.
 Seek we the truant birds with sportive aim,
 Dislodge the covey and retake the game.

In lyric song the Grecian bards engaged,
 And the soft war in golden accents waged.
 When the loud chariot shook the Roman plains,
 Warriours and heroes held the burning reins;
 Still man was foremost in the noble toil,
 And mind achieved the conquest and the spoil.

What crown with that of laurelled *Petrarch* vies,
 What golden cup is half so fair a prize?
 But what have we to do with feats of mind?
Esop was lame, and was not *Homer* blind?

Here nobler contests, nobler joys inspire,
 Here grander themes awake the sounding lyre.
 We sing the rival arts—the fierce disputes,
 The glittering triumphs of unlettered brutes.
 In silken garb the sooty slave array,
 And weigh the victor, ere he win the day;
 Unhappy, if throughout the dubious flight,
 He grow an ounce more heavy or more light.

O! for a muse, that *Milton's* flights disdain'd,
 A muse, in all the tricks of racing train'd.
 A jockey muse that knows the better side,
 And when to check the reins, and how to guide;
 Where pass the course with rapid lightning's speed,
 And where to stay the still advancing steed.

To such a courser, and on such a field,
 What golden harvest does the season yield!
 Trimmed in the bays these classic sports afford,
 Each gambling footman emulates his lord.
 Eternal song preserves the hostler's name,
 And horses trample on the paths of fame.
 Sacred to thee, great father* of ~~our~~ race,
 Sacred to thee, behold the crowded place!
 Thy sainted name adorns no holy dome,
 Where chaste with sorrow, abstinence and gloom,
 The vestal virgin trims religion's fire,
 And checks the current of each low desire.
 No feeble statesman asks thy virtuous aid,
 No puny warrior now invokes thy shade;
 Thou the right arm of war's terrific host,
 And thou the senate of the world's bright boast,

* Washington.

Torn from the rolls of honourable fame,
A race-course boasts thine all-illustrious name.

Soon as the sun proclaims the festal day,
By judges destined for the glorious fray,
The people's breast with furious madness glows,
The flood-gates open—and the city flows!
Coaches with fortune-hunters at their side,
And gilded curricles, inflaming pride;
The virgin, armed with beauty's keenest dart,
The coxcomb, decked in all the tailor's art;
The lawyer, anxious for a scene of strife,
The parson, going but to please his wife;
The horse, that late his tandem harness broke,
The mule, now first submitting to the yoke,
All leave alike the scene where dulness dwells,
And with collected streams the ocean swells.

Thus when the tinkling bell convokes the bees,
From their sweet toil, among the flowers and trees,
The well known sound the glittering swarm obey,
And with unequal haste pursue their way.

Or rather, when with drunkenness opprest,
Thy votaries, Bacchus, by thyself possest,
Bear flaming torches through the affrighted air,
And madly follow thee, they know not where—
With equal object, and the same delight,
Rush forth the people to the common sight.

O! Manchester! thou great Gossypian* town,
How rashly valiant are thy children grown!
The 'prentice, late whom waves atlantic bore,
Now rides—alas! he never rode before.
Urges with cruel spur his lazy steed,
While poor pedestrians tremble at his speed.
Ah! useless fear! for soon, the rider thrown,
Laughs the rude people—he laments alone.

* Gossypium. Botanical name for Cotton.

“Safer it were my daily task to ply,
 And raw materials on the wharves to buy,
 Than, raw myself, to weave my own disgrace,
 And spoil a manufacture in the race.”

Now Sol, attaining his meridian height,
 Sheds on the field his radiant streams of light;
 The streams reflected from the chariot side,
 To heaven again return the golden tide.

The signal given—away the horses start,
 Beats the loud drum, and beats the people’s heart.
 Perpetual wagers through the air are driven,
 Responsive wagers fill the vault of heaven.

Thousands, that sinking misery might save,
 And rescue want from an untimely grave,
 Now fill the purse, the horse’s glittering prize,
 While suffering merit unrewarded dies.

In liquid lustre melts the virgin’s eye,
 As by her coach the rapid coursers fly;
 Yield your soft empire now, immortal loves,
 And flag your wings, ye Cytheréan doves.
 Lost in the splendid hurry of the course,
 The beau forgotten, she admires the horse;
 Or if a thought arise of tender blisses,
 ’Tis when she wagers for a dozen kisses.
 Chilled expectation holds her tongue the while,
 And still the prettiest jacket wins her smile.

O, happy horse! the favourite of the fair,
 Destined the triumph of the race to share;
 For fortune ever is to beauty kind,
 And most of luck attends the least of mind.

Not with more zeal do German nobles trace
 The lengthened line of their illustrious race,
 Than studious sportsmen eye the historic page,
 To learn their horse’s ancestry and age.
 Gods! that in dust so many men should lie,
 Unnoticed live, and unlamented die!

When for a horse so vast a tribe appears
To tell his triumphs to succeeding years.

On other themes hear learned youths declaim—
Who does not own the magic of a name?
Tho' nameless Junius thro' the world has run,
With glory's laurel decked from sun to sun,
Yet o'er his fame oblivion cast her shield,
And half his splendour with his name concealed.

The jockey plunges in the depths of yore,
To find a name, that ne'er was heard before,
Insensate plunges, and to please his whim,
Or pearl, or oyster, 'tis the same to him.
Hence names, that startle every Roman ear,
Dragged from the tomb, in pristine youth appear.
Learning in vain their meaning would descry,
While folly asks it with a curious eye.

What time, like meteor in the gloom of night,
Thy name, O Psyche, struck the wondering sight,
Her icy fetters recollection broke,
And all the learning of the school awoke.
All were afraid the dubious sound to speak,
Uncertain if 'twere Latin, French, or Greek,
Each heard his neighbour, ere himself would dare
Trust the hard accents to the treacherous air.

So stands the boy upon the river's side,
And fears to venture in the silvery tide,
'Till other youths whom skill has rendered brave
With headlong confidence defy the wave.
Thus in the chase do hounds pursue the track,
Where foremost runs the leader of the pack.
Soon as his voice proclaims the victim nigh,
All yelp and halloo in the general cry.

Thus have I seen the cunning driver lead,
Before his stubborn mules a milk-white steed,
Charmed with the sight the mules their course renew,
Nor ever stop while he remains in view.

Oh, *Kosciusko*, for a racer's name!
 A Polish warrior, wounded, old and lame!
 The races over—glean we now the plain,
 Where not a thistle rears its head in vain;
 Shake from the chaff whate'er it has of use,
 And gather all the teeming grounds produce.
 On one sweet scaffold fairy forms combine
 And blended graces captivate and shine.
 What soft attractions in that group are met,
 What lips of coral, and what eyes of jet!
 When so much beauty doth his flight control,
 Well may the courser linger near the goal.

Would you the patrons of these games denote?
 A scarlet ribbon decorates each coat;
 With open hand, and open heart they yield
 The sports—the joys—the trophies of the field,
 Its wines—its fruits—its viands and its glee:
 And ladies dance for them, and horses flee.

Observe the youth, whose crop, most timely sold,
 His heart with joy has filled, his purse with gold—
 Exhaust his wealth, an equipage to buy,
 And pour his splendour on the female eye.
 Thus the gay insect on the solar blaze,
 Expands his purple pinions to the gaze,
 Then falling, fluttering, on the earth he lies,
 A week he triumphs, in a week he dies!

Yet some memorial asks the novel show,
 The well turned wheel, and axle's polished glow;
 The coat of arms on either side display'd,
 The splendid livery, and the rich parade.
 These, with the dust they raise, immortal shed
 Their happy influence on their master's head.

So great the love of show and empty pride,
 That those, who have not where-withal to ride,
 Borrow the reins, like Phaeton of yore,
 And on another's wings attempt to soar.

Content an hour of fleeting joy to boast,
Then undistinguished in the crowd are lost.

What various objects does the crowd display?
The muse despairing throws her pen away.
Her pen that dipped in heaven's pure streams of light,
Has no dark colours for the shades of night.
Grim visaged vice with all her hydra race,
And antic folly with her rude grimace,
And all the arts that cunning gamesters know,
And all the practice of the fiends below,
Here yield a theme, that other bards may try,
Who write with raven quill, in Stygian dye.

Mine the sweet task; and mine the lighter toil,
To cull the flow'rets that adorn the soil.
These aptly blending form a wreath divine,
Where kindred sweets, and varied shades combine,
Where, tho' the thorn its rankling point disclose,
With sweetest fragrance blooms the neighb'ring rose.
Lo, where yon belle with soft attractive art,
Draws, in one vortex, every coxcomb's heart.
Thus have I seen a jar of honey placed,
Tempting with fatal sweets the fly to taste;
With eager wing he hies the bliss to share,
And finds himself a silly captive there.

The gaudy tribe, as round the maid they wait,
Provoke her patience with their tiresome prate.
Unmeaning questions strike her tender ear,
And oft she wishes that she could not hear.
While ever and anon the heavens are told,
How dry or wet it is—how warm or cold.
What hapless rider nearly had a fall,
And who are going to the jockey ball.
How Cooper played the Moor; distressing scene!
What Shakspeare meant, and what he did not mean.
His stock of arrows now the beau has sent,
And all the treasure of his quiver spent,

He picks them up, and on the distant plain,
He shoots the self same arrows o'er again.

Yet often here in social converse gay,
Delightful wit beguiles the hours away;
And classic taste, and sentiment refined,
And all the softness of the female mind.
Where beauty holds an undivided sway,
Her power consumes us like the tropic ray;
But wisdom, joined with beauty's ardent fire,
Like temperate zones we cherish and admire.
This cheering influence of unrivalled day,
Oft has illumed the poet's wandering way,
It warmed his bosom mid the northern snows,
And still its sunny radiance round him throws.

Now Time, the racer whose unequalled speed
Outstrips the noblest efforts of the steed;
Time, that derides the monarch and his train,
Nor stays his coursers, tho' the fair complain,
Bids Sol withdraw his quick descending fire,
And from the field the busy crowd retire.

Fatigued with eating, talking and the race,
The crowd promiscuous leave the giddy place.
Four days successive see the crowd return,
Still stream the people, still the coursers burn;
Till four successive days their journies close,
Nor man nor horse is blest with glad repose.

Here ends the scene—where wild amusement reigns,
And frantic folly binds her irksome chains.
Yet here some useful truth may wisdom find,
Here brace the fibres, and enlarge the mind;
With manly vigour nerve the youthful frame,
And fit for deeds of enterprise and fame.

Here laugh the gay, and here the wise may frown,
The country lash the follies of the town:
The townsman here may quiz the country squire,
And joke his rudeness to his heart's desire.

The maid, whom time had spoiled of every grace,
 May date her triumph from a lucky race.
 The beau may gain the object of his life,
 And to a curricl may owe a wife.
 Hence too improved the horse's noble breed,
 His strength, his stature, elegance and speed.
 These in the racing calendar shall shine,
 And even equal, blest Arabia, thine!

IN New-York, they have FANNY, in Boston, SUKEY, and
 why should not we have KITTY, in Charleston? We can give,
 at present but a glimpse of her.

EXTRACT FROM KITTY,

An unpublished Manuscript.

I LOVE the Fourth of July, that is true,
 And when it comes, 'twill be in vain to say,
 That I shall stay at home and darn and sew,
 Nor promenade on that triumphant day.
 So bring my shawl, my parasol, and bonnet,
 Since head, and heart, and feet are set upon it.

Whether a window in the City Hall,
 Affords the prettiest posture for a belle,
 Or to be seated on the Battery wall,
 Be to discern, and be discern'd as well,
 Are questions fitted for a maiden's puzzle,
 Here is the soldier's sword, and there the cannon's muzzle.

I love not war—and if it was not *Fun*,
 I would not mingle with the troops, not I;
 I would not see one drop of claret run,
 But straightway turn my head aside and cry.

But Harry's sure that there will be no harm in
The day's achievement—save a little warming.

I love a soldier, standing in the shade,
Screening his shoulders from the god of day;
Unlike Bucephalus of old, who neigh'd
On the bright sun-beams, and defied their sway.
But where, in peace, can be the good of staining
A soldier's cheek with bronze, because he's training?

I like the short coats, and the long coats too,
The cocked hats, and the hats that are not cocked,
I love the green, the red, the grey, the blue,
The scattered yagers, and the artillery locked,
Their hands in brotherly affection meeting,
Like parted lovers at a happy greeting.

I love a horseman on a likely horse,
But precious few of these, alas! there are;
I have seen better, but I ne'er saw worse,
For either purpose, whether peace or war.
'Tis rather strange, since ev'ry one is able
To hire a good one at a livery stable.

I love the march majestic, long and slow,
When the pois'd sword attests the due salute;
I love the big drum, and the small drum too,
And I admire the shrill note of the flute.
*But much do I pity the peaceable mutton
Whose garments these drums are so cruelly put on!

I marvel much why some do travel faster,
And others slower, than the notes allow,

* The measure changes for these two lines.

'Tis always best an *early* dancing master,
 But never is too late—not even now.
 I would from some French artist take a lesson,
 Ere I would dare to form a line to dress on.

It matters not to fire a *feu-de-joie*,
 Whether the musket should be clean or bright;
 'Tis one thing to be noisy and huzza,
 But 'tis a very different thing to FIGHT!
 'Tis well indeed the citizen has leisure
 To revel thus in military pleasure!

The music is over—the troops are discharg'd,
 The warrior dismounts from his steed;
 The clerks and the 'prentice boys all are enlarg'd
 And the city is happy indeed.
 While the bells of St. Michael, in symphony loyal
 Play "God save the King," and the family royal.

Kitty was fond of eloquence and prayers,
 And handsome speakers, clerical or lay;
 And seated in the gallery, up-stairs
 She swallowed all, they were inclined to say;
 But, curious still, her growing appetite
 Had room for all, that they could speak or write.

Needs it to tell that Kitty went to hear
 The Orator in honour of the day;
 And that her ivory fan was also there,
 To cool the charms, that else had run away,
 For Kitty tho' all other things a Saint in,
 Was too much given up to nature—painting.

Needs it to tell, that squeez'd within the throng
 The hapless maiden grew as warm as fire,

Till much exhausted, having suffered long,
 She beckoned to her Dandy to retire.
 They both withdrew, to each alike indebted,
 Both squeezed to death, for they were both corsetted.

The night was dark, but Kitty must be seen,
 So to the Fireworks trippingly she went;
 Such as they kindle, on the Inspection Green,
 To show the crowd, and then the firmament.
 For when the *Fourth of July's* in the socket
 They send to its relief a blazing rocket.

Needs it to tell, that Kitty then went home,
 As other modest maids are wont to do;
 For tho' all day they gad about and roam,
 It does not follow they at night do so.
 Kitty reclined, fatigued upon her pillow,
 A pensive, drooping—not a weeping willow.

THE REVIVAL OF MUSIC.

An Ode in imitation of "Collins' Ode on the Passions." Suggested by certain recent fashionable Serenades, in which it is usual to imitate the sounds of the most musical birds, and beasts, with other delightful accompaniments.

WHEN Music had out-lived her prime,
 And could not keep, or tune, or time;
 When all her instruments were broke,
 And every maid disdained her yoke;
 I mean when every maid was married—
 And none that could be—ever tarried—
 When no *Timotheus*, old or young,
 Played—nor divine *Cæcilia* sung—

Then, to revive the dying strain,
And wake the soul of song again,
Cats, dogs, and fowls, and wits combined
To reinstate her, empress of the mind.
With vast variety of art,
To rouse or tranquillize the heart,
Each, for darkness ruled the hour,
Invoked the shades of night to testify his power.

First, the adventurous Cat was seen
Climbing, with anxious claw, to fetch
An old cremona violin,
On which to scrape a catch.
But when the well-known strings she saw,
As nearly to her heart allied,
As Eve was once to Adam's side,
Strait back recoiled her nerveless claw,
And o'er the dusty fiddle bending,
Teardrops with her echoes blending,
While aghast stood every hair,
In the anguish of despair,
She poured forth such a melancholy moan—
From soul of death-struck wretch ne'er issued such a groan.

The admiring wits the strain renew,
And raise a sympathetic mew;
For 'tis agreed, there is much wit in
Aping the clamours of a kitten.
But oh! what panic struck the rats!
The city seemed to swarm with cats.
Then many a mouse, his life to save,
Athenian like, plunged in the wave;
Left all his furniture behind,
And trimmed his whiskers to the wind.
Like great Themistocles, he goes,
To cast himself upon his foes.

Next, through a broken Jewsharp breathing,
 An Amateur his fair address;
 While his dear Dulcinea writhing,
 Saved her heart, but lost her rest.

"Rise, Cynthia, rise," the Tin-horn cries,
 A loud Æolian strain;
 The startled maid the shrill note hears,
 With cotton stuffs up both her ears,
 And strives to sleep again.
 Still the soul enchanting numbers
 Chase away the maiden's slumbers;
 But returning morn shall bring,
 And shake a thousand dreams from his moss-coloured wing.

Not so—the poor industrious wight,
 Who toils by day, to rest at night,
 Then finds that rest debarred;
 Methinks I see him beg and swear,
 Undrest and shivering in the air,
 Suing the minstrel to forbear—
 Then calling on the guard.

Unheeded—save by the wintry breeze,
 That fondly clasps his snowy knees,
 Whistles o'er his unsheltered head,
 And sends him chattering to his bed;
 Hence asthma, phthisic, and consumption rise,
 To close in everlasting sleep his eyes.

The full, the tender horn is still,
 The captive air is free.
 Now chanticleer, proclaim thy skill,
 The dawn of melody!

Swift crows the cock with all his might,
 And every rooster rubs his eyes,

Then joins in chorus, with surprise,
That day should look like night.
The watchman in the steeple wakes,
A squint at the horizon takes—
Now looks above, then looks below,
To see the morning break—but no!
It is the cock's nocturnal crow.
A studious fowl, who rose to say
His lesson ere the peep of day,
And finding many a vagrant elf,
As fond of music as himself,
In a *concerto* joined their notes together;
The race of feathered birds, and birds without a feather.

The *Sybarites* were once harass'd
By such a clamorous note,
But soon a city ordinance past
To cut each rooster's throat.
A hint which it is hoped will take
With those our city laws who make.

Last the tribe canine essayed
To mingle in the serenade,
And bay the affrighted moon;
And when the ravenous hound would cry,
The huntsman made his horn reply,
To shout and yelp in tune.

Then music every lap dog fired,
And every puppy seemed inspired
With *Stentor's* strength of voice—
The mastiff gave a surly groan,
Like the bass viol's basest tone,
A dismal, stupid noise!

Those who had heard in light of day,
 This novel band of music play,
 And seen their strange grimaces;
 Had wondered how the breed of curs
 Could yield such skilful amateurs,
 Or cats could have such faces.

O silence! Heaven descended maid,
 What impious feet thy haunts invade?
 Hast thou for ever lost thy rule?
 Has no *Pythagoras* a school,
 In which he may impart his skill,
 The decent art of being still?

Arise in all thy power again,
 Come, and chastise this noisy train;
 Hung be the dogs, the cats be drowned—
 And every mother's son disowned,
 Who, with uncouth and barbarous scream,
 Afflicts the ear of night, and mars soft beauty's dream.

SONG. THE IRISHMAN.

Tune—"Meeting of the Waters."

AN Irishman carries his heart in his hand—
 It flows like the water that circles his land;
 It beams in his eye, and there's nought so sincere,
 As an Irishman's smile, or an Irishman's tear.

Let the Spaniard exult in his mines of Peru,
 The soil where his gold and his miseries grew,
 Far nobler the mine of an Irishman's breast,
 The coin of the soul, with God's image imprest.

To his God and his country he nobly adheres,
 Though he combats in shackles, and worships in tears—
 And nations rely in the night of alarm
 On the Irishman's faith, and the Irishman's arm.

Oppression in vain would his spirit subdue,
 'Tis elastic as air, and as piety true—
 From the tomb of her *Emmet* shall Freedom ascend,
 And his dirge with the pæan of victory blend.

Tho' Genius emblazon the yoke that it wears,
 As bright as the belt of the heavenly spheres,
 That yoke will it burst, as a lion his toil,
 And vanquish the tyrants, and rescue the spoil.

Till liberty welcome the wanderer home,
 Hibernia! thy children in exile may roam;
 Still the light of their path be the Star of the West,
 To reveal the asylum of virtue opprest.



ODE ON THE FOURTH OF JULY.

AGAIN athwart the Atlantic main,
 Through morning's rosy portals seen,
 The *Star of Freedom* lights our plain,
 And glances on our mountains green.

CHORUS.

Light of Glory! shine afar,
 Our guide in peace, our shield in war.

When erst opprest by tyrant force,
 Our fathers sought this distant shore,

Thy rays illumed the pilgrim's course,
And Western Magi thee adore.
Light, &c.

The moss-clad cell and barren coast,
Thy power transforms to cities fair,
And late where roamed the savage host—
The virgin waves her golden hair.
Light, &c.

See, warmed by thy creative ray,
Pactolian streams rich commerce brings,
While Art usurps rude Nature's sway,
And Science spreads her eagle wings.
Light, &c.

When mad oppression stretch'd her arm,
Our wealth to seize, ourselves enslave,
Thy beams made patriot bosoms warm,
But lit the tyrants to their grave.
Light, &c.

Then mid the fiery blaze of war,
Great Washington undaunted stood;
Bore on his arm a nation's care,
And o'er his brow the smiles of God.
Light, &c.

This Day be festive honours paid
To those whose blood matured the tree,
Within whose wide and glorious shade,
We taste the sweets of Liberty.
Light, &c.

With eagle eye and lion's nerve,
The fruits our father's labour won,

We swear for ever to preserve,
And guard the gift of Washington.

CHORUS.

Light of Freedom! shine afar,
Our guide in peace, our shield in war.



LOVE AT THE RACES.

Love went out to see the race;
I marvel if there be a place
Where Love goes not; unless it be
Some place unknown to you or me.

Love did not in a sulkey go,
The surly equipage of wo;
Nor rode he in a coach and four,
By vulgar eyes gazed o'er and o'er.

Nor travelled like the common throng,
Who mutter as they trudge along;
Nor like the Dandy, turning round,
To look contemptuous on the ground;

Part of the ceiling of the sky,
Happening to fall when Love was nigh,
He made of it an azure car,
And placed on either side a star.

His chariot opened from above,
For Love sees Heaven, and Heaven sees Love;
But when a *tête-à-tête* he chose
Love bade it like a violet close.

He harnessed Hope and young Desire,
 And lest the generous steeds should tire,
 With kisses he supplied their fare,
 And baited them with capillaire.

Love's wheels were of the sandal tree,
 Sweet circles of perfumery;
 Each spoke, entwined with jasmine flowers,
 Like Love's sweet dial of the hours.

Dreams curtained little Love around,
 And Zephyrs played, and Pleasures crowned.
 The seats are myrtle—only three;
 For Love himself, for you, and me.

Love marvelled when the race was done,
 To find the prize so quickly won;
 Yet turn'd contemptuous from the sight,
 And plumed his wings with self-delight.

"Why, we, ourselves can better do;"
 So said Love, to me and you;
 There's not a steed beneath the sun,
 That Love in rapture, can outrun.

LOVE'S BILLET-DOUX.

Love wrote a billet—what do you think
 Was Love's paper, pen and ink?
 Not such things as mortals use;—
 Ink of sable, quill of goose,
 Pewter stand, and paper, wove
 Out of rags, won't do for Love.

He cut the heart of a dove in two,
And mixed the drops with honey dew;
In an amber vase he plac'd it then,
And went to seek for a lover's pen.
He plucked a ray from the setting sun,
A plume of light, as the day is done,
For Love is warm, tho' night invades,
And Love is bright among the shades.
He waited till the stars arose,
Ere he his billet would compose;
He wrote on rose leaves, newly blown,
Because their fragrance is his own.
A glass of capillaire he quaffed,
Then laughing wrote, and writing laughed:

*"We were for each other born,
We are from each other torn;
Where we should, then let us be,
I with you, and you with me."*

Love copied then his Billet-Doux,
One for me and one for you;
He sealed them with his own dear kiss,
And sent them by the mail of bliss.



LOVE AMONG THE BIRDS.

Love stray'd into an aviary,
For Love is fond of melody;
They brought him out the birds to see,
That Love might choose for you and me.

A mocking bird at first they bring,
The harlequin of birds that sing;

But counterfeits will ne'er agree,
So said Love, with you and me.

The lark his early summons gave,
That wakes to toil the peasant slave;
But morning dreams before him flee;
'Twon't do, said Love, to you and me.

The humming bird, with dancing wing,
Essay'd to flutter and to sing;
He looks too like Inconstancy,
'Twon't do, said Love, for you and me.

They bring him next a turtle dove,
The bird of soul, the bird of love;
The dove, said Love, so fond and true,
Is just the thing for me and you.

A quill from his soft wing I drew,
These verses round his neck I threw;
Kiss the sweet herald, when you see,
And he will bring your kiss to me.



LOVE ASLEEP.

Awake him not—he dreams of bliss,
His little lips put forth to kiss;
His arms entwined in virgin grace,
Seem link'd in beautiful embrace.

He smiles, and on his opening lip
Might saints refresh, and angels sip;
He blushes—'tis the rosy light,
That morning wears on leaving night;

He sighs—'tis not the sigh of wo,
He only sighs that he may know
If kindred sighs another move,
For mutual sighs are signs of love.

He speaks—it is his dear one's name—
He whispers—still it is the same—
The imprison'd accents strive in vain,
They murmur through his lips again.

He wakes—the silly little boy,
To break the mirror thus of joy!
He wakes to sorrow, and in pain—
Oh Love renew thy dreams again.



LOVE'S BENEDICTION.

Be as thou art for ever young,
Still on thy cheek the vernal bloom,
The honey's essence on thy tongue,
And on thy lips the rose perfume.

Be as thou art—for ever fair,
Still beam with love, those eyes of thine;
For ever wave thy yellow hair,
And round thy graceful bosom twine.

Those coral lips, those teeth of pearl,
Those smiles, those glances, and those sighs;
Heaven save them long, my charming girl,
To bless this heart, to bless these eyes.

For all of thee, thank heaven, is mine;
And I am happier made by thee;

As when the oak supports the vine,
 'Tis glad and looketh cheerfully.



LOVE A PRISONER.

THE snow-drop is in bloom,
 And the young earth's perfume,
 Scents anew the floating air;
 It is the breath of love—
 Beneath, around, above,
 Young love is there.
 Come, let us strive to snare him—see,
 Love smiling waits for you and me.

Bind him with the jas'mine flower,
 Hide him in a myrtle bower,
 On thornless roses let him rest;
 See his gracious eyelids move,
 Hope and joy are eyes of love,
 Kiss them and be blest.
 Love gives his own dear heart to be
 One half for you, one half for me.

The tongue may lose its power,
 As Babel's noisy tower,
 Confounded it of yore;
 But the language of the eye,
 Survives, (though others die,)
 Delicious as before.
 Love gives his darling eyes, to be,
 One eye for you, and one for me.

LOVE AT THE CAPUCHIN CHAPEL.

Love went to the Capuchin Church,
But soon came out again;
For after all his eager search,
He saw there only men.

Oh! Church of grief! Oh! shrine of tears!
Where woman has no place—
To lift her snow-white soul in prayers,
And sweetly sue for grace.

There cannot be for man a Heaven,
And not for woman too,
For woman to the earth was given,
To bless it, and renew.

In virgin forms do saints abide,
In virgin voices pray,
And all upon this earth beside,
Is worthless, loveless clay.

ON THE DEATH OF A MUSICAL BIRD.

SWEET little Bird, whose breath
Was ever tun'd with glee;
I little thought that death
Would lay his hands on thee.

He must have let thee go,
Had he thy mistress heard;

For death could not say—no,
To prayers that she preferred.

'Twas well they did not meet;
Or death enamour'd there,
Had ta'en thy mistress sweet,
And left thee in despair.

It was thy charming duty
In her sweet ear to sing,
Go—find a brighter beauty,
Before thou rest thy wing.

But since she's before thee
Discovers none so fair,
Let her no more deplore thee—
Return, sweet minstrel, there,



RAPIDS IN LOVE.

THERE are rapids in love, but they fall as they flow,
Thus pleasure inhabits the borders of woe,
And the tears of their union tho' sun-beams illumine,
They meet in the rainbow, and part in the gloom.

There are rapids in love, but they must be past o'er
By those who will not be confined to the shore,
Even danger has charms, when it points to delight,
And morning is lovelier for following night.

Let us risk the descent, our barques shall combine,
Our hopes, and our hearts shall together incline;
Love beckons us on to the perilous wave,
One moment shall ruin us both, or shall save.

Protect us ye stars of the fond and the true,
The dangers of Lovers are sacred to you,
The rapids are over—surviving secure,
In the sea of delight, our barques we will moor.



THE WISH.

Oh! that I could wed thee, love,
And live upon thy looks so dear;
And call thee mine for ever, love!
And see thee mine, for ever near.

The ring that I would give thee, love,
The sweetest flowers of spring should be,
With myrtle foliage interwove,
The mystic sign of constancy.

The bower where I would wed thee, love,
Should be where the jasmines blow;
Under the wing of the turtle dove,
Would we seal the nuptial vow.

The flowers of love can never die,
Which thy rosy lips imprest;
The bird of love will never fly,
While thy bosom is its nest.



PARTING.

THE sky be bright above,
The ocean smooth below,

And the wind be fair, my love,
When o'er the seas you go!

The buoyant wave, in pride
Its lovely charge shall bear;
And guardian heaven provide,
A passport for the fair.

The joyous earth once more
Thy beauteous form shall bless;
And friends upon the shore,
Await thy sweet caress.

When hearts and hands entwine,
In lands beyond the sea,
Let one sweet thought be mine,
Oh! then remember me.



ODE FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE ORPHAN- HOUSE INSTITUTION. 1809.

FORLORN, upon the sea-beat shore,
In tears a lovely infant lay;
The tide this precious fragment bore
Safe from the furious tempest's sway.
No parent's care relieved its woes,
Alas! beneath the whelming wave
Its parents' form the seas enclose,
And naiads sport around their grave!
Hark how its dismal shrieks now rend the air,
Its cries the cruel deafening winds deride,
Alone is seen the lightning's vivid glare
Gilding the sable horrors of the tide.
Now from its cherub cheek had fled

The last dim ray of parting life,
 Victim of sorrow and of dread,
 It sinks beneath the elemental strife!
 But lo, sweet pity, maid divine,
 That looks with eagle eye for woe,
 That bids the gloomy desert shine,
 The cold and lifeless bosom glow;
 Arrests the rapid steps of death,
 And re-illumes its closing eye;
 Recals the Orphan's lingering breath,
 It wakes again to life and joy!
 Now 'neath the splendid dome, to virtue dear,
 The child of sorrow finds a blest abode,
 The Orphan meets its long lost parents here,
 And nature's outcast bows before its God!
 O Charity! celestial fair,
 What glad reward awaits thy toil,
 The tender Orphan's grateful tear,
 A nation's thanks—and God's approving smile,

WRECK OF THE ALBION.

We perish—not a hope is left,
 Death rides on every billow,
 We dash against yon foaming cleft,
 That rock must be our pillow.

Comes on in haste that fearful hour
 That strikes the knell of life;
 Oh God! put forth thine arm of power,
 And quell the ocean strife.

With folded arms and eager eye
 The warrior* saw the wave;
 In battle blaze he sought to die,
 But ocean was his grave.

The cruel coast that drove his chief
 An exile from the land;
 Denies his faithful friend relief,
 And wrecks him on the strand.

Shrieked then and wept, a lovely form,
 A wedded, bleeding heart;
 Oh fatal and unsparing storm!
 So soon, Oh! God, to part.

Yet in each other's arms we die,
 My heart is close to thine;
 Together breathe our latest sigh,
 And on one wave recline!

Upstarting from the pictur'd sleep
 That painted rapture near,
 The affrighted scholar† views the deep
 With agonized despair.

The muse's wing, the muse's breast,
 The muse's tender form—
 Oh for the zephyrs of the west,
 To shield them from the storm.

They droop and breathe their souls away,
 That mingling with the breeze,

* Among the valuable lives sacrificed on this melancholy occasion, was that of General Lefebvre Desnouette, highly distinguished among the military comrades of Napoleon.

† Professor Fisher, one of the brightest ornaments of Yale College, Science laments, and Friendship bewails his early fate.

Seem in repining tone to say,
Why could you ruin these?

The rugged mariner but now,
Was joying in his toil;
The wrinkles on his furrow'd brow,
Hope lighted with a smile.

He thought his darling wife was near—
He thought his children nigh—
He never shall embrace them here,
Nor meet—but in the sky.

Now trembling to the topmost sea
The dying vessel clings—
While moaning birds of misery
Flap fearfully their wings—

And rocks and breakers dash around,
And murderous fish of prey,
That leave their purple caves profound,
To join the tempest's sway.

The shock is o'er—the vessel breaks,
Her parting decks divide—
The air is filled with human shrieks
That soon in death subside.

The peasant on the mountain shore,
Looks down in silent grief;
He wrings his hands—he can no more,
Earth cannot yield relief.

Floats here and there a mass of wreck,
Floats here a human form,
Wash'd from the yielding, treach'rous deck,
And mangled by the storm.

Such hearts, so good, so gay, so brave,
 Such forms, so sweet, so fair,
 Too early gather'd to the grave,
 Shall live in memory here—

And He! the glorious God above!
 Who gave the storm its sway,
 Restore them to the calm of love,
 From darkness into day.

THE OCEAN'S GOD.

THE God of the ocean is worshipp'd at sea,
 In the anthem of winds, and their chorus of glee,
 The foam of the wave is the off'ring of love,
 And the spray is the incense that sparkles above.

The bright burnish'd billows, for ever that roll,
 The Almighty reviews, from the pole to the pole,
 And their banners of green, and their banners of blue,
 Surmounted with silver, exult in His view.

Their musical note o'er the surface convey'd,
 Is the murmuring breath of a soft sighing maid,
 But the anger of heaven when marshall'd to bear,
 With thunder they rush thro' the awe-stricken air.

Hast thou seen them in peace—like the dove on her nest,
 Each murmurless, motionless feather at rest?
 Hast thou seen them at war—by the tempest up driven,
 From the base of the earth to the crown of the heaven?

In either and both, in the calm and the storm,
 The will of Jehovah, their God, they perform;
 Tho' constant in motion, and changeful in hue,
 To its Maker for ever, the ocean is true.

THE MERMAID.

CHILD of neither land nor sea,
Yet to both of them allied;
Offspring of a fair ladye,
Who in depths of ocean died.

Wretched on her coral bed,
Far beneath the purple sea,
Ere the vital spark had fled,
Thus my mother pray'd for me.

"Gracious Heaven! let one atone,
Seal my aching eyes in night;
Save my little unborn one,
Let my orphan see the light."

Cradled in the stormy wave,
Sea-nymphs watch'd my infant sleep;
Nurs'd upon my mother's grave,
God preserv'd me in the deep.

Human head, and hands, and heart,
Heaven in mercy gave to me,
Still that I might seem a part
Of the human family.

Yet to fit me for the cave,
Where the ocean fountains flow,
Safely to o'ercome the wave,
Made me like a fish below.

Many such as me there are,
Vestals of the virgin billow;
Neither envy nor despair,
Mars us on our sedgy pillow.

Sing we in the soothing strain,
 When the bark securely flies;
 Mourn we in the howling main,
 When the gallant vessel dies.

CAPE ROMAIN.

THE breakers are foaming and dashing along,
 The pelican sits on the wave;
 The sea-gull and curlew are mingling their song,
 With the scream of the winds as they rave.

The horizon discovers three desolate isles,
 To life and to verdure unknown;
 Save the rattlesnake, where in his malice he coils,
 Or the myrtle in pity hath grown.

There are wrecks on the coast—there are bones on the shore,
 And a murderer's beacon on high,
 That invites him to enter, who goes forth no more,
 And yields him allurements to die.

O'erpassing in safety the perilous sea,
 The mariner welcomes the land;
 How short his illusion—how fatal his glee,
 His corpse is ashore on the strand.

The day-star of mercy shall dawn on the scene,
 And the signal of piety show
 Where the wreck of the innocent victim has been,
 And guard the survivor from woe.

Ah! who to a nation of freemen is dear,
 If not the bright son of the wave?
 When his home, and his wife, and his children, grow near,
 Oh! beckon him not to his grave.

TO A FRIEND AT SEA.

THE breakers are between us, love,
And thou art on the sea,
Would that I were a swift-winged dove,
And I would follow thee.

Th' enamour'd wave, th' enamour'd wind,
Supply my place with thee,
And are as courteous, fond and kind,
As we were wont to be.

The sun, as rising from the main,
He cheers thee with his light,
Comes to relume my path again,
And rescue me from night.

The moon, sweet lady of the sky,
Looks both on thee and me;
And brings us still, tho' distant, nigh,
As moon-beams kiss the sea.

Talk not of parting, we are one,
And I am with thee ever;
Neither of us can be alone,
Tho' seemingly we sever.

For oh! 'tis sweet to think of thee,
Since all this world beside
Is tinsel show, and misery,
And evanescent pride.

WESTERN STAR.

OBSERVE, my love, yon western star,
Just sinking in the shades of night;
To-morrow it will see me far
From thee, more lovely than its light!

Ah! wilt thou ever think of me,
As sweetly shines its silver ray;
And wilt thou wake the song, to see
If it can reach me far away.

Oh! let bright Hesper be the glass,
Reflecting all our joy and woe;
How quick thy gilded moments pass!
My dull and dreary hours, how slow.

Thy hopes and wishes there exprest,
Shall ever rule my constant heart;
While the sad doubts that break my rest,
Its painful kindness will impart.

And when affection faintly gleams,
With lustre trembling to expire,
O! may it shine with brighter beams,
And re-illumine love's genial fire.

And may it never hear a vow,
Which I would not rejoice to hear:
And may it never see a smile,
Which on my cheek would cause a tear.

Here would I sing thy matchless charms,
Thy sparkling eye, and front so fair:

These erst I saw with soft alarms,
These now I leave in sad despair.

But who can speak what most they feel,
The tender heart so sways the mind;
Down the soft cheek the tear may steal,
But thought no utterance can find.

Yet will I ever think of thee,
In hour of woe, in hour of glee,
To thee alone will give,
My sweetest smile, my saddest tear,
My earliest vow, my latest prayer,
While this fond heart shall live.



SERENADE SONG.

BEWARE the soft seducer,
Elude his silken snare,
And guard thy tender bosom
From anguish and despair.

Believe him not, young lady!
Though by the stars he swears;
The night is past! already
The stars do disappear.

But one there is remaining,
The morning star alone,
Just like a maid complaining,
When all her hopes are gone.

THE INFIDEL GIRL.*

I LOVE a little infidel,
Of snow-white cheek, and coal-black eye,
Within whose angel form doth dwell
A soul of stainless purity.

She cannot boast a Christian name,
Nor sparkling crucifix doth wear
But oft a title covers shame,
And signs are insincere.

Let monkish priests, with bigot frown,
Condemn her to the shades of woe;
Her lot I'll dare to make mine own,
Whate'er their pride presumes to know.

It cannot be that God on high,
Should give so fair a form to earth,
And close the portals of the sky,
Against such loveliness and worth.

The streams of heavenly kindness flow
In channels deep and wide,
Mortals in vain their shores would know,
In vain their waters guide.

The maid by prejudice opprest,
May fairest blush and sweetest smile—
As pearl, that grows for beauty's breast,
'Neath mountain torrents lives the while.

The sweetest flower is lowliest,
And latest sees the sun,

* Probably a fair Israelite of the author's earlier acquaintance.

And evening hour is holiest,
For gaudy day is done.

Like star of eve, serenely bright,
Like ocean coral fair;
Like flower concealed from mortal sight,
Whose fragrance chides the air.

Secluded thus—thus formed to bless,
The little infidel retires,
To bloom in lonely loveliness,
And veil her glowing fires.



IF ANGELS SEE, AND ANGELS FEEL.

If Angels see, and angels feel,
They must rejoice above,
When innocence and beauty kneel
To supplicate their love.

Go, then, sweet fair, and utter forth
Thy pure and artless prayer,
And heaven in tribute to thy worth
Will yield admittance there.

Yet leave not me, alas! alone,
But sue for me above:
That at the foot of God's own throne
We both may dwell in love.

Thy spotless mantle o'er me throw,
And safely bear me in;
For who in such disguise can know
The countenance of sin?

Saratoga Springs, July 28, 1823. Sabbath Day.

A DYING MOTHER TO HER LIVING DAUGHTER.

I CALL'D for thee to bless thee—once I thought
 Thou would'st have sooth'd this bleeding, breaking heart,
 A daughter's blessed consolation brought,
 And ere the ebbing drops did all depart,
 I hoped to see thee on the shore of life,
 Where I would linger for thy sweet farewell,
 And dying bless in thee a virtuous wife,
 Then yield me to the flesh-dissolving cell.
 I wept before thou wast, that thou might'st be;
 And yet I leave thee, and I cannot weep;
 I waked with joy to guard thy infancy,
 Now all I hope for is unbroken sleep.
 Thou wert my first, my last, my only child,
 How happy was I, blest with only thee.
 The treacherous favour, murdered as it smiled,
 I could have wished for more—unconscious me;
 Yet pardon me—it was the flush of shame,
 That mantling o'er this frozen cheek of mine,
 Call'd forth the accents of reluctant blame—
 Thou hast my pardon, daughter—yield me thine.
 Come let me bless thee, with my last, last kiss;
 These cold, cold lips, inhaled thy infant breath,
 They hailed thee virtuous, with extatic bliss,
 Tho' fallen, they bless thee, mid the pangs of death.

 ON THE REVERSES OF THE SPANISH ARMS.

THE sun has set on Spain!
 Its proudest height,
 Supremely bright,
 Saw Saragossa fall,

And, with its latest rays,
 It plays
On brave Gerona's wall.

High o'er the Pyrennee
 The gallic flood,
 A stream of blood,
Pours its destructive sway.
It whelms Castilian pride,
 And wide,
Sweeps havoc and dismay.

Spain, all thy glory 's gone!
 Charles's spirit
 None inherit—
Sons unworthy of your sire!
Lost, for ever lost to fame,
 The name,
That set the world on fire!

Freedom waves her flag in vain!
 The priest-rid race,
 Ignobly base,
Invite the tyrant's chain.
Vainly does Albion dare
 The war,
For pseudo-patriot Spain.

The blaze of Austria's fame
 Could not flume
 The living tomb,
Where superstition reigns;
To Austria's war-struck shell,
 The cell
Returned no kindred strains.

With proud indignant wave,
 The Danube rose,
 Against its foes,
 But sullen Ebro still
 Sees foreign minions ride
 Its tide,
 Nor murmurs at their will.

Spain! were all thy patriots true,
 How bright for thee,
 The page would be,
 That now laments thy doom.
 Hid is thy laurel wreath,
 Beneath
 The cypress' funeral gloom.

Snatch from the closing earth
 A verdant leaf,
 For every chief,
 Who fought for thee so well—
 Let freedom's sorrows lave
 Their grave;
 Sweets to the brave, farewell!



ODE TO ALEXANDER.

LIBERATOR ET ULTOR.

HIGH on the peak of glory stands
 The Russian—saviour of a hundred lands!
 Hail, Prince! in title, power and worth,
 Thrice worthy of a throne on earth;
 Heir of the crown to saintly virtue given,
 Long be thy life below, and high thy seat in heaven.

Around thee melts the polar snow,
With patriot fire and freedom's glow,
Thence its streams of rapture flowing,
Life, and health, and joy bestowing,
Bless thirsting myriads with refreshing wave,
And wash the locust race of tyrants to their grave.

As on the gloom of Scandinavia's night,
Gleams the soft lustre of her northern light,
Her royal Czar so pours on war
The gentler beams of peace;
The whirlwind ends—the storm is o'er—
The blasts of ruin cease!
As bright and as clear as the chrystal tear,
That youthful virgins shed,
Is the hero's gem—the diadem
On Alexander's head.

The sceptre and crown may their splendours impart,
But the jewel of heroes must glow in the heart.
See it sparkle and shine,
From the pole to the line;
And its warmth, and its lustre, proclaim it divine.

For the peace of that heart shall the world kneel in prayer,
And Princes, and Peasants, shall harmonize there;
While chorus and anthem exultingly raise
To thee, Alexander! the pæan of praise.

Hark! the welcome of rapture from Gallia ascends,
As the arms of the warrior advance—
Not the stalk of a lily in enmity bends,
The young are his lovers—the aged his friends,
And the shout of the people, he conquers, attends
The youthful deliverer of France!

How bright was the flame to which Moscow was given,
Unstained by the foot of the foe—
Like the soul of a virgin ascending to heaven,
To escape from pollution below.

And still along its smouldering towers,
Unquench'd by winter's sullen showers,
The lingering embers lie!

And many a Moscovite is near,
With eager hand the torch to bear,
And fierce revengeful eye.

But in thy bosom, their illustrious chief,

The fires of glory not of vengeance, glow:
The Christian combats for the world's relief,
The hero triumphs when he saves his foe.
The flames of Moscow hide the tyrant's prey,
The smiles of Paris court the victor's sway.

And even him above all people curst,
Of tyrants greatest, strongest, chiefest, worst;
Him whose ambition was in blood to live,
Whose maxim, "always conquer, ne'er forgive"—
The conqueror's mercy spares a wretch like this,
And leaves to God "that vengeance which is his."

And is he not avenged?—the Almighty God!
Where is the serpent's fang—the oppressor's rod?
Oh! what a cup of bitterness to drink,
To know the world is happy—and to think
How much of mischief he the world has done;
To start from spectres, which he cannot shun!
For memory's dagger shall destroy his rest,
And strike his crownless head, and pierce his heartless breast.
The vulture's plumage from his wing is torn,
And prostrate lies the bird, forsaken and forlorn!

It is not thus the dolphin yields his breath,
His charms are gathered to encounter death,
And when most lovely in the gazer's eyes,
He, in the very blaze of beauty, dies.

Who is the savage?—let the world proclaim,
He, who to Paris, or to Moscow came;
Who bore the olive—or who bore the flame.
Who dares revile thee, Cossack of the Don,
And brand thy valour with opprobrious name,
Or spurn the laurels that thy brows have won;
Or fighting for thy country, grudge thee fame?
Not he who has a heart or hand,
To shield or save his native land.
Not he—who loves the earth's repose,
Or has a tear for human woes.
Not he, who sees again restored
The Prussian's plundered realm and sword.
While withered olives bloom again
To bless their own afflicted Spain.
Not he who has an altar or a home,
Who worships God, or fears a Judge to come.

From a century's slumbers let Peter awake,
With the thunder of battle his fortresses shake—
Oh! how can the victor of Ismail sleep!
What cearments the soul of Suwarrow can keep,
From the din, and the danger, and glory of war,
When the whirlwind of France sweeps the plains of the Czar?
And Catharine! where are thy terrours and charms!
The force of thy beauty, the strength of thine arms;
Like thy temples of ice on a festival day,
They rose, and they glittered, and melted away.
But a chieftain as brave as Suwarrow remains,
And the blood of thine ancestry thrills in thy veins!

Alexander! thou hope of the north!
 For thou hast poured thy spirit forth
 On realms where slavery's night shade spread,
 And called to liberty and life,
 To generous toil and patriot strife,
 The broken spirit and the drooping head;
 And thou hast met the mighty shock,
 And stood invasion like a rock,
 Which dashes broken from its side,
 And scatters far, and scatters wide,
 The tempest driven surges of the tide.
 And heaven has crowned thy banners with success!
 But oh! what streams of human blood,
 Of either host the mingled flood
 Mark, where the God of battle stood.
 Torn from his first, his last caress,
 How many a maid her love shall mourn;
 The teardrop trembling on her cheek,
 (For who the pangs of parted love can speak?)
 She bends disconsolate on valour's urn.
 Oh! sad exchange for woman's smile, the sigh,
 That heaves her pensive heart, when all her prospects die.

Yet is there cause for triumph loud and long,
 For holy anthem and religious glee;
 Saint Ambrose made for such a theme, his song,*
 The tyrant totters, and the world is free!
 Her rescued crucifix the church adores,
 And Rome her pious Father hails again;
 Her lawful monarch loyal France restores,
 And breaks, indignant breaks, the upstart warrior's chain.
 The Orange flag upon the Texel waves;
 The Swiss securely breathes his mountain air;
 The rich Bavarians are no longer slaves,
 And peace, and freedom, dawn on nations in despair.

* The *Te Deum*.

To such a cause—the cause of earth and heaven,
Ne'er was a heart or life more nobly given
Than thine, Moreau!—thy country's champion still,
Thou wouldst have saved her, tho' against her will.
Let those who blend the oppressor, and the opprest,
Go blast the patriot's fame, and break the warrior's rest.

The shining arch of peace adorns the sky,
It is the sign of God to sheathe
The sword, and let afflicted nations breathe;
And whoso'er that emblem shall descry,
Shall from his toil awhile refrain,
And with uplifted eye,
Ask Heaven to bless great Alexander's reign.





